





THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDWARD YOUNG



How, like a widow in her weeds, the night

Around her glimmering tapers, silent sits

Gall & Inglis Edinburgh

Stk

THE
COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS
OF
EDWARD YOUNG.
WITH LIFE.

502
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LIFE OF EDWARD YOUNG.

EDWARD YOUNG was born at Upham, near Winchester, in 1681. His father was then rector of Upham, and fellow of Winchester College. The family had previously belonged to Woodhay, in Berkshire; and Edward Young, the elder, had been born at Brampton, in Yorkshire. He had been chaplain to the Earl of Ossory, and in 1682 was collated to the prebend of Gillingham Minor in the church of Sarum or Salisbury Cathedral. This living was probably poor. In 1686, the Bishop of Salisbury being then too old for his duties, a visitation was held in his place by Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester. The sermon, spoken before him in Latin by the prebendary of Gillingham, pleased the literary prelate so much, that he observed to the chapter, that 'twas pity the preacher was one of the poorest amongst them. The sermon was published. Sixteen years afterwards, the parson ventured to publish two volumes of similar wares. They were dedicated to Lord Bradford. Every book was dedicated to some one in those days, and frequently the dedication was its only worth. The author was thus advertised through the peerage, and the patron by the book. His sermons or his patrons, or more probably both, procured for the author the appointment of chaplain to the Court, and his preferment to the Deanery of Sarum soon afterwards carried the poor prebend at a leap to the head of the chapter. A writer of the year 1720 declares that Queen Anne had stood godmother to his son, the future poet. In that case his favour at Court dated from an earlier period than any that can now be fixed. But in process of time the Dean of Sarum died, and one Sunday in 1705, the celebrated Bishop Burnet preached his funeral sermon in the cathedral, and declared that the "head of this body," as he called the departed, "still lives in the many excellent directions he has left us both how to live and how to die."

Long before this event, Edward Young, the younger, had been placed upon the foundation at Winchester school, where he remained until after his eighteenth birthday. He had, no doubt, hoped to obtain one of the scholarships at Oxford, founded by

William of Wykeham for the encouragement of the Winchester students. Whether there were no vacancy, or Young were left behind in competition, does not appear. But the budding poet, proceeding to New College, Oxford, could only do so as a commoner, independent in name, but apparently the reverse in fact. It appears that the Warden, from friendship for his father, and to reduce his expenses, invited him to his residence until he should be able to shift for himself. A few months afterwards, the Warden of New College died, but the President of Corpus College invited the lad to his house and school. The youth's behaviour must have been equal to his father's Latin, but it is probable the Dean of Sarum had it then in his power to obtain the best construction for both.

In 1708, Archbishop Tenison gave him a law fellowship at All Souls. He is said to have found himself at this time unable to resist the temptations around him. Pope is said to have affirmed that Young made himself ridiculous at college by his tufthunting propensity ;—"the sport of peers," he calls him. This miserable weakness was not at all unlikely to invade a youth brought up on the poorest prebend of a cathedral, and afterwards lodged at the university at the houses of two of the heads of colleges successively, "in order to lessen his academical expenses." In such a state of things, it also appears most natural that when, through the patronage of an archbishop, he became suddenly independent, he should not for a time have been "the ornament to religion and morality he afterwards became."

As a set off to this, however, Young's orthodoxy was bright. A certain atheistic Tindal, now forgotten, used to spend much of his time at All Souls. It is recorded that he had ill success with Young. "I can always answer the others," he is reported to have said, "but that fellow Young is continually pestering me with something of his own." The story has a very suspicious savour. Atheists, or as they are now called Secularists, are not in the habit of confessing that they are vanquishable by the sallies of young students of law. But it were pity to destroy the traditions of Young's life ; we should then have little of him left besides his works : although his name was continually in the mouths of his contemporaries, not much is certainly known about him.

In 1714, he took the degree of bachelor, and in 1719, that of doctor of laws. In 1716, he was chosen to speak the Latin oration on the occasion of the founding of the Codrington Library. It was printed, and the dedication in English is worth quoting. The ladies of the Codrington family are addressed. "I am," says he, "unavoidably flung into a singularity, being obliged to write an epistle dedicatory void of common-place. Such a one was never before published by any author whatever ; but you are not under any obligation of reading what is presented

to you. The bookseller approves of it, because it will make people stare and is sufficiently absurd. I am of opinion that he is perfectly right."

Long before this Young had appeared in the character of a poet. In 1712, he had published "An Epistle to the Right Honourable George Lord Lansdowne." "In this composition," says his biographer, Herbert Croft, "the poet pours out his panegyrick with the extravagance of a young man, who thinks his present stock of wealth will never be exhausted."

It is plain that our poet's organ of veneration was largely developed. Benevolence is said to lie in the neighbouring region. For, whilst we find the poet as a young man guilty, by subsequent confession, of misplaced reverence, in later life the public recognised his devoutness and philanthropy by conferring upon him the title of "the Good Doctor." We anticipate so far only to warn the reader not to condemn him indiscriminately on account of what follows.

Young had intimate relations with Addison, although he appears in some instances to have been confounded with another person of the same name, who was Addison's official assistant. The success of Addison, through the favour of the gods of party, had inflamed many a generous youth. Had he not been drawn for a poem from a garret in the Haymarket to fill the most honourable offices of State? What had happened to one poet, the son of a Dean of Lichfield, might surely happen to another, the son of the Dean of Sarum. And, sooth to say, the son of Sarum had the advantage in poetic fire, and probably knew it. Sarum, poor as he had been, had lived, it is said, in the blaze of favour. How should the son of such a man be expected to be otherwise than like his countrymen who "dearly love a lord?" The wonder is that he ever outlived the degradation of character entailed upon him by hereditary and circumstantial influences, not that he should at one time have succumbed to them.

Queen Anne had created a batch of peers.

"Lo! one great day calls forth ten mighty peers."

What a line for Young! The people were not so pleased as the poet professed to be. It was therefore an opportunity for the latter. Chivalry impelled him into the field, and thus at thirty-one, Young appeared in public in the character he was known to bear in private. But, although a toadeater, he was an ingenious one, and sheltered himself in the idea of the pleasure it gives a generous patron to befriend a needy poet.

"The muse's friend is pleased the muse should press,
Through circling crowds and labour for access,
That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her approach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boast the glorious flame."

This poem Young afterwards excluded from his collected works, along with almost all his dedications. He lived to be ashamed of the worship of titles, and learned to see true greatness somewhere else than in mankind.

When Addison published his "Cato" in 1713, Young wrote some complimentary verses, which were thought worthy of being prefixed to it. This shows that the young poet must even then have been highly thought of. In the same year appeared the "Last Day," which is said to have been finished in 1710. Croft apparently assumes this because the opening lines point to the period previous to Marlborough's disgrace in that year, and because a part of the poem then appeared in the *Tatler*. He also presumes that the poet spent some time in its composition, because it was not published until 1713. In other words, the composition proceeded after the poem was complete! The most interesting feature is the strong indication it gives of that bias towards the infinities which Young afterwards so successfully cultivated.

"Whate'er the bold, the rash adventure cost,
In wide eternity I dare be lost."

The "Last Day," although favourably noticed in the *Englishman*, probably by Addison, is a strange jumble. There is plenty of hero-worship, whilst men are shown up in all their littleness before God.

"He beholds us as vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball,
Speck of creation!"

Notwithstanding the emmet comparison, we have ever so many names of potentates, little and big, transfused throughout the poem, and mingled with all sorts of turgid adjectives. Amongst them is summoned the Queen.

"Attend, great Anna, with religious awe!"

One is not quite sure whether the poet does not consider the Queen's attendance on the last day as, after all, a compliment scarcely due to the occasion. This rhapsody was addressed to the Queen, and the dedication acknowledges some obligation he had formerly received from her royal indulgence. It is not known what indulgence the Queen had extended to the Fellow of All Souls. If flatterers' words were always well put, we should say these could not apply to her having stood his godmother two-and-thirty years before,—a circumstance like this a girl of eighteen, and a princess, probably forgot before the next court ball. Young is believed to have afterwards had a pension, but this is not known for certain; and Swift's lines referring to the court appear, by the partial suppression of his name, following that of Gay and Pope in full, to indicate that the fact of his being a pensioner was a secret.

"Whence Gay was banished in disgrace,
Where Pope will never show his face,
Where Y—— must torture his invention
To flatter knaves, or lose his pension."

But, indeed, the keenness of the cut, not doubt of the fact, may account for the caution. George II. is also said to have replied to applications in favour of Young, "He has a pension." This pension, if there were one, is believed to have been one of Sir Robert Walpole's liberalities. So much the worse for Young's reputation. It has been suggested that part of the enormous expenditure for secret services in the Queen's reign passed into Young's exchequer, but is it likely that this would have been advertised to Her Majesty and the public in a dedication? After all, it was probably some trifling complimentary favour of which the poet, in hopes of others, chose thus to remind his royal mistress.

It was not long after this that the summons conveyed to the Queen in the "Last Day" was literally obeyed. Young introduces himself to her successor in a poem on the Queen's death, inscribed to Addison. In this there are certainly ideas. It were not Young's otherwise. Flattery is only tolerable when conveyed by a vehicle really brilliant. It is questionable, however, whether the first George cared much for this sort of thing:—

"With pray'r we smooth the billows for thy fleet,
With ardent wishes fill thy swelling sheet,
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We, bending, blessed the Gods, and ask'd no more!"

Before the Queen's death Young had brought out his "Force of Religion, or Vanquished Love," a poem founded on the tragedy of Lady Jane Grey. In this there are beauties. The misfortune lies in the odd way they are mixed up with nonsense. In this effort it is the female sex that is chiefly flattered. As usual, the dedication contains the strongest incense, and that in good broad prose. A certain Countess of Salisbury is therein gravely told that the sight of her "works a sort of miracle, occasions the bias of our nature to fall off from sin, and makes our very senses and affections converts to our religion." What a pity that lady had not been immortal! To the sex in general, at least in Britain, he exclaims in small raptures—

"All, all but adoration is your due!"

The poet was about to undergo some refinement in the school of trial. The Marquis of Wharton died within a year of the Queen, and thus was Young bereaved of two of his patrons. The poet attached himself the closer to the brilliant son of the late Marquis. His father appears to have become intimate with the Wharton family through Anne Wharton, first wife of Thomas Wharton, Esq., afterwards Marquis. She wrote some verses which were prefixed to the published translation of the visitation sermon which Bishop Spratt had found so edifying. There ap-

pears to have been at first a sort of literary friendship between the lady and the dean, which, as it extended to her family, and as the Whartons rose in the world, would naturally take the form of patronage on their part. When the dean died his son succeeded to their favour, probably with increased condescension on the one hand, and subserviency on the other. When the Marquis died, his son, still a minor, maintained the relation already subsisting. But with all his pliancy, the poet appears to have possessed in reality what the peer only assumed by title, with his elevation to a dukedom,—grace. Rank, wealth, and power seduced the latter, by the specious road of public favour, into levity, recklessness, and ruin. But the former, although foully prostituting his genius, finally arose nearly clean out of the mire. Time elevated and refined him, whilst his patron fell from one moral degradation to another, until he found in a foreign and a lonely grave the last earthly refuge from misery, ignominy, and scorn. This lesson, although its display took time, was not lost on Young. How far he may have plunged with his youthful patron into the madnesses of levity does not appear. The young Marquis, after his father's death, spent a year abroad. Returning home in 1717, he went to Ireland, and was permitted, on account of his extraordinary qualities, to take his seat in the Irish House of Lords, while yet under age. Young is supposed to have accompanied the Marquis to Ireland, as he long afterwards mentions an incident in the conduct of Swift which he observed whilst walking with him near Dublin. The poet principally resided at Oxford, but was doubtless always ready, when invited, to bestow his company on his patrons. His wit, however, although brilliant, required a sober auditory—a condition not generally obtainable in those days in great society.

He now began to write plays, notwithstanding his serious bent. From the *Englishman* it appears that a tragedy of his was in the theatre so early as 1713. "*Busiris*" appeared on the stage at Drury Lane in 1719. In the same year he addressed a poetical letter to Tickell on the death of Addison, their common friend. It is said that Addison and he used to "communicate to each other whatever verses they wrote, even to the least things." This does not appear unlikely. The very differences in the intellectual constitution of the men would serve to bind them closer in the mutual respect generated by the similarity of their moral qualities. Both of them were champions, perhaps even heroes, of chastity in a licentious age.

In the same year appeared a "*Paraphrase on the Book of Job*," which might perhaps still be read, if the original were not. The dedication is fulsome to disgust, and the author knew nothing of the person he addressed in it, except that he was Lord Chancellor.

About the period when he received his degree of Doctor of

Laws (10th June 1719), he entered for a few months the family of the Earl of Exeter, as tutor to Lord Burleigh. But Wharton, who was somewhat of a scribbler himself, seems to have been jealous of any interference with his poet, and withdrew him, by pressing solicitations and promises, from the opportunity of becoming the protégé of another. It is likely the young scapegrace began to feel the need of a respectable friend like Young. Besides, he had discovered Young to be an orator, and proposed to place him in Parliament. At a trial twenty years afterwards, Wharton's creditors sought to set aside the poet's claims on the other's estate. He proved on oath that he had given up, at Wharton's instance, an annuity of £100 a-year for life, offered him by the Exeter family, to continue Lord Burleigh's tutor. He had also refused two livings in the gift of his college upon the same account. He had farther expended £600 in the expenses of a contested election at Cirencester, for which the Duke had granted his bond, dated 15th March 1721. Wharton had afterwards conferred on Young two annuities, which were the subjects of the legal inquiry. The point was as to the consideration given. The deeds affirmed the "public good" and the Duke's private love to have been the consideration. These, however valuable to Mæcenæ, were not satisfactory to the Hebrew mind, and Young had to array in public against the Jews the above facts in aid of his case, which he gained. His college had derived some benefits through Young from the ducal grace.

In 1721, the "Revenge" was acted at Drury Lane, and met with very great success. It is enough to say here of this piece that it still keeps possession of the stage.

Between 1725 and 1728, he published seven satires under the title of the "Love of Fame, or the Universal Passion." It is said that Young realised above £3000 by it. There is good downright power in these compositions. But satire rarely keeps hold of the public mind, however it may dazzle as a novelty. Swift said of these that they should either have been more angry or more merry. The following whimsical criticism from a well-known pen in *Blackwood's Magazine*¹ will give some idea of these pieces:—

"Talking of churchyards, old big-wigged Dr Young, author of the 'Night Thoughts,'—a poem which will always be read by thoughtful people who have but few books, are poor, and live in the country,—was no small shakes in satire. He was himself the prey of his own epigrammatic genius, that would never let him rest in ordinary speech, but kept painting every line as it came up, often at the wrong end; so that the careless reader is sometimes unexpectedly stung and loses his temper, like an old woman taking up, without due caution, a needle by the sharp nose instead of the blunt eye, or a pin out of her mouth in a like

¹ Professor Wilson.

predicament. Yet the doctor had a clear, far-seeing eye to vice and folly. He did not, however, 'shoot folly as it flies,' for he was afraid of missing, but let bang at her in the seat; and it is funny to see her, like a hare shot in form, jumping up some six feet or so, and then down again to the ground with a thud, a quadrupedal sprawl, and then over and over on her back or side, stone dead. The doctor sometimes makes much ado about nothing, and mouths as if in the pulpit. You always know that you are reading a satire written by a man in black, and with bands. He sometimes seems to be angry with sins, solely because they insult him in his character as a clergyman, and have no respect for the cloth. He writes at other times like a disappointed man, who had no hopes of ever becoming a bishop; and perhaps in lawn sleeves he had been less truculent about trifles, for spiritual peers are in general more pompous than savage. To cut up poor curates and such small deer would be monstrous in a mitre. Men of the world, we believe, used to laugh at the doctor's satire, but, we suspect, on the wrong side of their mouths; for instead of tickling, he stabbed them in the midriff; and the Lorenzo of his 'Night Thoughts,' who is there always a gentleman, was transmogrified in his satires into a mere vile and vulgar sceptic. All his writings, however, want keeping,—are distinguished by exaggeration and disproportion. He hammers vice well when laid on the anvil, but he is not expert at hitting the right nail on the head; and often, when wielding his mace against a fly sticking to the wall, merely shatters the wainscot. But Young was a poet, nevertheless, of a high order. He had a fine imagination and deep sensibilities, and has produced single lines and passages seldom if ever excelled, and in their meaning perhaps more profound than the poet himself knew, for he was subject to fits of inspiration."

In 1726, Young addressed to Sir Robert Walpole "The Instalment." It is possible the title had a double reference, and afterwards became to the poet a memorial of disappointment. But that his gratitude did not entirely apply to future favours is apparent from the lines:—

"My breast, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
The streams of royal bounty, turned by thee,
Refresh the dry domains of poesy.
My fortune shows, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair.
Be this thy partial smile from censure free;
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me."

What fell, must have been the pension before mentioned.

On the accession of George II., appeared, like the address, in echo of the royal speech, "Ocean; an Ode, concluding with a Wish." Prefixed was an ode to the King, and an essay on Lyric Poetry.

At the ripe age of forty-six the poet appears to be getting chastened by disappointment. He exclaims,

"O who can gaze
On restless seas,
Unstruct with life's more restless state?
Where all are tossed,
And most are lost
By tides of passion, blasts of fate."

He sighs for repose in words we have not space for, but it is still a poetical rest he seeks—

"In landscapes green,
True bliss is seen."

This sort of stuff, coming just before his ordination as a minister of the Church of England, is painful. Of this event there is no specific record, but in April 1728, whilst his gown was yet new, he was appointed chaplain to the King. It was, perhaps, in view of this appointment that he took orders. At any rate, his resolution to become a clergyman appears to have been a sudden one, from the fact, that at the time he had a tragedy in rehearsal at the theatre, the managers of which reluctantly permitted him to withdraw the play, in deference to the character he was about to assume. There is an apocryphal story told of him at this time in illustration of his simplicity. In his ignorance of theological literature, it is said he applied to Pope for advice. The little Romish wag recommended Thomas Aquinas to be diligently studied in private. Young accordingly retired for some months to Camden Town, whence Pope, apprehensive of the consequences, at length disinterred him, in time to prevent an "irretrievable derangement."

He published, soon after he took orders, a prose essay, entitled "A True Estimate of Human Life;" this, being in the dimmallest vein, tends to confirm the pleasant story above related. It was intended to be followed by another on the bright side of things. Presuming that the poet began to consult the New Testament for the materials of this part of the question, it is not wonderful, considering his possible discoveries there, that it never appeared.

A Sermon on "The Reverence due to Government," preached before the House of Commons, next appeared. It is not recorded whether "His Majesty's loyal opposition was materially benefited thereby, nor whether any of the public, beside the printer and the trunkmaker, were edified by it."

In 1730, Young relapsed into poetry, and published "Imperium Pelagi, a Naval Lyric." Perhaps the less said about this the better. The Pindaric was not Young's style. He disowned this bantling afterwards. It was one of Young's merits, that whatever his literary transgressions might be, they were generally followed by confession, repentance, and amendment. The same

year appeared "Two Epistles to Mr Pope, concerning the Authors of the Age." There is good satire in these.

Up to this time Young appears to have resided chiefly at Oxford. In July 1730, he was presented by his College to the Rectory of Welwyn, in Hertfordshire. The office of rector carried with it, as it still does, the lordship of the manor.

Welwyn is a little town on the great road from London to York, and appears to have taken its rise and its name from a chalybeate spring, formerly held in repute, but now nearly forgotten. The little river Mimram runs through the place, crossing the main road; the houses straggle about the borders of both, and of the road leading to Hitchin.

The parsonage was not habitable. The rector, accordingly, was compelled to purchase a dwelling. He chose one nearly opposite the church, and separated from it by the Hitchin turnpike. The river ran at the foot of the garden, which was not large. Neither church nor parsonage were very pretentious. In this quiet spot he spent the chief part of the remainder of his life.

At first it is probable he made frequent visits to London, for he was a popular preacher, "the grace and animation of his delivery attracting many hearers." It is related of him that on one occasion his oratorical powers deserted him. The day was probably warm, and the season nearly over. The audience at St James', Piccadilly, were doubtless wearying for the green-fields, and the "innocence in shades" he had taught them to seek. The preacher found his utmost efforts of address insufficient to command attention. At length, being in despair, and unable to control his feelings, he sat back in the pulpit and burst into tears.

To this period, if any, must be referred the following well-known anecdote. Walking in his garden with two ladies, one of whom was his future wife, he was told that a gentleman awaited him in the house. "Tell him that I am too happily engaged to change my situation." The ladies insisted he should go, as his visitor was a man of rank, his friend and patron. Persuasives being of no avail, they used the gentle force of taking him, one at each arm, to the garden gate. Finding resistance vain, he bowed, and laying his hand upon his heart, addressed them impromptu :—

"Thus Adam look'd when from the garden driven,
And thus disputed orders sent from heaven;
Like him I go, and yet to go am loth;
Like him I go, for angels drove us both.
Hard was his fate, but mine still more unkind,
His Eve went with him, but mine stays behind."

In May 1731, he married Lady Elizabeth Lee, daughter of the Earl of Lichfield, and widow of Colonel Lee. This Lady's first

husband was a relative of Lady Anne Wharton, his father's poetical friend, the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, in Oxfordshire.

The "Sea Piece," consisting of two odes, with a dedication to Mr Voltaire, was his next effort. Of course he flatters Voltaire. He had immense respect for the Frenchman's talents. Yet in the conflict of wits, it is said the advantage was greatly on his own side. He does not offer a very dignified rôle to the foreigner, in connection with the sea piece. He proposes to sit on his fame, as Arion did on the dolphin's back.

"How will thy name illustrious raise
My sinking song?"

The metaphor must have suggested uncomfortable ideas to such a fish out of the water as Voltaire always was. In another effort of wit, said to have been addressed impromptu to the sneering dolphin himself, he confers upon him compliments still more cold-blooded:—

"You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think thee Milton, Death, and Sin."

Yet he claims to have "soothed" the irritable and "grisly terror" on Dorset Downs, with "gentle rhymes." The probability is, that this rhyme was gentle, compared with Voltaire's rabid ebullitions of spleen. In 1734, Young published "The Foreign Address, or the Best Argument for Peace," &c. In this he takes leave of the Pindaric ode.

In 1733, Lady Elizabeth Young brought him a son, who was named Frederick, and to whom the Prince of Wales stood godfather. Frederick Young has most unreasonably, in his turn, been made sponsor for the Lorenzo of "Night Thoughts." It is possible that the son of a poet should occasionally be a naughty boy, but he must, indeed, have been a peculiarly naughty boy, who, at the tender age of eight, when the "Complaint" was made, could fill so large a part of his father's conception of a licentious man of the world. His wife had a son and two daughters by her former husband. The young man married, and soon afterwards died. Miss Lee became the wife of Mr Temple, son of the then Lord Palmerston. Mr and Mrs Temple have been named as the models for the characters of Philander and Narcissa. They died within four years of each other, and the poet's wife a few months later. Thus the insatiate archer's shaft

"Flew thrice, and thrice my peace was slain,"

but certainly not,

"Ere thrice yon moon had filled her horn."

Either this was a fiction, or it applied to other parties. Mrs Temple died of consumption at Nice in 1736, the year after her marriage. The poet has it "in her bridal hour." He may be

justified in extending a bridal hour to a period of twelve months ; the moon, however, cannot be excused for taking five years to "fill her horn" thrice. But the poet's office is to create, not to copy. The "Complaint" is not a narrative. Young and his wife accompanied Mrs Temple to the Continent—as he expresses it, "bore her nearer to the sun,"—but it was of no avail. Her funeral was actually attended with the difficulties described in Night the Third. The remainder of the party wintered at Nice.

Young's ten years of married life were probably the happiest of his not very happy life. How they were spent we can only guess from incidental statements. His garden, as every true poet's should, seems to have had much of his care. He planted rows of trees, which afterwards became—in Dr Johnson's magniloquent language—a fine grove. He erected alcoves with mottoes ; formed deceptive imitations to point the morals written on them, such as *Invisibilia non discipiunt* on the semblance of a resting-place, which was none. "Here," said he to Langton, "I had put up a handsome sun-dial, with the motto *Eheu fugaces !* which," he added with a smile, "was sadly verified, for by next morning my dial had been carried off." The church received some portion of his care. He commenced a tower for it, which does not appear to have been completed. He designed inscriptions for the decoration of the chancel ; and Lady Betty worked in embroidery an ornamental cover for the communion table, which is still occasionally used. In the middle of this "altar piece" is worked in capital letters the motto, "I AM THE BREAD OF LIFE." On the north side of the chancel the parson inscribed the words,

"VIRGINIBUS

"INCREASE IN UNDERSTANDING AND WISDOM ;

and on the south side—

"PUERISQUE

"AND IN FAVOR WITH GOD AND MAN."

These have since disappeared.

His concern for the eternal welfare of his parishioners may be inferred from his character, which, as it became purified from the subserviency of his youth, grew in dignity and charity until his piety invested him with a sort of patriarchal air. Before his time there had been only one weekly service in the church. He began to read prayers on Sunday afternoons, and on Wednesdays, Fridays, and all holidays. He united with this a regard for the temporal wellbeing of his flock. He promoted innocent recreations by the establishment of a bowling-green, and an assembly-room, and evinced his interest in the children of the poor by building and endowing a school where sixteen boys should be clothed and instructed free. Though the turn of his mind was naturally solemn, and he indulged himself by spending sometimes many hours a-day in walking amongst the tombs in the church-

yard, he yet condescended to promote the mirth of the company at the public rooms by the brilliancy of his wit. He generally directed the shafts of his satire at those who testified any contempt for decency and religion; and thus his assembly-room appears to have been an enlightened attempt, such as philanthropists are only now awaking to perceive the value of, to combine innocence with freedom, and to secure the advantages of society without its frivolity and dissipation. The assembly-room has since disappeared, but the school foundation still remains incorporated with the National School of Welwyn.

Of his wife he was bereaved in 1741. Her remains were laid underneath the communion table, and Young went home to weep in darkness melodious tears, and to soothe his melancholy with the composition of the immortal "Complaint, or Night Thoughts."

He retired to rest at night very early, about eight o'clock, and after his first sleep would be awake for hours meditating and composing verses, which, on rising at an early hour, he would transcribe. For some years before the death of the Prince of Wales, Young, who was in favour with the prince, attended Court pretty constantly, but after that event in 1751, he was deprived of his chaplaincy, and all his chances of preferment in the church came to an end. Upon the death of Dr Hales, in 1761, he was chosen to succeed him as clerk of the closet to Her Royal Highness the Dowager Princess of Wales. By that time, however, he was fourscore. His reputation had culminated. The "Night Thoughts" had for long been the property of the booksellers, and their author had not been called on by his own genius nor the public to supply further ore of the same ponderous character from his inexhaustible mine.

The circumstances attending the publication of the "Night Thoughts" are not certainly known. The first "Night" appears in the registers of the Stationers' Company in London for the year 1742 as the property of Robert Dodsley. The preface to Night Seventh, which probably came out along with the eighth and last, is dated July 7th, 1744. Soon after this the whole were united and published together. It would be digressing too far from the object of this notice to refer to the criticisms which have been passed upon the "Night Thoughts" by other poets and by critics in general. As Dr Johnson's remarks are comprehensive, a short quotation from them is subjoined:—

"In his 'Night Thoughts' Young has exhibited a very wide display of original poetry, variegated with deep reflections and striking allusions, a wilderness of thought, in which the fertility of fancy scatters flowers of every hue and colour. This is one of the few poems in which blank verse could not be exchanged for rhyme, but with disadvantage. The wild diffusion of the sentiments, and the digressive sallies of the imagination, would have been compressed and restrained by confinement to rhyme.

The excellence of this work is not exactness, but copiousness ; particular lines are not to be regarded : the power is in the whole, and in the whole there is a magnificence like that ascribed to Chinese plantations, the magnificence of vast extent and endless variety."

In 1745, Young produced a kind of political sequel to the "Night Thoughts," addressed to the Duke of Newcastle, and entitled "Some Thoughts occasioned by the present Juncture." Political sermons in blank verse are not likely to be ever popular. This one was no exception to the rule. That it does not want vigour, however, may be seen from these lines, applied to the Pretender :—

"And shall a Pope-bred princeling crawl ashore,
Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting,
And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that scraped
Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
To cut his passage to the British Throne?"

Tell it not in Appin !

In 1753, "The Brothers," a tragedy, which had been laid aside since Young had been in orders, was brought out on the stage of Drury Lane. The author compounded for the impropriety, if there were any, by dedicating the profits to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. But these did not equal his expectations, and he made up the proceeds from £400 to a thousand guineas, by supplying the deficiency from his own pocket. His next publication was "The Centaur not Fabulous, in Six Letters to a Friend, on the Life in Vogue." This piece contains the elegant extract well known under the title of the "Death of Altamont." In 1758, he again became a dedicator, by the publication of a "Sermon preached before their Majesties at Kensington." He appears still to have been hankering after preferment. It was natural that a man of his fame should imagine he might become a bishop. It was a pity he should desire it. The king's answer always was, "He has a pension." Archbishop Secker sent him, in reply to some solicitation, a letter, beginning "Good Dr Young," and concluding with a mild allusion to his published sentiments. At that time he was seventy-seven.

Towards the latter part of his life he was but little talked of. He says of himself, in his epigrammatic way, "I have been so long remembered that I am forgotten."

Some insight into the later years of his private life are given by Richardson, the printer, and by a Mr Jones, who was his curate. He appears to have been both absent and reserved ; and whilst his manner was invariably perfectly courteous, and even impressive, from an air of benevolence, he seems to have frequently felt society irksome, and tolerable only for the sake of the news of the day, which he greedily sought from his visitors.

Langton was surprised at this eagerness in a man whose intellectual stores must have been so great, and "who had retired from life with decided disappointment in his expectations." Richardson complains of him in his gossiping way: "Dr Young is another uncontrollable, and therefore unaccountable. He had been in town, somewhere behind the Royal Exchange, for three weeks without letting me know a syllable of the matter, till the very day that, ready booted, he called in Salisbury Court, leaving word (I was out) that he was very desirous of seeing me at Welwyn. I wish that he is not concerned in some plot, by this his privacy to one of his sincerest friends. He is an absent man, you know, madam, and if he be in a plot, it will not be long a secret. Of this we may be sure, it will not be against the State." Richardson visited him at Welwyn, along with a party of friends, who took up their quarters in the neighbourhood, the parsonage not being large enough to accommodate them. Some of the best letters in "Sir Charles Grandison" were written on this occasion, in the early mornings, before breakfast. One of his letters to Richardson in 1745 has this sad sentiment: "What has man to do but to know the vanity and avoid the vexation of human life? Evils fly so near and so thick about us that I'm half persuaded, my dear friend, that we should aim at little more than negative good here, and positive in another scene. Escape here, and enjoyment hereafter." This is miserable philosophy, but it is to be feared Young never rose high above it, although passages in his works of better comfort might be quoted. The fact is, Young is always rhapsodising, maundering about religion. But he never appears to realise, although he sometimes declares, and that in memorable lines too, that the religion of a Christian is the love of Christ. The very man who writes thus does not appreciate heartily the truth he enunciates. He ministers, like an ancient prophet, not to himself, but to us, the truth he writes—

"Talk they of morals? O thou bleeding Love!
Thou maker of new morals to mankind!
The grand morality is love of Thee."

The consequence is, he never enjoys the happiness of simply loving a Divine Lover. In his letters, too, he talks of joy in the Holy Ghost, but never seems to have it. He was so intent on the knowledge that puffs up, as never properly to attain to the love that builds up. With all his marvellous attachment to and knowledge of antithesis, he never appreciated this one. How he contradicts it in this remark:—"Happy is the man whose head has secured him one immortality, and whose heart entitles him to the other!" Who that has found the immortality there is in love, sighs for the immortality of earthly fame? Fame is the immortality of earth; love is the immortality of heaven. The faith of the glory that is to be revealed

spurns the glory that is. The "Good Doctor" ultimately becomes hipped, and prosed to the garrulous printer about his health, tar-water, and the Welwyn springs. Vanity of vanities!

One of Richardson's correspondents, the Bishop of Soder and Man, writes of Young thus:—"He was, one or other, the most modest, the most patient of contradiction, and the most informing and entertaining of any man (at least of any man who had so just pretensions to pertinacity and reserve) I ever conversed with. He is, I think, a man of singular importance to the Christian world." But the testimonies to Young's excellence of character are numerous, and the proof of the high estimation in which he was generally held lies in his popular title, "The Good Doctor." It is really of more importance in such a case to learn what measure of exception there was to the general excellence of his character.

Mr Jones became Young's curate in 1759, and continued until the Good Doctor died, in 1765. He usually spent two hours every evening with the rector in useful conversation, and in reading, to relieve Mrs Hallows, whose eyes were much impaired by constant reading. This Mrs Hallows was the daughter of a rector of All-Hallows, Hertford. On the marriage of Miss Caroline Lee, the step-daughter of Dr Young, which took place after 1747, Mrs Hallows came by invitation to live with him. She was advanced in years, and was always treated by Young "with the politeness and respect due to a gentlewoman." But Young treated every person with the same politeness and respect. His domestics shared his friendship and regard. Mrs Hallows abused his respect. She lorded it considerably over the old man, and having gained a complete command over all his arrangements, appears to have mismanaged them most conscientiously. The curate under such circumstances could not be very comfortable. He had a small benefice of his own in Bedfordshire, and Young allowed him only a very small salary. He had previously given his curates only £20 a-year, perhaps when he could himself discharge most part of the duty. But for the last three or four years of his life, although retaining the use of his understanding, he was incapable of doing duty, and was obliged to raise his curate's salary. Parsimony and obstinacy are the charges brought against his old age, under these circumstances, but Mr Jones confesses them more properly the sins of his housekeeper.

After February 1762, Jones every now and then gave notice he should leave, and so put the old man into quandaries, from which his housekeeper could not afford him much relief. All his old friends were dead; even Richardson, that Christian of the world, had gone to his long home. It is pitiful to hear of the solitary old man, whose name had found a deathless fame, forgotten even by the Church he adorned, so far as to feel com-

pelled to advertise for mercenary help to feed his flock. His health, too, had been failing for years, and his nerves were shattered. A mind like Young's, never thoroughly chastened into acquiescence with Divine government or guidance, must in such circumstances have sometimes recoiled upon itself with serious violence. He could summon up almost to the last wonderful literary vigour. In 1759, he published a letter to Richardson in prose, "On Original Composition," and promised therein another which never came. In 1762, he completed his labours by "Resignation," a poem in two parts, with a post-script to Mrs Boscawen, the admiral's widow. Resignation appears to have been the long, long lesson of his life. He knew not that there was a better and a higher experience, even this—"Rejoice evermore." As one of the latest indications of his chastened spirit, the following extract of a letter, dated Welwyn, 25th November 1762, is given. It is addressed to the Rev. Thomas Newcombe, Hackney:—

"As for my own health, I do not love to complain; but one particular I must tell you, that my sight is so far gone as to lay me under the necessity of a hand to write this. God grant me grace under this darkness to see more clearly things invisible and eternal—those great things which you and I must soon be acquainted with; and why not rejoice at it? There is not a day of my long life that I desire to repeat, and at fourscore it is all labour and sorrow. What, then, have we to do? But one thing remains, and in that one, blessed be God, by His assistance we are sure of success. Let nothing, therefore, lie heavy on your heart; let us rely on Him who has done so great things for us—that lover of souls, that hearer of prayers whenever they come from the heart, and sure rewarder of all those who love Him and put their trust in His mercy.

"Let us not be discontented with this world; that is bad, but it is still worse to be satisfied with it—so satisfied, as not to be very anxious for something more."

At length in 1765, this old man of eighty-four, blind, helpless, and forgotten by the world, managed by an old woman, whose senility appears to have been less than his, only because her will was the stronger, came to lie down upon his deathbed. His curate was absent, or was not admitted to see him. Even his son was denied so natural a privilege. His son had incurred his displeasure. It is not known how, but it is inferred that the estrangement dated from certain improprieties of the latter's college days. According to the most authentic of the different accounts, on his son's arrival at his father's house to pay the last duties, he sent to him his blessing and forgiveness, with an assurance that he did not refuse to see him from any remains of resentment, but that his bodily pain was so exquisite, that he was unable to bear so affecting a meeting, and that he would

find, by his last will, that he had always considered him as his son, and never meant to carry his displeasure to the grave.

Parental authority in those days was carried farther than now. Children were children so long as their parents lived, and it is not unlikely that Frederick was called upon to endure some undue parental severity. But, in a house governed by a gentlewoman "who had never been degraded by the receipt of wages," and who considered herself at liberty, after the death of the testator, who bequeathed to her £1000, to disregard his strictest injunctions to destroy his papers, who can answer for the facts reported of an old man on his deathbed, in the submissiveness of eighty-four, and constantly under the influence of opiates?

After a fortnight's illness, with excessive pain, he died, a little before eleven at night, on Good Friday, 5th April 1765. He was buried on the 12th, in the chancel of his own church, beside the remains of his wife, about six in the evening, Mr Jones his curate reading the burial service.

The funeral was a very private one. It is said the bell did not toll "until the corpse was brought out of the house," and that neither the master nor the children of his charity school were present at the interment. Yet "the mourners were his son, his nephew, another near relative, his housekeeper, most of the clergy, who bore the pall, and the whole town of Welwyn."

Besides the legacy to Mrs Hallows, he left bequests to his friend Henry Stephens, a hatter at the Temple Gate, who died before him, and to his curate. The remainder of his property which, according to Mr Jones, amounted to a handsome fortune, he left to his son.

Mr Frederick Young appears to have continued for some years to reside in the house at Welwyn. Boswell found him there with his daughter when passing through Welwyn with Dr Johnson, and gives an entertaining account of their visit to the parsonage and the garden of the poet.

The monument erected by Mr Frederick Young to the memory of his parents still remains. The inscription is as follows:—

M. S.
OPTIMI PARENTES
EDWARDI YOUNG, LL.D.
HUIUS ECCLESIE RECT.
ET ELIZABETHÆ
FÆM. PRÆNOB.
CONJUGIS EJUS AMANTISSIMÆ.
PIO ET GRATISSIMO ANIMO
HOC MARMOR POSERIT
F. Y.
FILIIUS SUPERSTES.

The great memorial which Young has left of his genius and

character is his "Night Thoughts." It is interesting to the student to examine his other works, only for the purpose of comparison. They are now almost forgotten ; but it is, perhaps, not too much to say, that the "Complaint" will be read until the great themes of the poet—Death, Judgment, and Eternity—become merged in the realities of the eternal world.

"Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of God."

Yet it is gloomy, perhaps for this reason : the "Complaint" appears like a continual and painful effort of the embryo man to burst his shell and live with the intelligence of heaven, whilst his intellect is still only that of earth. But with that effort every mind, conscious of its own immortal destinies, must to some extent sympathise ; and the daring antitheses of Young are proofs, at least, of an elasticity in man which the spirit fain would stretch until cohesion crack, and she herself became

"Active, ærial towering, unconfined,
Unfettered with her gross companions' fall."

The poet's tension is so extreme as to make us feel as if always at the end of our flight, tethered to a "gross companion" whose weight is felt dragging behind. His flights are so lofty as to bring us almost into contact with the "azure shell" we fain would burst. Thus, all the brilliant coruscations of his wit and flashes of his genius serve but to light up a vault within which we are immured. In vain do hopeful fancy or joyful intention prompt us to happy flights within the azure space, and bid us realise, from partial bliss in life, the glories of the heavenly state. In vain does heaven-born confidence seek to charm the soul to rest, in view of judgment, with the thought that even "as he is, so are we in this world." With Young there is no present eternal life for man. All the life he knows is that of the flesh, for which, according to him, death will be balm. The life of the spirit realised and felt, whilst the body is dead because of sin, even in the midst of its daily activities—this "law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus"—seems to have been hidden from his eyes.

"Life makes the soul dependent on the dust;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres."

With all his "immortality of the head," with all his aspirations and lofty flights, Young was "all his lifetime, through fear of death, subject to bondage." It is his very fear of death that makes him seek to acquaint himself continually with it, that he might be at peace. Vain effort ! Oh, had he fully known, as he certainly did in part, Him who has said, "He that believeth on me hath eternal life," what a different tone his moralising might have assumed ! That sorely wearied spirit, disappointed justly with the world, had it found in very love a present heaven,

might then have risen, even while on earth, to glory on wings of rapture, and have taken us with him, "Poor pensioners on the bounties of an hour."

"PARADISE AND GROVES.

Elysian, fortunate fields—like those of old
Sought in the Atlantic main, why should they be
A history only of departed things,
Or a mere fiction of whatever was?
For the discerning intellect of man,
When wedded to this goodly universe
In love and holy passion, shall find these
A simple produce of the common day."

This, too, is truth and poetry. But how different, and differing still in simplicity are the holier and wiser words of another poet:—"Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him."

Keep this corrective in mind, dear reader, and let not your spirit be grieved by the shortcomings, whilst it is aspiringly affected by the power of the great poet of the "Night Thoughts."

July 1866.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

THE COMPLAINT.

PREFACE.

As the occasion of this poem was real, not fictitious, so the method pursued in it was rather imposed, by what spontaneously arose in the author's mind on that occasion, than meditated or designed; which will appear very probable from the nature of it: for it differs from the common mode of poetry, which is, from long narrations to draw short morals. Here, on the contrary, the narrative is short, and the morality arising from it makes the bulk of the poem. The reason of it is, that the facts mentioned did naturally pour these moral reflections on the thought of the writer.

NIGHT I.

ON LIFE, DEATH, AND IMMORTALITY.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR ONSLOW, ESQ., SPEAKER OF THE
HOUSE OF COMMONS.

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.

From short (as usual) and disturb'd repose,
I wake: how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
'Tumultuous; where my wreck'd, desponding thought,
From wave to wave of fancied misery,
At random drove, her helm of reason lost.
Tho' now restor'd, 'tis only change of pain,
(A bitter change!) severer for severe.
The day too short for my distress; and night,
Ev'n in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the colour of my fate.

Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,

In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
 Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumb'ring world.
 Silence, how dead ! and darkness, how profound !
 Nor eye, nor list'ning ear, an object finds ;
 Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the gen'ral pulse
 Of life stood still, and nature made a pause ;
 An awful pause ! prophetic of her end.
 And let her prophecy be soon fulfill'd ;
 Fate ! drop the curtain ; I can lose no more.

Silence and darkness ! solemn sisters ! twins
 From ancient night, who nurse the tender thought
 To reason, and on reason build resolve,
 (That column of true majesty in man)
 Assist me : I will thank you in the grave ;
 The grave, your kingdom : *there* this frame shall fall
 A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
 But what are ye?—

Thou, who didst put to flight
 Primeval silence, when the morning stars,
 Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball ;
 O Thou, whose word from solid darkness struck
 That spark, the sun ; strike wisdom from my soul ;
 My soul, which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
 As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro' this opaque of nature, and of soul,
 This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
 To lighten, and to cheer. O lead my mind,
 (A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
 Lead it thro' various scenes of life and death ;
 And from each scene, the noblest truths inspire.
 Nor less inspire my conduct, than my song ;
 Teach my best reason, reason ; my best will
 Teach rectitude ; and fix my firm resolve
 Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear :
 Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
 On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

The bell strikes *one*. We take no note of time
 But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours:
 Where are they ? With the years beyond the flood.
 It is the signal that demands dispatch:
 How much is to be done ? My hopes and fears

Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down.—On what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely *mine*!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful, is man?
How passing wonder He, who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From diff'rent natures marvellously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the deity!
A beam ethereal, sullied, and absorpt!
Tho' sullied, and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute?
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect *infinite*!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpris'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own: how reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported, and alarm'd!
What can preserve my life? or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread:
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourn'd along the gloom
Of pathless woods; or down the craggy steep
Hurl'd headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scal'd the cliff; or danc'd on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain!
Her ceaseless flight, tho' devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the trodden clod;
Active, aerial, tow'ring, unconfin'd,
Unfetter'd with her gross companion's fall.
Ev'n silent night proclaims my soul immortal:
Ev'n silent night proclaims eternal day.
For human weal, heaven husbands all events;
Dull sleep instructs, nor sport vain dreams in vain.

Why then *their* loss deplore, that are not lost ?
Why wanders wretched thought their tombs around,
In infidel distress ? Are angels there ?
Slumbers, rak'd up in dust, ethereal fire ?

They live ! they greatly live a life on earth
Unkindled, unconceiv'd ; and from an eye
Of tenderness let heavenly pity fall
On me, more justly number'd with the dead.
This is the desert, this the solitude :
How populous, how vital, is the grave !
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom :
The land of apparitions, empty shades !
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance ; the reverse is folly's creed :
How solid all, where change shall be no more !

This is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule ;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life, but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumb'ring in his sire.
Embryos we must be, till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport ! and of man.

Yet man, fool man ! *here* buries all his thoughts ;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
HERE pinions all his wishes ; wing'd by heaven
To fly at infinite ; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clust'ring glow,
In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more !
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire !
And is it in the flight of threescore years,
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,

Thrown into tumult, raptur'd or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Where falls this censure? It o'erwhelms myself:
How was my heart incrust'd by the world!
O how self-fetter'd was my grov'ling soul!
How, like a worm, was I wrapt round and round
In silken thought, which reptile fancy spun,
Till darken'd reason lay quite clouded o'er
With soft conceit of endless comfort here,
Nor yet put forth her wings to reach the skies!

Night-visions may befriend (as sung above):
Our *waking* dreams are fatal. How I dreamt
Of things impossible! (Could sleep do more?)
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change!
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave!
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life!
How richly were my noon-tide trances hung
With gorgeous tapestries of pictur'd joys!
Joy behind joy, in endless perspective!
Till at death's toll, whose restless iron tongue
Calls daily for his millions at a meal,
Starting I woke, and found myself undone.
Where now my frenzy's pompous furniture!
The cobweb'd cottage, with its ragged wall
Of mould'ring mud, is royalty to me!
The spider's most attenuated thread
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie
On earthly bliss; it breaks at every breeze.

O ye blest scenes of permanent delight!
Full above measure! lasting, beyond bound!
A perpetuity of bliss is bliss.
Could you, so rich in rapture, fear an end,
That ghastly thought would drink up all your joy,
And quite unparadise the realms of light.
Safe are you lodged above these rolling spheres;
The baleful influence of whose giddy dance
Sheds sad vicissitude on all beneath.
Here teems with revolutions every hour;
And rarely for the better; or the best,
More mortal than the common births of fate.
Each moment has its sickle, emulous
Of time's enormous scythe, whose ample sweep

Strikes empires from the root ; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss ! sublunary bliss !—proud words, and vain !
Implicit treason to divine decree !
A bold invasion of the rights of heaven !
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace !
What darts of agony had miss'd my heart !

Death ! great proprietor of all ! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines ;
And, one day, thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean ?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreak'd on me ?
Insatiate archer ! could not *one* suffice ?
Thy shaft flew *thrice* ; and thrice my peace was slain ;
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia ! why so pale ? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour ? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life ?
How wanes my borrow'd bliss ! from fortune's smile
Precarious courtesy ! not virtue's sure,
Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.

In ev'ry varied posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy !
Thought, busy thought ! too busy for my peace !
Thro' the dark postern of time long elaps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer, (and such it proves !)
Strays (wretched rover !) o'er the pleasing past ;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays ;
And finds all desert now ; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys ; a num'rous train !
I rue the riches of my former fate ;
Sweet comfort's blasted clusters I lament ;
I tremble at the blessings once so dear ;
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet why complain ? or why complain for one ?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man ? Are angels all beside ?
I mourn for millions : 'Tis the common lot ;

In this shape, or in that, has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs, of pain.

War, famine, pest, volcano, storm, and fire,
Intestine broils, oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind.
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plunged in mines, forgets a sun was made.
There, beings deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life ;
And plough the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd,
If so the tyrant, or his minion doom.

Want, and incurable disease, (fell pair !)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once ; and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead !
What numbers groan for sad admission there !
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high-fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity !
To shock us more, solicit it in vain !
Ye silken sons of pleasure ! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here,
And breathe from your debauch : give, and reduce
Surfeit's dominion o'er you : But so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy ! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save ;
Disease invades the chastest temperance ;
And punishment the guiltless ; and alarm,
Thro' thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name !
Our very wishes gives us not our wish.
How distant oft the thing we dote on most,
From that for which we dote, felicity !
The smoothest course of nature has its pains ;
And truest friends, thro' error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities !
And what hostilities, without a foe !
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.

But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail, than cause to sigh.

A part how small of the terraqueous globe
Is tenanted by man ! the rest a waste,
Rocks, deserts, frozen seas, and burning sands :
Wild haunts of monsters, poisons, stings, and death ;
Such is earth's melancholy map ! But, far
More sad ! this earth is a true map of man.
So bounded are its haughty lord's delights
To woe's wide empire ; where deep troubles toss,
Loud sorrows howl, invenom'd passions bite,
Rav'nous calamities our vitals seize,
And threat'ning fate wide opens to devour.

What then am I, who sorrow for myself ?
In age, in infancy, from others' aid
Is all our hope ; to teach us to be kind.
That, nature's first, last lesson to mankind ;
The selfish heart deserves the pain it feels,
More gen'rous sorrow, while it sinks, exalts ;
And conscious virtue mitigates the pang.
Nor virtue, more than prudence, bids me give
Swoln thought a second channel ; who divide,
They weaken too, the torrent of their grief.
Take then, O world ! thy much-indebted tear :
How sad a sight is human happiness,
To those whose thought can pierce beyond an hour.
O thou ! whate'er thou art, whose heart exults !
Wouldst thou I should congratulate thy fate ?
I know thou wouldst ; thy pride demands it from me.
Let thy pride pardon, what thy nature needs,
The salutary censure of a friend.

Thou happy wretch ! by blindness thou art blest ;
By dotage dandled to perpetual smiles.
Know, smiler ! at thy peril art thou pleas'd ;
Thy pleasure is the promise of thy pain.
Misfortune, like a creditor severe,
But rises in demand for her delay ;
She makes a scourge of past prosperity,
To sting thee more, and double thy distress.

Lorenzo, fortune makes her court to thee,
Thy fond heart dances, while the syren sings.
Dear is thy welfare ; think me not unkind ;
I would not damp, but to secure thy joys.
Think not that fear is sacred to the storm :

Stand on thy guard against the smiles of fate.
Is heaven tremendous in its frowns ? Most sure ;
And in its favours formidable too :
Its favours here are trials, not rewards ;
A call to duty, not discharge from care ;
And should alarm us, full as much as woes ;
Awake us to their cause and consequence ;
And make us tremble, weigh'd with our desert ;
Awe nature's tumult, and chastise her joys,
Lest while we clasp, we kill them ; nay, invert
To worse than simple misery, their charms.
Revolted joys, like foes in civil war,
Like bosom friendships to resentment sour'd,
With rage envenom'd rise against our peace.
Beware what earth calls happiness ; beware
All joys, but joys that never can expire.
Who builds on less than an immortal base,
Fond as he seems, condemns his joys to death.

Mine died with thee, Philander ! thy last sigh
Dissolved the charm ; the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustre. Where her glitt'ring towers ?
Her golden mountains, where ? all darken'd down
To naked waste : a dreary vale of tears :
The great magician's dead ! Thou poor pale piece
Of out-cast earth, in darkness ! what a change
From yesterday ! Thy darling hope so near,
(Long-labour'd prize !) O how ambition flush'd
Thy glowing cheek ! Ambition truly great,
Of virtuous praise. Death's subtle seed within,
(Sly, treach'rous miner !) working in the dark,
Smil'd at thy well-concerted scheme, and beckon'd
The worm to riot on that rose so red,
Unfaded ere it fell ; one moment's prey !

Man's foresight is conditionally wise,
Lorenzo ; wisdom into folly turns
Oft, the first instant, its idea fair
To labouring thought is born. How dim our eye !
The present moment terminates our sight ;
Clouds, thick as those on doomsday, drown the next ;
We penetrate, we prophesy in vain.
Time is dealt out by particles ; and each,
Ere mingled with the streaming sands of life,
By fate's inviolable oath is sworn
Deep silence, " Where eternity begins."

By nature's law, what may be, may be now ;
There's no prerogative in human hours.
In human hearts what bolder thought can rise,
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn ?
Where is to-morrow ? In another world.
For numbers this is certain ; the reverse
Is sure to none ; and yet on this *perhaps*,
This *peradventure*, infamous for lies,
As on a rock of adamant, we build
Our mountain hopes ; spin out eternal schemes,
As we the fatal sisters could out-spin,
And, big with life's futurities, expire.

Not ev'n Philander had bespoke his shroud.
Nor had he cause ; a warning was denied :
How many fall as sudden, not as safe !
As sudden, tho' for years admonish'd home.
Of human ills the last extreme beware,
Beware, Lorenzo ! a slow sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise !
Be wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer ;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time ;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, " That all men are about to live,"
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel: and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
At least, their own ; their future selves applauds ;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's veils ;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign ;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone ;
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool ;
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that thro' ev'ry stage : when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,

Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves ; and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? Because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal, but themselves ;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes thro' their wounded hearts the sudden dread ;
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close ; where past the shaft no trace is found.
As from the wing no scar the sky retains ;
The parted wave no furrow from the keel ;
So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.
Can I forget Philander ? That were strange !
O my full heart—But should I give it vent,
The longest night, tho' longer far, would fail,
And the lark listen to my midnight song.

The sprightly lark's shrill matin wakes the morn ;
Grief's sharpest thorn hard pressing on my breast
I strive, with wakeful melody, to cheer
The sullen gloom, sweet Philomel ! like thee,
And call the stars to listen : every star
Is deaf to *mine*, enamour'd of *thy* lay.
Yet be not vain ; there are, who thine excel,
And charm thro' distant ages : wrapt in shade,
Pris'ner of darkness ! to the silent hours,
How often I repeat their rage divine,
To lull my griefs, and steal my heart from woe !
I roll their raptures, but not catch their fire.
Dark, tho' not blind, like thee, Mæonides !
Or, Milton ! thee ; ah could I reach your strain !
Or his, who made Mæonides our own.
Man too he sung : *immortal* man I sing ;
Oft bursts my song beyond the bounds of life ;
What, now, but immortality can please ?
O had he press'd his theme, pursu'd the track,
Which opens out of darkness into day !
O had he, mounted on his wing of fire,

Soar'd where I sink, and sung immortal man !
How had it bless'd mankind, and rescu'd me !

NIGHT II.

ON TIME, DEATH, AND FRIENDSHIP.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF WILMINGTON.

"WHEN the cock crew, he wept"—smote by that eye,
Which looks on me, on all : that power, who bids
This midnight sentinel, with clarion shrill,
Emblem of that which shall awake the dead,
Rouse souls from slumber, into thoughts of Heaven.
Shall I too weep ? Where then is fortitude ?
And, fortitude abandoned, where is man ?
I know the terms on which he sees the light ;
He that is born, is listed ; life is war ;
Eternal war with woe. Who bears it best,
Deserves it least.—On other themes I'll dwell.
Lorenzo ! let me turn my thoughts on thee,
And thine, on themes may profit ; profit there,
Where most thy need : themes, too, the genuine growth
Of dear Philander's dust. He, thus, though dead,
May still befriend—what themes ? Time's wondrous
price,
Death, friendship, and Philander's final scene.
So could I touch these themes, as might obtain
Thine ear, nor leave thy heart quite disengaged,
The good deed would delight me ; half impress
On my dark cloud an Iris ; and from grief
Call glory—dost thou mourn Philander's fate ?
I know thou say'st it : Says thy life the same ?
He mourns the dead, who lives as they desire.
Where is that thrift, that avarice of time,
(O glorious avarice !) thought of death inspires,
As rumour'd robberies endear our gold !
O time ! than gold more sacred ; more a load
Than lead, to fools ; and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account ?
What years are squander'd, wisdom's debt unpaid ?
Our wealth in days, all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door,
Insidious Death ! should his strong hand arrest,

No composition sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds ; and vengeance claims the full arrear.
How late I shuddered on the brink ! how late
Life called for her last refuge in despair !
That time is mine, O Mead ! to thee I owe ;
Fain would I pay thee with eternity.
But ill my genius answers my desire ;
My sickly song is mortal, past thy cure.
Accept the will ;—that dies not with my strain.

For what calls thy disease, Lorenzo ? not
For Esculapian, but for moral aid.
Thou think'st it folly to be wise too soon.
Youth is not rich in time, it may be poor ;
Part with it as with money, sparing ; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth ;
And what its worth, ask death-beds ; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant ; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come ;
Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels ; virtue more divine.

Is this our duty, wisdom, glory, gain ?
(These heaven benign in vital union binds)
And sport we like the natives of the bough,
When vernal suns inspire ? amusement reigns
Man's great demand : to trifle is to live :
And is it then a trifle, too, to die ?

Thou say'st I preach, Lorenzo ! 'tis confest.
What, if for once, I preach thee quite awake ?
Who wants amusement in the flame of battle ?
Is it not treason, to the soul immortal,
Her foes in arms, eternity the prize ?
Will toys amuse, when med'cines cannot cure ?
When spirits ebb, when life's enchanting scenes
Their lustre lose, and lessen in our sight,
As lands, and cities with their glitt'ring spires,
To the poor shatter'd bark, by sudden storm
Thrown off to sea, and soon to perish there ?
Will toys amuse ? No : thrones will then be toys,
And earth and skies seem dust upon the scale.

Redeem we time ?—Its loss we dearly buy.
What pleads Lorenzo for his high-priz'd sports !
He pleads time's num'rous blanks ; he loudly pleads
The straw-like trifles on life's common stream.

From whom those blanks and trifles, but from thee ?
No blank, no trifle, nature made, or meant.
Virtue, or purpos'd virtue, still be thine ;
This cancels thy complaint at once, this leaves
In act no trifle, and no blank in time.
This greatens, fills, immortalises all ;
This, the blest art of turning all to gold ;
This, the good heart's prerogative to raise
A royal tribute from the poorest hours ;
Immense revenue ! ev'ry moment pays.
If nothing more than purpose in thy power ;
Thy purpose firm, is equal to the deed :
Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly ; angels could no more.
Our outward act, indeed, admits restraint ;
'Tis not in things o'er thought to domineer ;
Guard well thy thought ; our thoughts are heard in
heaven.

On all important time, thro' ev'ry age,
Tho' much, and warm, the wise have urg'd ; the man
Is yet unborn, who duly weighs an hour.
" I've lost a day "——the prince who nobly cried
Had been an emperor without his crown ;
Of Rome ? say, rather, lord of human race :
He spoke, as if deputed by mankind.
So should all speak : so reason speaks in all :
From the soft whispers of that God in man,
Why fly to folly, why to phrensy fly,
For rescue from the blessing we possess ?
Time the supreme !—Time is eternity ;
Pregnant with all eternity can give ;
Pregnant with all, that makes archangels smile.
Who murders time, he crushes in the birth
A power ethereal, only not ador'd.

Ah ! how unjust to nature, and himself,
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man !
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure nature for a span too short ;
That span too short, we tax as tedious too ;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
And whirl us (happy riddance !) from ourselves.
Art, brainless art ! our furious charioteer
(For nature's voice unstifled would recall)

Drives headlong tow'rds the precipice of death ;
Death, most our dread ; death thus more dreadful made :
O what a riddle of absurdity !
Leisure is pain ; takes off our chariot wheels ;
How heavily we drag the load of life !
Blest leisure is our curse ; like that of Cain,
It makes us wander ; wander earth around
To fly that tyrant, thought. As Atlas groan'd
The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
We cry for mercy to the next amusement ;
The next amusement mortgages our fields ;
Slight inconvenience ; prisons hardly frown,
From hateful time if prisons set us free.
Yet when death kindly tenders us relief,
We call him cruel ; years to moments shrink,
Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd.
To man's false optics (from his folly false)
Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age ;
Behold him, when past by ; what then is seen,
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds ?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
Rueful, aghast ! cry out on his career.

Leave to thy foes these errors, and these ills ;
To nature just, their cause and cure explore.
Not short heaven's bounty, boundless our expense ;
No niggard, nature ; men are prodigals.
We waste, not use our time ; we breathe, not live.
Time *wasted* is existence, *us'd* is life.
And bare existence, man, to live ordain'd,
Wrings, and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why ! since time was giv'n for use, not waste,
Enjoin'd to fly ; with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man ;
Time's use was doom'd a pleasure : waste, a pain ;
That man might feel his error, if unseen :
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure ;
Not, blund'ring, split on idleness for ease.
Life's cares are comforts ; such by heaven design'd ;
He that has none, must make them, or be wretched.
Cares are employments ; and without employ
The soul is on a rack ; the rack of rest,
To souls most adverse ; action all their joy.

Here then, the riddle, mark'd above, unfolds ;

Then time turns torment, when man turns a fool.
We rave, we wrestle, with great nature's plan ;
We thwart the Deity ; and 'tis decreed,
Who thwart his will, shall contradict their own.
Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves ;
Our thoughts at enmity ; our bosom broils ;
We push time from us, and we wish him back ;
Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life ;
Life we think long, and short ; death seek, and shun ;
Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
United jar, and yet are loth to part.

Oh the dark days of vanity ! while here,
How tasteless ! and how terrible, when gone !
Gone ! they ne'er go ; when past, they haunt us still ;
The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd ;
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death, nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possest, both pain us, what can please ?
That which the Deity to please ordain'd.
Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours
By vig'rous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death ;
He walks with nature ; and her paths are peace.

Our error's cause and cure are seen ; see next
Time's nature, origin, importance, speed ;
And thy great gain from urging his career.—
All-sensual man, because untouch'd, unseen,
He looks on time as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's ; 'tis fortune's.—Time's a god.
Hast thou ne'er heard of Time's omnipotence ?
For, or against, what wonders he can do !
And will : to stand blank neuter he disdains.
Not on those terms was time (heaven's stranger !) sent
On his important embassy to man.
Lorenzo ! no : on the long-destin'd hour,
From everlasting ages growing ripe,
That memorable hour of wondrous birth,
When the dread sire, on emanation bent,
And big with nature, rising in his might,
Call'd forth creation (for then time was born),
By godhead streaming thro' a thousand worlds ;
Not on those terms, from the great days of heaven,
From old eternity's mysterious orb,
Was time cut off, and cast beneath the skies ;

The skies, which watch him in his new abode,
Measuring his motions by revolving spheres ;
That horologe machinery divine.
Hours, days, and months, and years, his children play,
Like num'rous wings around him, as he flies :
Or, rather, as unequal plumes, they shape
His ample pinions, swift as darted flame,
To gain his goal, to reach his ancient rest,
And join anew eternity his sire ;
In his immutability to nest,
When worlds, that count his circles now, unhing'd,
(Fate the loud signal sounding) headlong rush
To timeless night and chaos, whence they rose.

Why spur the speedy ? Why with levities
New wing thy short, short day's too rapid flight ?
Know'st thou, or what thou dost, or what is done ?
Man flies from time, and time from man ; too soon
In sad divorce this double flight must end :
And then, where are we ? where, Lorenzo ! then
Thy sports ? thy pomps ?—I grant thee, in a state
Not unambitious ; in the ruffled shroud,
Thy Parian tomb's triumphant arch beneath.
Has death his fopperies ? Then well may life
Put on her plume, and in her rainbow shine.
Ye well-array'd ! ye lilies of our land !
Ye lilies male ! who neither toil, nor spin,
(As sister lilies might) if not so wise
As Solomon, more sumptuous to the sight !
Ye delicate ! who nothing can support,
Yourselves most insupportable ! for whom
The winter rose must blow, the sun put on
A brighter beam in Leo ; silky-soft
Favonious breathe still softer, or be chid ;
And other worlds send odours, sauce, and song,
And robes, and notions, fram'd in foreign looms !
O ye Lorenzos of our age ! who deem
One moment unamus'd, a misery
Not made for feeble man ! who call aloud
For ev'ry bawble drivell'd o'er by sense ;
For rattles, and conceits of ev'ry cast,
For change of follies and relays of joy,
To drag your patient through the tedious length
Of a short winter's day—say, sages ! say,
Wit's oracles ! say, dreamers of gay dreams !

How will you weather an eternal night,
Where such expedients fail ?

O treach'rous conscience ! while she seems to sleep
On rose and myrtle, lull'd with siren song ;
While she seems, nodding o'er her charge, to drop
On headlong appetite the slacken'd rein,
And give us up to license, unrecall'd,
Unmark'd ;—see, from behind her secret stand,
The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
And her dread diary with horror fills.
Not the gross act alone employs her pen ;
She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band,
A watchful foe ! the formidable spy,
List'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp :
Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
And stills our embryos of iniquity.
As all-rapacious usurers conceal
Their doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs ;
Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
Us spendthrifts of inestimable time ;
Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied ;
In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
Writes our whole history ; which death shall read
In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear ;
And judgment publish ; publish to more worlds
Than this ; and endless age in groans resound.
Lorenzo, such that sleeper in thy breast !
Such is her slumber ; and her vengeance such
For slighted counsel ; such thy future peace !
And think'st thou still thou canst be wise too soon ?

But why on time so lavish is my song ?
On this great theme kind nature keeps a school,
To teach her sons herself. Each night we die,
Each morn are born anew : Each day, a life !
And shall we kill each day ? If trifling kills ;
Sure vice must butcher. O what heaps of slain
Cry out for vengeance on us ! Time destroy'd
Is suicide, where more than blood is spilt.
Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites,
Hell threatens : All exerts ; in effort, all ;
More than creation labours !—labours more ?
And is there in creation, what, amidst
This tumult universal, wing'd dispatch ;
And ardent energy, supinely yawns ?—

Man sleeps ; and man alone ; and man, whose fate,
Fate irreversible, entire, extreme,
Endless, hair-hung, breeze-shaken, o'er the gulf
A moment trembles ; drops ! and man, for whom
All else is in alarm ! Man, the sole cause
Of this surrounding storm ! and yet he sleeps,
As the storm rock'd to rest.—'Throw *years* away ?
Throw *empires*, and be blameless. Moments seize ;
Heaven's on their wing : A moment we may wish
When worlds want wealth to buy. Bid day stand still,
Bid him drive back his car, and reimport
The period past, regive the given hour.
Lorenzo, more than miracles we want ;
Lorenzo—O for yesterdays to come !

Such is the language of the man awake ;
His ardour such, for what oppresses thee.
And is his ardour vain, Lorenzo ? No ;
That more than miracle the gods indulge ;
To-day is yesterday return'd ; return'd
Full power'd to cancel, expiate, raise, adorn,
And reinstate us on the rock of peace.
Let it not share its predecessor's fate ;
Nor like its elder sisters, die a fool.
Shall it evaporate in fume ? Fly off
Fuliginous, and stain us deeper still ?
Shall we be poorer for the plenty pour'd ?
More wretched for the clemencies of heaven ?

Where shall I find him ! Angels ! tell me where.
You know him : he is near you : point him out :
Shall I see glories beaming from his brow ?
Or trace his footsteps by the rising flowers ?
Your golden wings, now hov'ring o'er him, shed
Protection ; now, are waving in applause
To that blest son of foresight ! lord of fate !
That awful independent on to-morrow !
Whose work is done ; who triumphs in the past ;
Whose yesterdays look backwards with a smile ;
Nor, like the Parthian, wound him as they fly ;
That common, but opprobrious lot ! past hours,
If not by guilt, yet wound us by their flight,
If folly bounds our prospect by the grave,
All feeling of futurity benumb'd ;
All god-like passion for eternals quench'd ;
All relish of realities expir'd ;

Renounc'd all correspondence with the skies ;
Our freedom chain'd ; quite wingless our desire ;
In sense dark-prison'd all that ought to soar ;
Prone to the centre ; crawling in the dust ;
Dismounted ev'ry great and glorious aim ;
Embruted ev'ry faculty divine ;
Heart-buried in the rubbish of the world.
The world, that gulf of souls, immortal souls,
Souls elevate, angelic, wing'd with fire
To reach the distant skies, and triumph there
On thrones, which shall not mourn their masters chang'd,
Though we from earth ; ethereal, they that fell.
Such veneration due, O man, to man.

Who venerate themselves, the world despise.
For what, gay friend ! is this escutcheon'd world,
Which hangs out death in one eternal night ?
A night, that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the shroud.
Life's little stage is a small eminence,
Inch-high the grave above ; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude : We gaze around :
We read their monuments ; we sigh ; and while
We sigh, we sink ; and are what we deplor'd ;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot !

Is death at distance ? No : He has been on thee ;
And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow.
Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they now ?
Pallid to thought, and ghastly ! drown'd, all drown'd
In that great deep, which nothing disembogues !
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing : How fleet their flight !
Already has the fatal train took fire ;
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee ;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust,

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours ;
And ask them, what report they bore to heaven :
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call ;
If wisdom's friend, her best ; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them ! kind experience cries,
" There's nothing here, but what as nothing weighs ;
The more our joy, the more we know it vain ;
And by success are tutor'd to despair."
Nor *is* it only thus, but *must* be so.

Who knows not this, though gray, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

Art thou so moor'd thou canst not disengage,
Nor give thy thoughts a ply to future scenes ?
Since, by life's passing breath, blown up from earth,
Light, as the summer's dusk, we take in air
A moment's giddy flight, and fall again ;
Join the dull mass, increase the trodden soil,
And sleep, till earth herself shall be no more ;
Since then (as emmets, their small world o'erthrown)
We, sore-amazed, from out earth's ruins crawl,
And rise to fate extreme of foul or fair,
As man's own choice (controller of the skies !)
As man's despotic will, perhaps one hour,
(O how omnipotent is time !) decrees :
Should not each warning give a strong alarm ?
Warning, far less than that of bosom torn
From bosom, bleeding o'er the sacred dead !
Should not each dial strike us as we pass,
Portentous, as the written wall, which struck,
O'er midnight bowls, the proud Assyrian pale,
Erewhile high-flush'd with insolence and wine ?
Like that, the dial speaks ; and points to thee,
Lorenzo ! loth to break thy banquet up :
" O man, thy kingdom is departing from thee ;
And while it lasts, is emptier than my shade."
Its silent language such : Nor need'st thou call
Thy Magi, to decipher what it means.
Know, like the Median, fate is in thy walls :
Dost ask, How ? Whence ? Belshazzar-like, amaz'd ?
Man's make encloses the sure seeds of death ;
Life feeds the murderer ; Ingrate ! he thrives
On her own meal, and then his nurse devours.

But here, Lorenzo, the delusion lies ;
That solar shadow, as it measures life,
It life resembles too : life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth :
Too subtle is the movement to be seen ;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger ; gnomons, time :
As these are useless when the sun is set :
So those, but when more glorious reason shines.

Reason should judge in all ; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper what we wish,
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware :
A Wilmington goes slower than the sun :
And all mankind mistake their time of day ;
Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter, for the spring ;
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest ;
The disappointment of a promised hour.

On this, or similar, Philander ! thou
Whose mind was moral, as the preacher's tongue ;
And strong, to wield all science, worth the name ;
How often we talked down the summer's sun,
And cool'd our passions by the breezy stream !
How often thaw'd and shorten'd winter's eve,
By conflict kind, that struck our latent truth,
Best found, so sought ; to the recluse more coy !
Thoughts disentangle passing o'er the lip ;
Clean runs the thread ; if not, 'tis thrown away,
Or kept to tie up nonsense for a song ;
Song, fashionably fruitless ; such as stains
The fancy, and unhallow'd passion fires :
Chiming her saints to Cytherea's fane.

Know'st thou, Lorenzo ! what a friend contains ?
As bees mix'd nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,
So men from friendship, wisdom, and delight ;
'Twins tied by nature, if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad ?
Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied ;
Speech, thought's canal ! speech, thought's criterion too !
Thought in the mine, may come forth gold, or dross ;
When coin'd in words, we know its real worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use ;
'Twill buy thee benefit ; perhaps, renown.

Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possessed ;
Teaching, we learn ; and giving, we retain
The births of intellect ; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire ;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine ;
Brightens, for ornament ; and whets, for use.
What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie,
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable tones,
And rusted in ; who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech ;
If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue !
'Tis thought's exchange, which like, th' alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.

In contemplation is his proud resource ?
'Tis poor, as proud, by converse unsustain'd.
Rude thought runs wild in contemplation's field ;
Converse, the menage, breaks it to the bit
Of due restraint ; and emulation's spur
Gives graceful energy, by rivals aw'd.
'Tis converse qualifies for solitude ;
As exercise for salutary rest.

By that untutor'd, contemplation raves ;
And nature's fool, by wisdom's is undone.

Wisdom, though richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of happiness ?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool ;
A melancholy fool, without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end, which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.
Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;
Joy flies monopolists : it calls for two ;
Rich fruit ! heaven-planted ! never plucked by one.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight :
Delight intense, is taken by rebound ;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,

And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heaven—the bosom of a friend ;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine.
Beware the counterfeit : in passion's flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in reason ; passion's foe :
Virtue alone entenders us for life :
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever :
Of friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is virtue kindling at a rival fire,
And, emulously, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity ! endearing strife !
This carries friendship to her noon-tide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity.

From friendship, which outlives my former themes,
Glorious survivor of old time and death !
From friendship, thus, that flow'r of heavenly seed,
The wise extract earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this Blyssian flower ?
Abroad they find, who cherish it at home.
Lorenzo ! pardon what my love extorts,
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Though choice of follies fasten on the great,
None clings more obstinate than fancy, fond
That sacred friendship is their easy prey ;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-born smile.
Their smiles, the great, and the coquet, throw out
For others' hearts, tenacious of their own ;
And we no less of ours, when such the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers ! ye pow'rs of wealth !
Can gold gain friendship ? Impudence of hope !
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo ! pride repress ; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchase ; few the price will pay ;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
I show thee friendship delicate, as dear,
Of tender violations apt to die ?
Reverse will wound it ; and distrust, destroy.

Deliberate on all things with thy friend.
But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry bough,
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core ;
First, on thy friend, delib'rate with thyself ;
Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen ; fixing, fix ;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
Well, for thy friend ; but nobler far for thee ;
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
" Poor is the friendless master of a world :
A world in purchase for a friend is gain."

So sung he (angels hear that angel sing !
Angels from friendship gather half their joy)
So sung Philander, as his friend went round
In the rich ichor, in the gen'rous blood
Of Bacchus, purple god of joyous wit,
A brow solute, and ever-laughing eye.
He drank long health, and virtue, to his friend ;
His friend, who warm'd him more, who more inspir'd.
Friendship's the wine of life ; but friendship new
(Not such was his) is neither strong, nor pure.
O ! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side ;
All feculence of falsehood long thrown down ;
All social virtues rising in his soul ;
As crystal clear ; and smiling, as they rise !
Here nectar flows ; it sparkles in our sight ;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.
High-flavour'd bliss for gods ! on earth how rare,
On earth how lost !—Philander is no more.

Think'st thou the theme intoxicates my song ?
Am I too warm ?—too warm I cannot be.
I lov'd him much ; but now I love him more.
Like birds, whose beauties languish, half-conceal'd,
Till, mounted on the wing, their glossy plumes
Expanded shine with azure, green, and gold ;
How blessings brighten as they take their flight !
His flight Philander took ; his upward flight,
If ever soul ascended. Had he dropt,
(That eagle genius !) O had he let fall
One feather as he flew ; I, then, had wrote,
What friends might flatter ; prudent foes forbear ;

Rivals scarce damn ; and Zoilus reprieve.
Yet what I can, I must : it were profane
To quench a glory lighted at the skies,
And cast in shadows his illustrious close.
Strange ! the theme most affecting, most sublime,
Momentous most to man, should sleep unsung !
And yet it sleeps, by genius unawaked,
Paynim or Christian ; to the blush of wit.
Man's highest triumph ! man's profoundest fall !
The death-bed of the just ! is yet undrawn
By mortal hand ; it merits a divine :
Angels should paint it, angels ever there ;
There, on a post of honour, and of joy.

Dare I presume, then ? But Philander bids ;
And glory tempts, and inclination calls——
Yet am I struck ; as struck the soul beneath
Aerial groves' impenetrable gloom ;
Or, in some mighty ruin's solemn shade ;
Or, gazing by pale lamps on high-born dust,
In vaults ; thin courts of poor unflatter'd kings ;
Or, at the midnight altar's hallow'd flame.
It is religion to proceed. I pause——
And enter, awed, the temple of my theme.
Is it his death-bed ? No : it is his shrine :
Behold him, there, just rising to a god.

The chamber where the good man meets his fate,
Is privileged beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heaven.
Fly, ye profane ! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance,
That threw in this Bethesda your disease ;
If unrestored by this, despair your cure.
For here, resistless demonstration dwells ;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tired dissimulation drops her masque,
Through life's grimace, that mistress of the scene !
Here real, and apparent, are the same.
You see the man ; you see his hold on heaven ;
If sound his virtue ; as Philander's, sound.
Heaven waits not the last moment ; owns her friends
On this side death ; and points them out to men,
A lecture, silent, but of sov'reign power !
To vice, confusion ; and to virtue, peace ;
Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,

Virtue alone has majesty in death ;
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.
Philander ! he severely frown'd on thee.
" No warning giv'n ! Unceremonious fate !
A sudden rush from life's meridian joy !
A wrench from all we love ! from all we are !
A restless bed of pain ! a plunge opaque
Beyond conjecture ! feeble Nature's dread !
Strong Reason's shudder at the dark unknown !
A sun extinguish'd ! a just opening grave !
And oh ! the last, what ? (can words express ?
Thought reach it ?) the last—silence of a friend !"
Where are those horrors, that amazement, where,
This hideous group of ills, which singly shock,
Demand from man !—I thought him man till now.

Through nature's wreck, through vanquish'd agonies,
(Like the stars struggling through this midnight gloom)
What gleams of joy ! what more than human peace ?
Where, the frail mortal ? the poor abject worm ?
No, not in death, the mortal to be found.
His conduct is a legacy for all.
Richer than Mammon's for his single heir.
His comforters he comforts ; great in ruin,
With unreluctant grandeur, *gives*, not *yields*
His soul sublime ; and closes with his fate.

How our hearts burnt within us at the scene !
Whence this brave bound o'er limits fix'd to man
His God sustains him in his final hour !
His final hour brings glory to his God !
Man's glory Heaven vouchsafes to call her own.
We gaze, we weep ; mix'd tears of grief and joy !
Amazement strikes ! devotion bursts to flame !
Christians adore ! and infidels believe !

As some tall tow'r, or lofty mountain's brow,
Detains the sun, illustrious from its height ;
While rising vapours, and descending shades,
With damps, and darkness, drown the spacious
vale ;

Undamp'd by doubt, undarken'd by despair,
Philander, thus, augustly rears his head,
At that black hour, which gen'ral horror sheds
On the low level of th' inglorious throng
Sweet peace, and heavenly hope, and humble joy,
Divinely beam on his exalted soul ;

Destruction gild, and crown him for the skies,
With incommunicable lustre, bright.

NIGHT III.

NARCISSA.

TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF PORTLAND.

"Ignoscenda quidem, scirent si ignoscere manes."—VIRGIL.

FROM dreams, where thought in fancy's maze runs mad,
To reason, that heaven-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake ; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.

O ! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul !
Who think it solitude, to be alone.

Communion sweet ! communion large and high !
Our reason, guardian angel, and our God !
Then nearest these, when others most remote ;
And all, ere long, shall be remote, but these.
How dreadful, *then*, to meet them all alone,
A stranger ! unacknowledg'd ! un approv'd !
Now woo them ; wed them ; bind them to thy breast ;
To win thy wish, creation has no more.
Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend—

But friends, how mortal ! dang'rous the desire.

Take Phœbus to yourselves, ye basking bards !
Inebriate at fair fortune's fountain-head ;
And reeling through the wilderness of joy ;
Where sense runs savage, broke from reason's chain.
And sings false peace, till smother'd by the pall.
My fortune is unlike ; unlike my song ;
Unlike the deity my song invokes.

I to Day's soft-eyed sister pay my court,
(Endymion's rival !) and her aid implore ;
Now first implor'd in succour to the Muse.

Thou, who did'st lately borrow¹ Cynthia's form,
And modestly forego thine own ! O thou,
Who didst thyself, at midnight hours, inspire !

¹ At the Duke of Norfolk's masquerade.

Say, why not Cynthia patroness of song ?
As thou her crescent, she thy character
Assumes ; still more a goddess by the change.
Are there demurring wits, who dare dispute
This revolution in the world inspir'd ?
Ye train Pierian ! to the lunar sphere,
In silent hour, address your ardent call
For aid immortal ; less her brother's right.
She, with the spheres harmonious, nightly leads
The mazy dance, and hears their matchless strain,
A strain for gods, denied to mortal ear.
Transmit it heard, thou silver queen of heaven !
What title, or what name, endears thee most ?
Cynthia ! Cyllene ! Phœbe !—or dost hear
With higher gust, fair Portland of the skies !
Is that the soft enchantment calls thee down,
More pow'rful than of old Circean charm ?
Come ; but from heavenly banquets with thee bring
The soul of song, and whisper in my ear
The theft divine ; or in propitious dreams
(For dreams are thine) transfuse it through the breast
Of thy first votary—but not thy last ;
If, like thy namesake, thou art ever kind.
And kind thou wilt be ; kind on such a theme ;
A theme so like thee, a quite lunar theme,
Soft, modest, melancholy, female, fair !
A theme that rose all pale, and told my soul,
'Twas Night ; on her fond hopes perpetual night ;
A night which struck a damp, a deadlier damp,
Than that which smote me from Philander's tomb ;
Narcissa follows, ere his tomb is clos'd.
Woes cluster ; rare are solitary woes ;
They love a train, they tread each other's heel ;
Her death invades his mournful right, and claims
The grief that started from my lids for Him :
Seizes the faithless, alienated tear,
Or shares it, ere it falls. So frequent death,
Sorrow he more than causes, he confounds ;
For human sighs his rival strokes contend,
And make distress, distraction. O Philander !
What was thy fate ? A double fate to me ;
Portent, and pain ! a menace, and a blow !
Like the black raven hov'ring o'er my peace,
Not less a bird of omen, than of prey.

It called Narcissa long before her hour ;
It called her tender soul, by break of bliss,
From the first blossom, from the buds of joy ;
Those few our noxious fate unblasted leaves
In this inclement clime of human life.

Sweet harmonist ! and beautiful as sweet !
And young as beautiful ! and soft as young !
And gay as soft ! and innocent as gay !
And happy (if aught happy here) as good !
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plume,
Transfix'd by fate (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious ! All its charm
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song !
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her !) thrilling through my heart !

Song, beauty, youth, love, virtue, joy ! this group
Of bright ideas, flowers of paradise,
As yet unforfeit ! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies ; as all
We guess of heaven : and these were all her own.
And she was mine ; and I was—was !—most blest !—
Gay title of the deepest misery !
As bodies grow more pond'rous, robb'd of life ;
Good *lost* weighs more in grief, than *gain'd*, in joy.
Like blossom'd trees o'erturned by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay ;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there ;
Far lovelier ! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh ?
Scorn the proud man that is asham'd to weep ;
Our tears indulg'd, indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel ! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight ;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale omen sat ; and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze,
That once had seen ?) with haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun ; the sun

As if the sun could envy) check'd his beam,
Denied his wonted succour ; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping, than the bells
Of lilies ; fairest lilies, not so fair !

Queen lilies ! and ye painted populace !
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives ;
In morn and ev'ning dew, your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun ; which gives your cheeks to glow,
And out-blush (mine excepted) ev'ry fair ;
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
To thought so pure ! Ye lovely fugitives !
Coeval race with man ? *for* man you smile ;
Why not smile *at* him too ? You share indeed
His sudden pass ; but not his constant pain.

So man is made, nought ministers delight,
By what his glowing passions can engage ;
And glowing passions, bent on aught below,
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale ;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe !
Rapture ? Bold man ! who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit denied to mortal taste,
While here, presuming on the rights of heaven.
For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
Lorenzo ? At thy friend's expense be wise ;
Lean not on earth ; 'twill pierce thee to the heart ;
A broken reed, at best ; but, oft, a spear ;
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thought ! turn from her :—thought
repell'd

Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime ! and in thy bridal hour !
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smiled !
And when high flavoured thy fresh op'ning joys !
And when blind man pronounced thy bliss complete !
And on a foreign shore ; where strangers wept !
Strangers to thee ; and, more surprising still,
Strangers to kindness, wept : their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears ; strange tears ! that trickled down
From marble hearts ! obdurate tenderness !
A tenderness that call'd them more severe ;
In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd ;
While nature melted, superstition raved ;
That mourn'd the dead ; and this denied a grave.

Their sighs incensed ; sighs foreign to the will !
 Their will the tiger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.
 For oh ! the curs'd ungodliness of zeal !
 While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurs'd
 In blind infallibility's embrace,
 The sainted spirit petrified the breast ;
 Denied the charity of dust, to spread
 O'er dust ! a charity their dogs enjoy.
 What could I do ? What succour ? What resource ?
 With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole ;
 With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd ;
 Short in my duty ! coward in my grief !
 More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
 With soft-suspended step, and muffled deep
 In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.
 I whisper'd what should echo through their realms ;
 Nor writ her name, whose tomb should pierce the skies.
 Presumptuous fear ! How durst I dread her foes,
 While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd ?
 Pardon necessity, blest shade ! Of grief
 And indignation rival bursts I pour'd ;
 Half execration mingled with my prayer ;
 Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd ;
 Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust ;
 Stamp'd the curs'd soil ; and with humanity
 (Denied Narcissa) wish'd them all a grave.

Glows my resentment into guilt ! What guilt
 Can equal violations of the dead ?
 The dead, how sacred ? Sacred is the dust
 Of this heaven-labour'd form, erect, divine !
 This heaven-assum'd majestic robe of earth,
 He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
 With azure bright, and cloth'd the sun in gold.
 When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend ;
 When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt ;
 When man can wreak his rancour uncontroll'd,
 That strongest curb on insult and ill-will ;
 Then, spleen to dust ? the dust of innocence ?
 An angel's dust ?—This Lucifer transcends ;
 When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
 'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride ;
 The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than this is shocking in a race
 Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love ;

And uncreated, but for love divine ;
And, but for love divine, this moment, lost,
By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man ! Of horrid things
Most horrid ! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange !
Yet oft his courtesies are smoother wrongs ;
Pride brandishes the favours He confers,
And contumelious his humanity :
What then his vengeance ? Hear it not, ye stars !
And thou, pale moon ! turn paler at the sound ;
Man is to man the sorest, surest ill.
A previous blast foretells the rising storm ;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall ;
Volcanos bellow ere they disembody :
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour ;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire :
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy ? Would it were !
Heaven's sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
That hideous sight, a naked human heart.

Fired is the muse ? And let the muse be fired :
Who not inflamed, when what he speaks, he feels,
And in the nerve most tender, in his friends ?
Shame to mankind ! Philander had his foes ;
He felt the truths I sing, and I in him.
But he, nor I, feel more : Past ills, Narcissa !
Are sunk in thee, thou recent wound of heart !
Which bleeds with other cares, with other pangs ;
Pangs num'rous, as the num'rous ills that swarm'd
O'er thy distinguish'd fate, and, clust'ring there
Thick as the locusts on the land of Nile,
Made death more deadly, and more dark the grave.
Reflect (if not forgot my touching tale)
How was each circumstance with aspics arm'd ?
An asp, each ! and all, a hydra woe :
What strong Herculean virtue could suffice ?——
Or is it virtue to be conquer'd here ?
This hoary cheek a train of tears bedews ;
And each tear mourns its own distinct distress ;
And each distress, distinctly mourn'd, demands
Of grief still more, as heighten'd by the whole.
A grief like this proprietors excludes :
Not friends alone such obsequies deplore ;

They make mankind the mourner ; carry sighs
Far as the fatal fame can wing her way ;
And turn the gayest thought of gayest age,
Down their right channel, through the vale of death.

The vale of death ! that hushed Cimmerian vale,
Where darkness, brooding o'er unfinish'd fates,
With raven wing incumbent, waits the day
(Dread day !) that interdicts all future change !
That subterranean world, that land of ruin !
Fit walk, Lorenzo, for proud human thought !
There let my thought expatiate, and explore
Balsamic truths, and healing sentiments,
Of all most wanted, and most welcome, here.
For gay Lorenzo's sake, and for thy own,
My soul ! " the fruits of dying friends survey ;
Expose the vain of life ; weigh life and death ;
Give death his eulogy ; thy fear subdue ;
And labour that first palm of noble minds,
A manly scorn of terror from the tomb."

This harvest reap from thy Narcissa's grave.
As poets feign'd from Ajax' streaming blood
Arose, with grief inscribed, a mournful flower ;
Let wisdom blossom from my mortal wound.
And first, of dying friends ; what fruit from these ?
It brings us more than triple aid ; an aid
To chase our thoughtlessness, fear, pride, and guilt.

Our dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours ; and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death ; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence, nature throws
Cross our obstructed way ; and, thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluck'd from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
And, damp'd with omen of our own decease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love ;
For us they languish, and for us they die :

And shall they languish, shall they die, in vain ?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hov'ring shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts ?
Shall we disdain their silent, soft address ;
Their posthumous advice, and pious prayer ?
Senseless, as herds that graze their hallow'd graves,
Tread under-foot their agonies and groans ;
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths ?

Lorenzo ! no ; the thought of death indulge ;
Give it its wholesome empire ! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy !
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast :
Auspicious era ! golden days, begin !
The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.
And why not think on death ? Is life the theme
Of ev'ry thought ? and wish of ev'ry hour ?
And song of ev'ry joy ? Surprising truth !
The beaten spaniel's fondness not so strange.
To wave the num'rous ills that seize on life
As their own property, their lawful prey ;
Ere man has measur'd half his weary stage,
His luxuries have left him no reserve,
No maiden relishes, unbroach'd delights ;
On cold serv'd repetitions he subsists,
And in the tasteless present chews the past ;
Disgusted chews, and scarce can swallow down.
Like lavish ancestors, his earlier years
Have disinherited his future hours,
Which starve on orts, and glean their former field.

Live ever here, Lorenzo !—shocking thought !
So shocking, they who wish, disown it too ;
Disown from shame, what they from folly crave.
Live ever in the womb, nor see the light ?
For what live ever here ?—With lab'ring step
To tread our former footsteps ? Pace the round
Eternal ? To climb life's worn, heavy wheel,
Which draws up nothing new ? To beat, and beat
The beaten track ? To bid each wretched day
The former mock ? To surfeit on the same,
And yawn our joys ? Or thank a misery
For change, though sad ? To see what we have seen ?
Hear, till unheard, the same old slabber'd tale ?
To taste the tasted, and at each return

Less tasteful ? O'er our palates to decant
 Another vintage ? Strain a flatter year,
 Through loaded vessels, and a laxer tone ?
 Crazy machines to grind earth's wasted fruits !
 Ill-ground, and worse concocted ! Load, not life !
 The rational foul kennels of excess !
 Still-streaming thoroughfares of dull debauch !
 Trembling each gulp, lest death should snatch the bowl.

Such of our fine ones is the wish refined !
 So would they have it : elegant desire !
 Why not invite the bellowing stalls, and wilds ?
 But such examples might their riot awe.
 Through want of virtue, that is, want of thought,
 (Though on bright thought they father all their flights)
 To what are they reduced ? To love and hate,
 The same vain world ; to censure, and espouse,
 This painted shrew of life, who calls them fool
 Each moment of each day ; to flatter bad
 Through dread of worse ; to cling to this rude rock
 Barren to them of good, and sharp with ills,
 And hourly blacken'd with impending storms,
 And infamous for wrecks of human hope—
 Scared at the gloomy gulf, that yawns beneath,
 Such are their triumphs ! such their pangs of joy !

'Tis time, high time, to shift this dismal scene.
 This hugg'd, this hideous state, what art can cure ?
 One only ; but that one, what all may reach ;
 Virtue—she, wonder-working goddess ! charms
 That rock to bloom ; and tames the painted shrew ;
 And what will more surprise, Lorenzo ! gives
 To life's sick, nauseous iteration, change ;
 And straitens nature's circle to a line.
 Believ'st thou this, Lorenzo ? lend an ear,
 A patient ear, thou'lt blush to disbelieve.

A languid, leaden, iteration reigns,
 And ever must, o'er those, whose joys are joys
 Of sight, smell, taste : the cuckoo-seasons sing
 The same dull note to such as nothing prize,
 But what those seasons, from the teeming earth
 To doating sense indulge. But nobler minds,
 Which relish fruits unripen'd by the sun,
 Make their days various ; various as the dyes
 On the dove's neck, which wanton in his rays.
 On minds of dove-like innocence possess'd,

On lighten'd minds, that bask in virtue's beams,
Nothing hangs tedious, nothing old revolves
In that, for which they long ; for which they live.
Their glorious efforts, wing'd with heavenly hope,
Each rising morning sees still higher rise ;
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
To worth maturing, new strength, lustre, fame ;
While nature's circle, like a chariot-wheel
Rolling beneath their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer ev'ry hour ;
Advancing virtue, in a line to bliss ;
Virtue, which Christian motives best inspire !
And bliss, which Christian schemes alone ensure !
And shall we then, for virtue's sake, commence
Apostates ? and turn infidels for joy ?
A truth it is, few doubt, but fewer trust,
"He sins against this life, who slight's the next."
What is this life ? How few their fav'rite know !
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passionately loving life, we make
Loved life unlovely ; hugging her to death.
We give to time eternity's regard ;
And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means ;
An end deplorable ! a means divine !
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing ; worse than nought ;
A nest of pains : when held as nothing, much :
Like some fair hum'rists, life is most enjoy'd,
When courted least ; most worth, when disesteem'd ;
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace ;
In prospect richer far ; important ! awful !
Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise !
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy !
The mighty basis of eternal bliss !
Where now the barren rock ? the painted shrew ?
Where now, Lorenzo ! life's eternal round ?
Have I not made my triple promise good ?
Vain is the world ; but only to the vain.
To what compare we then this varying scene,
Whose worth ambiguous rises, and declines ?
Waxes, and wanes ! (in all propitious, night
Assists me here) compare it to the moon ;
Dark in herself, and indigent ; but rich
In borrow'd lustre from a higher sphere.

When gross guilt interposes, lab'ring earth,
O'ershadow'd, mourns a deep eclipse of joy ;
Her joys, at brightest, pallid, to that fount
Of full effulgent glory, whence they flow.

Nor is that glory distant : O Lorenzo !
A good man, and an angel ! these between
How thin the barrier ! What divides their fate ?
Perhaps a moment, or perhaps a year ;
Or, if an age, it is a moment still ;
A moment, or eternity's forgot.
Then be, what once they were, who now are gods ;
Be what Philander was, and claim the skies.
Starts timid nature at the gloomy pass ?
The soft transition call it ; and be cheer'd :
Such it is often, and why not to thee ?
To hope the best, is pious, brave, and wise ;
And may itself procure what it presumes.
Life is much flatter'd, death is much traduced ;
Compare the rivals and the kinder crown.
" Strange competition !" — True, Lorenzo ! strange !
So little life can cast into the scale.

Life makes the soul dependent on the dust ;
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Through chinks, styl'd organs, dim life peeps at light ;
Death burst th' involving cloud, and all is day ;
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power.
Death has feign'd evils, nature shall not feel ;
Life, ills substantial, wisdom cannot shun.
Is not the mighty mind, that son of heaven !
By tyrant life dethroned, imprison'd, pain'd !
By death enlarged, ennobled, deified ?
Death but entombs the body ; life the soul.

" Is death then guiltless ? How he marks his way !
What dreadful waste of what deserves to shine !
Art, genius, fortune, elevated power !
With various lustres these light up the world,
Which death puts out, and darkens human race."
I grant, Lorenzo ! this indictment just :
The sage, peer, potentate, king, conqueror !
Death humbles these ; more barb'rous life, the man.
Life is the triumph of our mould'ring clay ;
Death of the spirit infinite ! divine !
Death has no dread, but what frail life imparts ;
Nor life true joy, but what kind death improves.

No bliss has life to boast, till death can give
Far greater ; life's a debtor to the grave,
Dark lattice ! letting in eternal day.

Lorenzo ! blush at fondness for a life,
Which sends celestial souls on errands vile,
To cater for the sense ; and serve at boards,
Where ev'ry ranger of the wilds, perhaps
Each reptile, justly claims our upper hand.
Luxurious feast ! a soul, a soul immortal,
In all the dainties of a brute bemired !
Lorenzo ! blush at terror, for a death,
Which gives thee to repose in festive bowers,
Where nectars sparkle, angels minister,
And more than angels share, and raise, and crown,
And eternise, the birth, bloom, bursts of bliss.
What need I more ! O death, the palm is thine.

Then welcome, death ! thy dreaded harbingers,
Age and disease ; disease, though long my guest ;
'That plucks my nerves, those tender strings of life ;
Which, pluck'd a little more, will toll the bell,
That calls my few friends to my funeral ;
Where feeble nature drops, perhaps, a tear,
While reason and religion, better taught,
Congratulate the dead, and crown his tomb
With wreath triumphant. Death is victory ;
It binds in chains the raging ills of life :
Lust and ambition, wrath and avarice,
Dragg'd at his chariot-wheel, applaud his power.
That ills corrosive, cares importunate,
Are not immortal too, O death ! is thine.
Our day of dissolution !—name it right ;
'Tis our great pay-day ; 'tis our harvest, rich
And ripe : What though the sickle, sometimes keen,
Just scars us as we reap the golden grain ?
More than thy balm, O Gilead ! heals the wound.
Birth's feeble cry, and death's deep dismal groan,
Are slender tributes low-tax'd nature pays
For mighty gain : the gain of each, a life !
But O ! the last the former so transcends,
Life dies, compared ; life lives beyond the grave.

And feel I, death ! no joy from thought of thee ?
Death, the great counsellor, who man inspires
With ev'ry nobler thought, and fairer deed !
Death, the deliverer, who rescues man !

Death, the rewarder, who the rescued crowns !
 Death, that absolves my birth ; a curse without it !
 Rich death, that realises all my cares,
 Toils, virtues, hopes ; without it a chimera !
 Death, of all pain the period, not of joy ;
 Joy's source, and subject, still subsist unhurt ;
 One, in my soul ; and one, in her great sire ;
 Though the four winds were warring for my dust.
 Yes, and from winds, and waves, and central night,
 Though prison'd there, my dust too I reclaim,
 (To dust when drop proud nature's proudest spheres)
 And live entire. Death is the crown of life :
 Were death denied, poor man would live in vain ;
 Were death denied, to live would not be life ;
 Were death denied, ev'n fools would wish to die.
 Death wounds to cure : we fall ; we rise ; we reign !
 Spring from our fetters ; fasten in the skies ;
 Where blooming Eden withers in our sight :
 Death gives us more than was in Eden lost.
 This king of terrors is the prince of peace.
 When shall I die to vanity, pain, death ?
 When shall I die ?—When shall I live for ever ?

NIGHT IV.

THE CHRISTIAN TRIUMPH :

CONTAINING OUR ONLY CURE FOR THE FEAR OF DEATH ; AND PROPER
SENTIMENTS OF HEART ON THAT INESTIMABLE BLESSING.

TO THE HONOURABLE MR YORKE.

A much indebted muse, O Yorke ! intrudes.
 Amid the smiles of fortune, and of youth,
 Thine ear is patient of a serious song.
 How deep implanted in the breast of man
 The dread of death ! I sing its sov'reign cure.

Why start at death ? Where is he ! Death arrived,
 Is past ; not come, or gone, he's never here.
 Ere hope, sensation fails ; black-boding man
 Receives, not suffers, death's tremendous blow.
 The knell, the shroud, the mattock, and the grave ;
 The deep damp vault, the darkness, and the worm ;
 These are the bugbears of a winter's eve,
 The terrors of the living, not the dead.

Imagination's fool, and error's wretch,
Man makes a death, which nature never made ;
Then on the point of his own fancy falls ;
And feels a thousand deaths, in fearing one.

But were death frightful, what has age to fear ?
If prudent, age should meet the friendly foe,
And shelter in his hospitable gloom.

I scarce can meet a monument, but holds
My younger ; ev'ry date cries—"Come away."
And what recalls me ! Look the world around,
And tell me what : The wisest cannot tell.
Should any born of woman give his thought
Full range, on just dislike's unbounded field ;
Of things, the vanity ; of men, the flaws ;
Flaws in the best ; the many, flaw all o'er ;
As leopards, spotted, or, as Ethiop's, dark ;
Vivacious ill ; good dying immature ;
(How immature, Narcissa's marble tells !)
And at his death bequeathing endless pain ;
His heart, though bold, would sicken at the sight,
And spend itself in sighs, for future scenes.

But grant to life (and just it is to grant
To lucky life) some perquisites of joy ;
A time there is, when, like a thrice-told tale,
Long-ripled life of sweet can yield no more,
But from our comment on the comedy,
Pleasing reflections on parts well-sustain'd,
Or purposed emendations where we fail'd,
Or hopes of plaudits from our candid judge,
When, on their exit, souls are bid unrobe,
Toss fortune back her tinsel, and her plume,
And drop this mask of flesh behind the scene.

With me, that time is come ; my world is dead ;
A new world rises, and new manners reign ;
Foreign comedians, a spruce band ! arrive,
To push me from the scene, or hiss me there.
What a pert race starts up ! the strangers gaze,
And I at them ; my neighbour is unknown ;
Nor that the worst : ah me ! the dire effect
Of loit'ring here, of death defrauded long ;
Of old so gracious (and let that suffice),
My very master knows me not.—

Shall I dare say, peculiar is the fate ?
I've been so long remember'd, I'm forgot.

An object ever pressing dims the sight,
And hides behind its ardour to be seen.
When in his courtiers' ears I pour my plaint,
They drink it as the nectar of the great ;
And squeeze my hand, and beg me come to-morrow.
Refusal ! canst thou wear a smother form ?

Indulge me, nor conceive I drop my theme :
Who cheapens life, abates the fear of Death :
Twice told the period spent on stubborn Troy,
Court favour, yet untaken, I besiege ;
Ambition's ill-judg'd effort to be rich.
Alas ! ambition makes my little less ;
Embitt'ring the possess'd : Why wish for more ?
Wishing, of all employments, is the worst ;
Philosophy's reverse ; and health's decay !
Were I as plump as stall'd theology,
Wishing would waste me to this shade again.
Were I as wealthy as a south-sea dream,
Wishing is an expedient to be poor.
Wishing, that constant hectic of a fool ;
Caught at a court ; purg'd off by purer air,
And simpler diet ; gifts of rural life !

Bless'd be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark, on dang'rous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril ;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms ;
And meditate on scenes, more silent still ;
Pursue thy theme, and fight the fear of Death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chase I see ;
I see the circling hunt, of noisy men,
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing, and pursued, each other's prey ;
As wolves, for rapine ; as the fox, for wiles ;
Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame !
Earth's highest station ends in " Here he lies :"
And " dust to dust " concludes her noblest song.
If this song lives, posterity shall know



"My friends! remnants of yourselves
 that I have come to bring to the grave!
 Shall we, shall aged men, who spot these
 rocks, weep their only rest and sleep that
 has more ornament of the wretched and

One, though in Britain born, with courtiers bred,
Who thought ev'n gold might come a day too late ;
Nor on his subtle death-bed plann'd his scheme
For future vacancies in church or state ;
Some avocation deeming it——to die,
Unbit by rage canine of dying rich ;
Guilt's blunder ! and the loudest laugh of hell.

O my coevals ! remnants of yourselves !
Poor human ruins, tott'ring o'er the grave !
Shall we, shall aged men, like aged trees,
Strike deeper their vile root, and closer cling,
Still more enamour'd of this wretched soil ?
Shall our pale, wither'd hands, be still stretch'd out,
Trembling, at once, with eagerness and age ?
With av'rice, and convulsions, grasping hard ?
Grasping at air ! for what has earth beside ?
Man wants but little ; nor that little, long ;
How soon must he resign his very dust,
Which frugal nature lent him for an hour !
Years unexperienced rush on numerous ills ;
And soon as man, expert from time, has found
The key of life, it opes the gates of death.

When in this vale of years I backward look,
And miss such numbers, numbers too of such,
Firmer in health, and greener in their age,
And stricter on their guard, and fitter far
To play life's subtle game, I scarce believe
I still survive : and am I fond of life,
Who scarce can think it possible, I live ?
Alive by miracle ! or, what is next,
Alive by Mead ! if I am still alive,
Who long have buried what gives life to live,
Firmness of nerve, and energy of thought.
Life's lee is not more shallow, than impure,
And rapid ; sense and reason show the door,
Call for my bier, and point me to the dust.

O thou great arbiter of life and death !
Nature's immortal, immaterial sun !
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and, in rank, beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow,
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence ; and could know

No motive, but my bliss ; and hast ordain'd
A rise in blessing ! with the patriarch's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown ;
I trust in thee, and know in whom I trust ;
Or life, or death, is equal ; neither weighs :
All weight in this—O let me live to thee !

Though nature's terrors, thus, may be repress'd ;
Still frowns grim Death ; guilt points the tyrant's spear.
And whence all human guilt ? From Death forgot.
Ah me ! too long I set at nought the swarm
Of friendly warnings, which around me flew ;
And smiled, unsmitten : small my cause to smile !
Death's admonitions, like shafts upwards shot,
More dreadful by delay, the longer ere
They strike our hearts, the deeper is their wound ;
O think how deep, Lorenzo ! here it stings :
Who can appease its anguish ? How it burns !
What hand the barb'd, invenom'd thought can draw ?
What healing hand can pour the balm of peace ?
And turn my sight undaunted on the tomb ?

With joy,—with grief, that healing hand I see ;
Ah ! too conspicuous ! it is fix'd on high.
On high ?—What means my frenzy ? I blaspheme ;
Alas ! how low ! how far beneath the skies !
The skies it form'd ; and now it bleeds for me—
But bleeds the balm I want—yet still it bleeds ;
Draw the dire steel—ah no ! the dreadful blessing
What heart or can sustain, or dares forego ?
There hangs all human hope : that nail supports
The falling universe : that gone, we drop ;
Horror receives us, and the dismal wish
Creation had been smother'd in her birth—
Darkness his curtain, and his bed the dust ;
When stars and sun are dust beneath his throne !
In heaven itself can such indulgence dwell ?
O what a groan was there ! A groan not his.
He seized our dreadful right ; the load sustain'd ;
And heaved the mountain from a guilty world.
A thousand worlds, so bought, were bought too dear ;
Sensations new in angels' bosoms rise ;
Suspend their song ; and make a pause in bliss.

O for their song ; to reach my lofty theme !
Inspire me, night ! with all thy tuneful spheres ;
Whilst I with seraphs share seraphic themes,

And show to men the dignity of man ;
Lest I blaspheme my subject with my song.
Shall Pagan pages glow celestial flame,
And Christian languish ? On our hearts, not heads,
Falls the foul infamy : my heart ! awake.
What can awake thee, unawaked by this,
“ Expended deity on human weal ? ”
Feel the great truths, which burst the tenfold night
Of heathen error, with a golden flood
Of endless day : to feel, is to be fired ;
And to believe, Lorenzo ! is to feel.

Thou most indulgent, most tremendous power !
Still more tremendous, for thy wond’rous love !
That arms, with awe more awful, thy commands ;
And foul transgression dips in sev’nfold night ;
How our hearts tremble at thy love immense !
In love immense, inviolably just !
Thou, rather than thy justice should be stain’d,
Did’st stain the cross ; and work of wonders far
The greatest, that thy dearest far might bleed.

Bold thought ! shall I dare speak it, or repress ?
Should man more execrate, or boast, the guilt
Which roused such vengeance ? which such love inflamed ?
O’er guilt (how mountainous !) with outstretch’d arms,
Stern justice, and soft-smiling love embrace,
Supporting, in full majesty, thy throne,
When seem’d its majesty to need support,
Or that, or man, inevitably lost :
What, but the fathomless of thought divine,
Could labour such expedient from despair,
And rescue both ? both rescue ! both exalt !
O how are both exalted by the deed !
The wondrous deed ! or shall I call it more ?
A wonder in Omnipotence itself !
A mystery no less to gods than men !

Not, thus, our infidels th’ eternal draw,
A God all o’er, consummate, absolute,
Full-orb’d, in his whole round of rays complete :
They set at odds heaven’s jarring attributes ;
And, with one excellence, another wound ;
Maim heaven’s perfection, break its equal beams,
Bid mercy triumph over—God himself,
Undeified by their opprobrious praise :
A God all mercy, is a God unjust.

Ye brainless wits ! ye baptized infidels !
 Ye worse for mending ! wash'd to fouler stains !
 The ransom was paid down ; the fund of heaven,
 Heaven's inexhaustible, exhausted fund,
 Amazing, and amazed, poured forth the price,
 All price beyond : though curious to compute,
 Archangels fail'd to cast the mighty sum :
 Its value vast, ungrasp'd by minds create,
 For ever hides, and glows in the Supreme.

And was the ransom paid ? It was ; and paid
 (What can exalt the bounty more !) for you.
 The sun beheld it—no, the shocking scene
 Drove back his chariot : midnight veil'd his face ;
 Not such as this ; not such as nature makes ;
 A midnight nature shudder'd to behold ;
 A midnight new ! a dread eclipse (without
 Opposing spheres) from her Creator's frown !
 Sun ! didst thou fly thy Maker's pain ? or start
 At that enormous load of human guilt,
 Which bow'd his blessed head ; o'erwhelm'd his cross ;
 Made groan the centre ; burst earth's marble womb,
 With pangs, strange pangs ! deliver'd of her dead ?
 Hell howl'd ; and heaven that hour let fall a tear ;
 Heaven wept, that men might smile ! Heaven bled, that
 man

Might never die !——

And is devotion virtue ? 'Tis compell'd :
 What heart of stone but glows at thoughts like these !
 Such contemplations mount us ; and should mount
 The mind still higher ; nor ever glance on man,
 Unraptured, uninflamed.—Where roll my thoughts
 To rest from wonders ? Other wonders rise ;
 And strike where'er they roll : my soul is caught :
 Heaven's sovereign blessings, clust'ring from the cross,
 Rush on her, in a throng, and close her round,
 The pris'ner of amaze !—In his blast life,
 I see the path, and, in his death, the price,
 And in his great ascent, the proof supreme
 Of immortality.—And did he rise ?
 Hear, O ye nations ! hear it, O ye dead !
 He rose ! he rose ! He burst the bars of death.
 Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates !
 And give the king of glory to come in.
 Who is the king of glory ? He who left

His throne of glory, for the pang of death:
Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates!
And give the king of glory to come in.
Who is the king of glory? He who slew
The rav'nous foe, that gorged all human race!
The king of glory, he, whose glory fill'd
Heaven with amazement at his love to man;
And with divine complacency beheld
Powers most illumined, wilder'd in the theme.

The theme, the joy, how then shall man sustain?
Oh the burst gates! crush'd sting! demolish'd throne!
Last gasp! of vanquish'd death. Shout earth and
heaven!

This sum of good to man. Whose nature, then,
Took wing, and mounted with him from the tomb?
Then, then, I rose; then first humanity
Triumphant pass'd the crystal ports of light,
(Stupendous guest!) and seized eternal youth,
Seized in our name. E'er since, 'tis blasphemous
To call man mortal. Man's mortality
Was, then, transferr'd to death; and heaven's duration
Unalienably seal'd to this frail frame,
This child of dust—man, all-immortal! hail;
Hail, heaven! all lavish of strange gifts to man!
Thine all the glory; man's the boundless bliss.

Where am I rapt by this triumphant theme,
On Christian joy's exulting wing, above
Th' Aonian mount!—Alas! small cause for joy!
What if to pain immortal? If extent
Of being, to preclude a close of woe?
Where, then, my boast of immortality?
I boast it still, though cover'd o'er with guilt;
For guilt, not innocence, his life he pour'd;
'Tis guilt alone can justify his death;
Nor that, unless his death can justify
Relenting guilt in heaven's indulgent sight.
If, sick of folly, I relent; he writes
My name in heaven, with that inverted spear
(A spear deep-dipt in blood!) which pierced his side,
And open'd there a font for all mankind,
Who strive, who combat crimes to drink, and live:
This, only this, subdues the fear of death.

And what is this?—Survey the wondrous cure:
And at each step, let higher wonder rise!

" Pardon for infinite offence ! and pardon
 Through means that speak its value infinite !
 A pardon bought with blood ! with blood divine !
 With blood divine of him, I made my foe !
 Persisted to provoke ! though woo'd, and awed,
 Blest, and chastised, a flagrant rebel still !
 A rebel, 'midst the thunders of his throne !
 Nor I alone ! a rebel universe !
 My species up in arms ! not one exempt !
 Yet for the foulest of the foul, he dies,
 Most joy'd, for the redeem'd from deepest guilt !
 As if our race were held of highest rank ;
 And Godhead dearer, as more kind to man !"

Bound, ev'ry heart ! and ev'ry bosom, burn !

O what a scale of miracles is here !

Its lowest round, high planted on the skies ;

Its tow'ring summit lost beyond the thought

Of man or angel ! O that I could climb

The wonderful ascent, with equal praise !

Praise ! flow for ever (if astonishment

Will give thee leave), my praise ! for ever flow ;

Praise ardent, cordial, constant, to high heaven

More fragrant, than Arabia sacrificed,

And all her spicy mountains in a flame.

So dear, so due to heaven, shall praise descend,

With her soft plume (from plausible angel's wing

First pluck'd by man) to tickle mortal ears,

Thus diving in the pockets of the great ?

Is praise the perquisite of ev'ry paw,

Though black as hell, that grapples well for gold ?

Oh love of gold ! thou meanest of amours !

Shall praise her odours waste on virtue's dead,

Embalm the base, perfume the stench of guilt,

Earn dirty bread by washing Æthiops fair,

Removing filth, or sinking it from sight,

A scavenger in scenes, where vacant posts,

Like gibbets yet untenanted, expect

Their future ornaments ? From courts and thrones,

Return, apostate praise ! thou vagabond !

Thou prostitute ! to thy first love return,

Thy first, thy greatest, once unrival'd theme.

There flow redundant ; like Meander flow,

Back to thy fountain ; to that parent power,

Who gives the tongue to sound, the thought to soar,

The soul to be. Men homage pay to men,
Thoughtless beneath whose dreadful eye they bow
In mutual awe profound, of clay to clay,
Of guilt to guilt; and turn their back on thee
Great sire! whom thrones celestial ceaseless sing;
To prostrate angels, an amazing scene!
O the presumption of man's awe for man!—
Man's author! end! restorer! law! and judge!
Thine, all; day thine, and thine this gloom of night,
With all her wealth, with all her radiant worlds:
What, night eternal, but a frown from thee?
What heaven's meridian glory, but thy smile?
And shall not praise be thine, not human praise?
While heaven's high host on hallelujahs live?

O may I breathe no longer, than I breathe
My soul in praise to him, who gave my soul,
And all her infinite of prospect fair,
Cut through the shades of hell, great love! by thee
O most adorable? most unadored?
Where shall that praise begin which ne'er should
end?

Where'er I turn, what claim on all applause!
How is night's sable mantle labour'd o'er,
How richly wrought with attributes divine!
What wisdom shines! what love! This midnight pomp,
This gorgeous arch, with golden worlds inlay'd!
Built with divine ambition! nought to thee;
For others this profusion: Thou, apart,
Above! beyond! O tell me, mighty mind!
Where art thou! Shall I dive into the deep?
Call to the sun, or ask the roaring winds,
For their creator? Shall I question loud
The thunder, if in that th' Almighty dwells?
Or holds he furious storms in straighten'd reins,
And bids fierce whirlwinds wheel his rapid car?

What mean these questions?—Trembling I retract;
My prostrate soul adores the present God:
Praise I a distant deity? He tunes
My voice (if tuned); the nerve, that writes, sustains:
Wrapp'd in his being, I resound his praise:
But though past all diffused, without a shore,
His essence; local is his throne (as meet),
To gather the dispersed (as standards call
The 'listed from afar): to fix a point,

A central point, collective of his sons,
Since finite ev'ry nature but his own.

The nameless he, whose nod is nature's birth ;
And nature's shield, the shadow of his hand ;
Her dissolution, his suspended smile !
The great first-last ! pavilion'd high he sits
In darkness from excessive splendour born,
By gods unseen, unless through lustre lost.
His glory, to created glory, bright,
As that to central horrors ; he looks down
On all that soars ; and spans immensity.

Though night unnumber'd worlds unfolds to view,
Boundless creation ! what art thou ? A beam,
A mere effluvium of his majesty :
And shall an atom of this atom-world
Mutter in dust and sin, the theme of heaven ?
Down to the centre should I send my thought
Through beds of glitt'ring ore, and glowing gems,
Their beggar'd blaze wants lustre for my lay ;
Goes out in darkness : if, on tow'ring wing,
I send it through the boundless vault of stars !
The stars, though rich, what dross their gold to thee,
Great ! good ! wise ! wonderful ! eternal king !
If to those conscious stars thy throne around
Praise over-pouring, and imbibing bliss ;
And ask their strain ; they want it, more they want,
Poor their abundance, humble their sublime,
Languid their energy, their ardour cold,
Indebted still, their highest rapture burns ;
Short of its mark, defective, though divine.

Still more—This theme is man's, and man's alone ;
Their vast appointments reach it not : they see
On earth a bounty not indulged on high ;
And downward look for heaven's superior praise !
First-born of ether ! high in fields of light !
View man, to see the glory of your God !
Could angels envy, they had envied here ;
And some did envy ; and the rest, though gods,
Yet still gods unredeem'd (there triumphs man,
Tempted to weigh the dust against the skies),
They less would feel, though more adorn, my theme.
They sang creation (for in that they shared) ;
How rose in melody, that child of love !
Creation's great superior, man ! is thine ;

Thine is redemption ; they just gave the key :
'Tis thine to raise, and eternise, the song ;
Though human, yet divine ; for should not this
Raise man o'er man, and kindle seraphs here ?
Redemption ! 'twas creation more sublime ;
Redemption ! 'twas the labour of the skies ;
Far more than labour—It was death in heaven.
A truth so strange ! 'twere bold to think it true ;
If not far bolder still, to disbelieve.

Here pause, and ponder : Was there death in heaven ?
What then on earth ? On earth, which struck the blow ?
Who struck it ? Who ?—O how is man enlarged,
Seen through this medium ! How the pigmy towers !
How counterpoised his origin from dust !
How counterpoised, to dust his sad return !
How voided his vast distance from the skies !
How near he presses on the seraph's wing !
Which is the seraph ? Which the born of clay ?
How this demonstrates, through the thickest cloud
Of guilt, and clay condensed, the son of heaven !
The double son ; the made, and the re-made !
And shall heaven's double property be lost ?
Man's double madness only can destroy.
To man the bleeding cross has promised all ;
The bleeding cross has sworn eternal grace ;
Who gave his life, what grace shall he deny ?
O ye ! who, from this rock of ages, leap,
Apostates, plunging headlong in the deep !
What cordial joy, what consolation strong,
Whatever winds arise, or billows roll,
Our int'rest in the master of the storm !
Cling there, and in wreck'd nature's ruins smile ;
While vile apostates tremble in a calm.

Man ! know thyself. All wisdom centres there ;
To none man seems ignoble, but to man ;
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire :
How long shall human nature be their book,
Degen'rate mortal ! and unread by thee ?
The beam dim reason sheds shows wonders there ;
What high contents ! Illustrious faculties !
But the grand comment, which displays at full
Our human height, scarce severed from divine,
By heaven composed was publish'd on the cross.

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself

An awful stranger, a terrestrial god
A glorious partner with the deity
In that high attribute, immortal life?
If a god bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm :
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire, eternity ! at thee ;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys :
How changed the face of nature ! how improved !
What seem'd a chaos, shines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an Eden ; heighten'd all !
It is another scene ! another self !
And still another, as time rolls along ;
And that a self far more illustrious still.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades
Unpierced by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
What evolutions of surprising fate !
How nature opens, and receives my soul
In boundless walks of raptur'd thought ! where gods
Encounter and embrace me ! What new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
Where what now charms, perhaps, whate'er exists,
Old time, and fair creation, are forgot !

Is this extravagant ? Of man we form
Extravagant conception, to be just :
Conception unconfined wants wings to reach him :
Beyond its reach, the godhead only, more.
He, the great Father ! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals ; one spirit pour'd
From spirit's awful fountain ! pour'd himself
Through all their souls ; but not in equal stream,
Profuse, or frugal, of th' inspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded ; and when past
Their various trials, in their various spheres,
If they continue rational, as made,
Resorbs them all into himself again ;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.

Why doubt we, then, the glorious truth to sing,
Though yet unsung, as deem'd, perhaps, too bold ?
Angels are men of a superior kind ;
Angels are men in lighter habit clad,
High o'er celestial mountains wing'd in flight ;
And men are angels, loaded for an hour,
Who wade this miry vale, and climb with pain,
And slipp'ry step, the bottom of the steep.

Angels their failings, mortals have their praise ;
While here, of corps ethereal, such enroll'd,
And summon'd to the glorious standard soon,
Which flames eternal crimson through the skies.
Nor are our brothers thoughtless of their kin,
Yet absent ; but not absent from their love.
Michael has fought our battles ; Raphael sung
Our triumphs ; Gabriel on our errands flown,
Sent by the sovereign : and are these, O man !
Thy friends, thy warm allies ? And thou (shame burn
The cheek to cinder !) rival to the brute ?

Religion's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and, in her right, the next ;
Religion ! the sole voucher man is man ;
Supporter sole of man above himself ;
Ev'n in this night of fraility, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion ! providence ! an after-state !
Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock !
This can support us ; all is sea besides ;
Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate, discharged,
Climbs some fair eminence, where ether pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load ;
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change ;
So joys the soul, when from inglorious aims,
And sordid sweets, from feculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial set at large, she mounts
To reason's region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion ! thou the soul of happiness ;
And, groaning Calvary, of thee ! there shine
The noblest truths ; there strongest motives sting
There sacred violence assaults the soul ;
There, nothing but compulsion is forborne.
Can love allure us ? or can terror awe ?
He weeps !—the falling drop puts out the sun ;
He sighs—the sigh earth's deep foundation shakes.

If in his love so terrible, what then
His wrath inflamed? his tenderness on fire?
Like soft, smooth oil, out-blazing other fires,
Can prayer, can praise avert it?—Thou, my all!
My theme! my inspiration! and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition, pleasure, wealth!—my world!
My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast through time! bliss through eternity!
Eternity, too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man!
To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me;
My sacrifice! my God!—what things are these!

What then art thou? by what name shall I call thee?
Knew I the name devout archangels use,
Devout archangels should the name enjoy,
By me unrival'd; thousands more sublime,
None half so dear, as that, which, though unspoke,
Still glows at heart: O how omnipotence
Is lost in love! Thou great philanthropist!
Father of angels! but the friend of man!
Like Jacob, fondest of the younger born!
Thou, who didst save him, snatch the smoking brand
From out the flames, and quench it in thy blood!
How art thou pleased, by bounty to distress!
To make us groan beneath our gratitude,
Too big for birth! to favour, and confound;
To challenge, and to distance all return!
Of lavish love stupendous heights to soar,
And leave praise panting in the distant vale!
Thy right too great, defrauds thee of thy due;
And sacrilegious our sublimest song.
But since the naked will obtains thy smile,
Beneath this monument of praise unpaid,
And future life symphonious to my strain.
(That noblest hymn to heaven!) for ever lie
Entomb'd my fear of death! and ev'ry fear,
The dread of ev'ry evil, but thy frown.

Whom see I yonder, so demurely smile?
Laughter a labour, and might break their rest,
Ye quietists, in homage to the skies!
Serene! of soft address! who mildly make
An unobtrusive tender of your hearts,
Abhorring violence! who halt indeed;

But, for the blessing, wrestle not with heaven !
Think you my song too turbulent ? too warm ?
Are passions, then, the pagans of the soul ?
Reason alone baptized ? alone ordain'd
To touch things sacred ? O for warmer still !
Guilt chills my zeal, and age benumbs my powers ;
O for an humbler heart, and prouder song !
Thou, my much-injured theme ! with that soft eye,
Which melted o'er doom'd Salem, deign to look
Compassion to the coldness of my breast ;
And pardon to the winter in my strain.

O ye cold-hearted, frozen, formalists !
On such a theme, 'tis impious to be calm ;
Passion is reason, transport temper, here.
Shall heaven, which gave us ardour, and has shown
Her own for man so strongly, not disdain
What smooth emollients in theology,
Recumbent virtue's downy doctors preach,
That prose of piety, a lukewarm praise ?
Rise odours sweet from incense unflamed ?
Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout ;
But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven ;
To human hearts her golden harps are strung ;
High heaven's orchestra chants amen to man.

Hear I, or dream I hear, their distant strain,
Sweet to the soul, and tasting strong of heaven,
Soft-wafted on celestial pity's plume,
Through the vast spaces of the universe,
To cheer me in this melancholy gloom ?
Oh, when will death (now stingless), like a friend,
Admit me of their choir ? Oh, when will death
This mould'ring, old, partition-wall throw down ?
Give beings, one in nature, one abode ?
O death divine ! thou giv'st us to the skies !
Great future ! glorious patron of the past,
And present ! when shall I thy shrine adore ?
From nature's continent, immensely wide,
Immensely blest, this little isle of life,
This dark, incarcerating colony,
Divides us. Happy day ! that breaks our chain ;
That manumits ; that calls from exile home ;
That leads to nature's great metropolis,
And re-admits us, through the guardian hand
Of elder brother, to our Father's throne ;

Who hears our Advocate, and, through his wounds
Beholding man, allows that tender name.

'Tis this makes Christian triumph a command :

'Tis this makes joy a duty to the wise ;

'Tis impious in a good man to be sad.

See thou, Lorenzo ! where hangs all our hope !

Touch'd by the cross, we live ; or, more than die ;

That touch which touch'd not angels ; more divine

Than that which touch'd confusion into form,

And darkness into glory ; partial touch !

Ineffably pre-eminent regard !

Sacred to man, and sov'reign through the whole

Long golden chain of miracles, which hangs

From heav'n through all duration, and supports

In one illustrious, and amazing plan,

Thy welfare, nature ! and thy God's renown ;

That touch, with charm celestial, heals the soul

Diseased, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,

Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly thrones transforms

The ghastly ruins of the mould'ring tomb.

Dost ask me when ? When he who died returns ;

Returns, how changed ! where then the man of woe ?

In glory's terrors all the godhead burns ;

And all his courts, exhausted by the tide

Of deities triumphant in his train,

Leave a stupendous solitude in heaven ;

Replenish'd soon, replenish'd with increase

Of pomp, and multitude ; a radiant band

Of angels new ; of angels from the tomb.

Is this by fancy thrown remote ? and rise

Dark doubts between the promise, and event ?

I send thee not to volumes for thy cure ;

Read Nature ; Nature is a friend to truth ;

Nature is christian ; preaches to mankind ;

And bids dead matter aid us in our creed.

Hast thou ne'er seen the comet's flaming flight ?

Th' illustrious stranger passing, terror sheds

On gazing nations, from his fiery train

Of length enormous, takes his ample round

Through depths of ether ; coasts unnumber'd worlds

Of more than solar glory ; doubles wide

Heaven's mighty cape ; and then revisits earth,

From the long travel of a thousand years.

Thus, at the destined period, shall return

He, once on earth, who bids the comet blaze :
And, with him, all our triumph o'er the tomb.

Nature is dumb on this important point ;
Or hope precarious in low whisper breathes ;
Faith speaks aloud, distinct ; ev'n adders hear ;
But turn, and dart into the dark again.
Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death,
To break the shock blind nature cannot shun,
And lands thought smoothly on the farther shore.
Death's terror is the mountain faith removes ;
That mountain barrier between man and peace :
'Tis faith disarms destruction ; and absolves
From ev'ry clam'rous charge the guiltless tomb.

Why disbelieve ? Lorenzo !—" Reason bids,
All-sacred reason."—Hold her sacred still ;
Nor shalt thou want a rival in thy flame :
All-sacred reason ! source, and soul, of all
Demanding praise, on earth, or earth above !
My heart is thine : deep in its inmost folds,
Live thou with life ; live dearer of the two.
Wear I the blessed cross, by fortune stamp'd
On passive nature, before thought was born ?
My birth's blind bigot ! fired with local zeal !
No ; reason re-baptized me when adult ;
Weigh'd true, and false, in her impartial scale ;
My heart become the convert of my head ;
And made that choice, which once was but my fate.
" On argument alone my faith is built :"

Reason pursued is faith ; and, unpursued
Where proof invites, 'tis reason, then, no more :
And such our proof, that, or our faith, is right,
Or reason lies, and Heaven design'd it wrong :
Absolve we this ? What, then, is blasphemy ?

Fond as we are, and justly fond, of faith,
Reason, we grant, demands out first regard ;
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root, fair faith is but the flower ;
The fading flower shall die ; but reason lives
Immortal, as her father in the skies.

When faith is virtue, reason makes it so.
Wrong not the Christian ; think not reason yours :
'Tis reason our great master holds so dear ;
'Tis reason's injured rights his wrath resents ;
'Tis reason's voice obey'd his glories crown ;

To give lost reason-life, he pour'd his own :
Believe, and show the reason of a man ;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God ;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb :
Through reason's wounds alone thy faith can die ;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

Learn hence what honours, what loud pæans, due
To those, who push our antidote aside ;
Those boasted friends to reason, and to man,
Whose fatal love stabs ev'ry joy, and leaves
Death's terror heighten'd, gnawing on his heart.
Those pompous sons of reason idolised
And vilified at once ; of reason dead,
Then deified as monarchs were of old ;
What conduct plants proud laurels on their brow ?
While love of truth through all their camp resounds,
They draw pride's curtain o'er the noon-tide ray,
Spike up their inch of reason, on the point
Of philosophic wit, call'd argument ;
And then, exulting in their taper, cry,
" Behold the sun ! " and, Indian-like, adore.

Talk they of morals ? O thou bleeding love !
Thou maker of new morals to mankind !
The grand morality is love of thee.
As wise as Socrates, if such they were,
(Nor will they 'bate of that sublime renown)
As wise as Socrates, might justly stand
The definition of a modern fool.

A Christian is the highest style of man :
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot from his dishonour'd brow ?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight :
The wretch they quit, desponding of their charge,
More struck with grief, or wonder, who can tell ?
Ye sold to sense ! ye citizens of earth !
(For such alone the Christian banner fly)
Know ye how wise your choice, how great your gain ?
Behold the picture of earth's happiest man :
" He calls his wish, it comes ; he sends it back,
And says, he call'd another ; that arrives,
Meets the same welcome ; yet he still calls on ;
Till one calls him, who varies not his call,
But holds him fast, in chains of darkness bound,

Till nature dies, and judgment sets him free ;
A freedom far less welcome than his chain."

But grant man happy ; grant him happy long ;
Add to life's highest prize her latest hour ;
That hour, so late, is nimble in approach,
That, like a post, comes on in full career :
How swift the shuttle flies, that weaves thy shroud !
Where is the fable of thy former years ?
Thrown down the gulf of time ; as far from thee
As they had ne'er been thine ; the day in hand,
Like a bird struggling to get loose, is going ;
Scarce now possess'd, so suddenly 'tis gone ;
And each swift moment fled, is death advanced
By strides as swift : eternity is all ;
And whose eternity ? Who triumphs there ?
Bathing for ever in the font of bliss !
For ever basking in the Deity !
Lorenzo ! who ?—Thy conscience shall reply.

O give it leave to speak ; 'twill speak ere long,
Thy leave unasked : Lorenzo ! hear it now,
While useful its advice, its accent mild.
By the great edict, the divine decree,
Truth is deposited with man's last hour ;
An honest hour, and faithful to her trust ;
Truth, eldest daughter of the Deity ;
Truth, of his council, when he made the worlds ;
Nor less, when he shall judge the worlds he made ;
Though silent long, and sleeping ne'er so sound,
Smother'd with errors, and oppress'd with toys,
That heaven-commission'd hour no sooner calls,
But from her cavern in the soul's abyss,
Like him they fable under *Ætna* whelm'd,
The goddess bursts in thunder, and in flame ;
Loudly convinces, and severely pains.
Dark demons I discharge, and hydra-stings ;
The keen vibration of bright truth—is hell :
Just definition ! though by schools untaught.
Ye deaf to truth ! peruse this parson'd page,
And trust, for once, a prophet, and a priest ;
"Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die."

NIGHT V.

THE RELAPSE.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARL OF LICHFIELD.

LORENZO ! to recriminate is just.
 Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
 I grant the man is vain who writes for praise.
 Praise no man e'er deserved, who sought no more.

As just thy second charge. I grant the muse
 Has often blush'd at her degen'rate sons,
 Retain'd by sense to plead her filthy cause ;
 To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
 And subtilise the gross into refin'd :
 As if to magic numbers' powerful charm
 'Twas given, to make a civet of their song
 Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
 Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
 And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.

The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.
 We wear the chains of pleasure and of pride.
 These share the man ; and these distract him too ;
 Draw diff'rent ways, and clash in their commands.
 Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars ;
 But pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
 Joys shared by brute-creation, pride resents ;
 Pleasure embraces : man would both enjoy,
 And both at once : a point so hard how gain !
 But, what can't wit, when stung by strong desire ?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprise.
 Since joys of sense can't rise to reason's taste ;
 In subtle sophistry's laborious forge,
 Wit hammers out a reason new, that stoops
 To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
 Wit calls the graces the chaste zone to loose ;
 Nor less than a plump god to fill the bowl :
 A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
 A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
 To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
 And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
 Thus that which shock'd the judgment, shocks no more ;
 That which gave pride offence, no more offends.
 Pleasure and pride, by nature mortal foes,

At war eternal, which in man shall reign,
By wit's address, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank bebauch,
From rank refined to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed art ! wipes off th' indebted blush
From nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry shame.
Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And infamy stands candidate for praise.

All writ by man in favour of the soul,
These sensual ethics far, in bulk, transcend.
The flowers of eloquence, profusely pour'd
O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can powers of genius exorcise their page,
And consecrate enormities with song ?

But let not these inexpiable strains
Condemn the muse that knows her dignity ;
Nor meanly stops at time, but holds the world
As 'tis, in nature's ample field, a point,
A point in her esteem ; from whence to start,
And run the round of universal space,
To visit being universal there,
And being's source, that utmost flight of mind !
Yet, spite of this so vast circumference,
Well knows, but what is moral, nought is great :
Sing syrens only ? Do not angels sing ?
There is in poesy a decent pride,
Which well becomes her when she speaks to prose,
Her younger sister ; haply, not more wise.

Think'st thou, Lorenzo ! to find pastimes here ?
No guilty passion blown into a flame,
No foible flatter'd, dignity disgraced,
No fairy field of fiction, all on flower,
No rainbow colours, here, or silken tale :
But solemn counsels, images of awe,
Truths, which eternity lets fall on man
With double weight, through these revolving spheres,
This death-deep silence, and incumbent shade :
Thoughts, such as shall revisit your last hour ;
Visit uncall'd, and live when life expires ;
And thy dark pencil, midnight ! darker still
In melancholy dipt, embrowns the whole.

Yet this, ev'n this, my laughter-loving friends !
Lorenzo ! and thy brothers of the smile !
If, what imports you most, can most engage,

Shall steal your ear, and chain you to my song.
Or if you fail me, know, the wise shall taste
The truths I sing ; the truths I sing shall feel ;
And, feeling, give assent ; and their assent
Is ample recompense ; is more than praise.
But chiefly thine, O Lichfield ! nor mistake ;
Think not unIntroduced I force my way ;
Narcissa, not unknown, not unallied,
By virtue, or by blood, illustrious youth !
To thee, from blooming amaranthine bowers,
Where all the language harmony, descends
Uncall'd, and asks admittance for the muse :
A muse that will not pain thee with thy praise ;
Thy praise she drops, by nobler still inspired.

O thou ! blest spirit ! whether the supreme,
Great antemundane Father ! in whose breast
Embryo creation, unborn being, dwelt,
And all its various revolutions roll'd
Present, though future ; prior to themselves ;
Whose breath can blow it into nought again ;
Or, from his throne some delegated power,
Who, studious of our peace, dost turn the thought
From vain and vile, to solid and sublime !
Unseen thou lead'st me to delicious draughts
Of inspiration, from a purer stream,
And fuller of the god, than that which burst
From famed Castalia : nor is yet allay'd
My sacred thirst ; though long my soul has ranged
Through pleasing paths of moral, and divine,
By thee sustain'd, and lighted by the stars.

By them best lighted are the paths of thought :
Nights are their days, their most illumined hours.
By day, the soul, o'erborne by life's career,
Stunn'd by the din, and giddy with the glare,
Reels far from reason, jostled by the throng.
By day the soul is passive, all her thoughts
Imposed, precarious, broken ere mature.
By night, from objects free, from passion cool,
Thoughts uncontroll'd, and unimpress'd, the births
Of pure election, arbitrary range,
Not to the limits of one world confined ;
But from ethereal travels light on earth,
As voyagers drop anchor, for repose.

Let Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond

Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore :
Darkness has more divinity for me ;
It strikes thought inward ; it drives back the soul
To settle on herself, our point supreme !
There lies our theatre ! there sits our judge.
Darkness the curtain drops o'er life's dull scene ;
'Tis the kind hand of providence stretch'd out
'Twixt man and vanity ; 'tis reason's reign,
And virtue's too ; these tutelary shades
Are man's asylum from the tainted throng.
Night is the good man's friend, and guardian too ;
It no less rescues virtue, than inspires.

Virtue, for ever frail, as fair, below,
Her tender nature suffers in the crowd,
Nor touches on the world, without a stain :
The world's infectious ; few bring back at eve,
Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
Something we thought, is blotted ; we resolved,
Is shaken ; we renounced, returns again.
Each salutation may slide in a sin
Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
Nor is it strange : light, motion, concourse, noise,
All, scatter us abroad ; thought outward-bound,
Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
In fume and dissipation, quits her charge,
And leaves the breast unguarded to the foe.

Present example gets within our guard,
And acts with double force, by few repell'd.
Ambition fires ambition ; love of gain
Strikes, like a pestilence, from breast to breast ;
Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe ;
(And inhumanity is caught from man, ~~the~~
From smiling man, A slight, a single glance,
And shot at random, often has brought home
A sudden fever, to the throbbing heart,
Of envy, rancour, or impure desire.
We see, we hear, with peril ; safety dwells
Remote from multitude ; the world's a school
Of wrong, and what proficients swarm around !
We must, or imitate, or disapprove ;
Must list as their accomplices, or foes ;
That stains our innocence ; this wounds our peace.
From nature's birth, hence, wisdom has been smit
With sweet recess, and languish'd for the shade.

This sacred shade, and solitude, what is it ?
'Tis the felt presence of the deity.

Few are the faults we flatter when alone.

Vice sinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
And looks, like other objects, black by night.

By night an atheist half-believes a God. *truth*

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend ;
The conscious moon, through ev'ry distant age,
Has held a lamp to wisdom, and let fall,
On contemplation's eye, her purging ray.
The famed Athenian, he who woo'd from heaven
Philosophy the fair, to dwell with men,
And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
While o'er his head, as fearful to molest
His lab'ring mind, the stars in silence slide,
And seem all gazing on their future guest,
See him soliciting his ardent suit
In private audience : all the live-long night,
Rigid in thought, and motionless, he stands ;
Nor quits his theme, or posture, till the sun
(Rude drunkard rising rosy from the main !)
Disturbs his nobler intellectual beam,
And gives him to the tumult of the world.
Hail, precious moments ! stolen from the black waste
Of murder'd time ! Auspicious midnight ! hail !
The world excluded, ev'ry passion hush'd,
And open'd a calm intercourse with heaven,
Here the soul sits in council ; ponders past,
Predestines future action ; sees, not feels,
Tumultuous life, and reasons with the storm ;
All her lies answers, and thinks down her charms.

What awful joy ! what mental liberty !
I am not pent in darkness ; rather say
(If not too bold) in darkness I'm embower'd.
Delightful gloom ! the clust'ring thoughts around
Spontaneous rise, and blossom in the shade ;
But droop by day, and sicken in the sun.
Thought borrows light elsewhere ; from that first fire,
Fountain of animation ! whence descends
Urania, my celestial guest ! who deigns
Nightly to visit me, so mean ; and now
Conscious how needful discipline to man,
From pleasing dalliance with the charms of night
My wand'ring thought recalls, to what excites

Far other beat of heart ! Narcissa's tomb !
Or is it feeble nature calls me back,
And breaks my spirit into grief again ?
Is it a Stygian vapour in my blood ?
A cold, slow puddle, creeping through my veins ?
Or is it thus with all men !—Thus with all.
What are we ? How unequal ! Now we soar,
And now we sink ; to be the same, transcends
Our present prowess. Dearly pays the soul
For lodging ill ; too dearly rents her clay.
Reason, a baffled counsellor ! but adds
The blush of weakness to the bane of woe.
The noblest spirit fighting her hard fate,
In this damp, dusky region, charg'd with storms,
But feebly flutters, yet untaught to fly ;
Or, flying, short her flight, and sure her fall.
Our utmost strength, when down, to rise again ;
And not to yield, though beaten, all our praise.
'Tis vain to seek in men for more than man.
Though proud in promise, big in previous thought,
Experience damps our triumph. I, who late,
Emerging from the shadows of the grave,
Where grief detain'd me prisoner, mounting high,
Threw wide the gates of everlasting day,
And call'd mankind to glory, shook off pain,
Mortality shook off, in ether pure,
And struck the stars ; now feel my spirits fail ;
They drop me from the zenith ; down I rush,
Like him whom fable fledged with waxen wings,
In sorrow drown'd—but not in sorrow lost.
How wretched is the man who never mourn'd !
I dive for precious pearl in sorrow's stream :
Not so the thoughtless man that only grieves ;
Takes all the torment, and rejects the gain ;
(Inestimable gain !) and gives heaven leave
To make him but more wretched, not more wise.
If wisdom is our lesson (and what else
Ennobles man ? What else have angels learnt !)
Grief ! more proficient in thy school are made,
Than genius, or proud learning, e'er could boast.
Voracious learning, often over-fed,
Digests not into sense her motley meal.
This book-case, which dark booty almost burst,
This forager on others' wisdom leaves

Her native farm, her reason, quite untill'd.
 With mix'd manure she surfeits the rank soil,
 Dung'd, but not dress'd ; and rich to beggary.
 A pomp untameable of weeds prevails.
 Her servant's wealth, incumber'd wisdom mourns.

And what says genius ? " Let the dull be wise."
 Genius, too hard for right, can prove it wrong ;
 And loves to boast, where blush men less inspir'd.
 It pleads exemption from the laws of sense ;
 Considers reason as a leveller ;
 And scorns to share a blessing with the crowd.
 That wise it *could be*, thinks an ample claim
 To glory, and to pleasure gives the rest.
 Crassus but sleeps, Ardelio is undone.
 Wisdom less shudders at a fool, than wit.

But wisdom smiles, when humbled mortals weep.
 When sorrow wounds the breast, as ploughs the glebe,
 And hearts obdurate feel her soft'ning shower ;
 Her seed celestial, then, glad wisdom sows ;
 Her golden harvest triumphs in the soil.
 If so, Narcissa ! welcome my relapse ;
 I'll raise a tax on my calamity,
 And reap rich compensation from my pain.
 I'll range the plenteous intellectual field ;
 And gather every thought of sov'reign power
 To chase the moral maladies of man ;
 Thoughts, which may bear transplanting to the skies,
 Though natives of this coarse penurious soil ;
 Nor wholly wither there, where seraphs sing,
 Refin'd, exalted, not annull'd, in heaven.
 Reason, the sun that gives them birth, the same
 In either clime, though more illustrious there.
 These choicely cull'd, and elegantly rang'd,
 Shall form a garland for Narcissa's tomb ;
 And, peradventure, of no fading flowers.

Say on what themes shall puzzled choice descend ?
 " The importance of contemplating the tomb ;
 Why men decline it ; suicide's foul birth ;
 The various kind of grief ; the faults of age ;
 And death's dread character—invite my song."

And, first the importance of our end survey'd.
 Friends counsel quick dismissal of our grief :
 Mistaken kindness ! our hearts heal too soon.
 Are they more kind than he, who struck the blow ?

Who bid it do his errand in our hearts,
And banish peace, till nobler guests arrive,
And bring it back, a true, and endless peace ?
Calamities are friends : as glaring day
Of these unnumber'd lustres robs our sight ;
Prosperity puts out unnumber'd thoughts
Of import high, and light divine, to man.

The man how blest, who, sick of gaudy scenes,
(Scenes apt to thrust between us and ourselves !)
Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk,
Beneath death's gloomy, silent, cypress shades,
Unpierced by vanity's fantastic ray ;
To read his monuments, to weigh his dust,
Visit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs !
Lorenzo ! read with me Narcissa's stone ;
(Narcissa was thy fav'rite) let us read
Her moral stone ; few doctors preach so well ;
Few orators so tenderly can touch
The feeling heart. What pathos in the date !
Apt words can strike : and yet in them we see
Faint images of what we, here, enjoy.
What cause have we to build on length of life ?
Temptations seize, when fear is laid asleep ;
And ill foreboded is our strongest guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble shrine,
Truth, radiant goddess ! sallies on my soul,
And put's delusion's dusky train to flight :
Dispels the mists our sultry passions raise,
From objects low, terrestrial, and obscene ;
And shows the real estimate of things ;
Which no man, unafflicted, ever saw ;
Pulls off the veil from virtue's rising charms ;
Detects temptation in a thousand lies.
Truth bids me look on men, as autumn leaves,
And all they bleed for, as the summer's dust,
Driven by the whirlwind : lighted by her beams,
I widen my horizon, gain new powers,
See things invisible, feel things remote,
Am present with futurities ; think nought
To man so foreign, as the joys possessed ;
Nought so much his, as those beyond the grave.

No folly keeps its colour in her sight ;
Pale worldly wisdom loses all her charms ;
In pompous promise, from her schemes profound,

If future fate she plans, 'tis all in leaves,
Like sibyl, unsubstantial, fleeting bliss !
At the first blast it vanishes in air.
Not so, celestial : Wouldst thou know, Lorenzo !
How differ worldly wisdom, and divine ?
Just as the waning, and the waxing moon.
More empty worldly wisdom ev'ry day ;
And ev'ry day more fair her rival shines.
When later, there's less time to play the fool.
Soon our whole term for wisdom is expired
(Thou know'st she calls no council in the grave) :
And everlasting fool is writ in fire,
Or real wisdom wafts us to the skies.

As worldly schemes resemble sibyl's leaves,
The good man's days to sibyl's books compare,
(In ancient story read, thou know'st the tale)
In price still rising, as in number less,
Inestimable quite his final hour.
For that who thrones can offer, offer thrones ;
Insolvent worlds the purchase cannot pay.
" O let me die his death ! " all nature cries.
" Then live his life. " — All nature falters there.
Our great physician daily to consult,
To commune with the grave, our only cure.

What grave prescribes the best ? — A friend's ; and yet,
From a friend's grave, how soon we disengage ?
Ev'n to the dearest, as his marble, cold.
Why are friends ravished from us ? 'Tis to bind,
By soft affection's ties, on human hearts,
The thought of death, which reason, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combined, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold, the inexorable hour at hand !
Behold, the inexorable hour forgot !
And to forget it, the chief aim of life,
Though well to ponder it, is life's chief end.

Is death, that ever threat'ning, ne'er remote,
That all-important, and that only sure,
(Come when he will) an unexpected guest ?
Nay, though invited by the loudest calls
Of blind imprudence, unexpected still ?
Though numerous messengers are sent before,
To warn his great arrival. What the cause,

The wondrous cause, of this mysterious ill ?
All heaven looks down astonish'd at the sight.

Is it, that life has sown her joys so thick,
We can't thrust in a single care between ?
Is it, that life has such a swarm of cares,
The thought of death can't enter for the throng ?
Is it, that time steals on with downy feet,
Nor wakes indulgence from her golden dream ?
To-day is so like yesterday, it cheats ;
We take the lying sister for the same.
Life glides away, Lorenzo ! like a brook ;
For ever changing, unperceived the change.
In the same brook none ever bath'd him twice :
To the same life none ever twice awoke.
We call the brook the same ; the same we think
Our life, though still more rapid in its flow ;
Nor mark the much, irrevocably lapsed,
And mingled with the sea. Or shall we say
(Retaining still the brook to bear us on)
That life is like a vessel on the stream ?
In life embark'd, we smoothly down the tide
Of time descend, but not on time intent ;
Amused, unconscious of the gliding wave ;
Till on a sudden we perceive a shock ;
We start, awake, look out ; what see we there ?
Our brittle bark is burst on Charon's shore.

Is this the cause death flies all human thought ?
Or is it judgment, by the will struck blind,
That domineering mistress of the soul !
Like him so strong, by Delilah the fair ?
Or is it fear turns startled reason back,
From looking down a precipice so steep ?
'Tis dreadful ; and the dread is wisely placed
By nature, conscious of the make of man.
A dreadful friend it is, a terror kind,
A flaming sword to guard the tree of life.
By that unawed, in life's most smiling hour,
The good man would repine ; would suffer joys,
And burn impatient for his promised skies.
The bad, on each punctilious pique of pride,
Or gloom of humour, would give rage the rein ;
Bound o'er the barrier, rush into the dark,
And mar the schemes of providence below.

What groan was that, Lorenzo ?—Furies ! rise ;

And drown in your less execrable yell,
Britannia's shame. There took her gloomy flight,
On wing impetuous, a black sullen soul,
Blasted from hell, with horrid lust of death.
Thy friend, the brave, the gallant Altamont,
So call'd, so thought—And then he fled the field.
Less base the fear of death, than fear of life.
O Britain, infamous for suicide!

An island in thy manners! far disjoin'd
From the whole world of rationals beside!
In ambient waves plunge thy polluted head,
Wash the dire stain, nor shock the continent.

But thou be shock'd, while I detect the cause
Of self-assault, expose the monster's birth,
And bid abhorrence hiss it round the world.
Blame not thy clime, nor chide the distant sun;
The sun is innocent, thy clime absolved:
Immoral climes kind nature never made.
The cause I sing, in Eden might prevail,
And proves, it is thy folly, not thy fate.

The soul of man (let man in homage bow,
Who names his soul), a native of the skies!
High-born, and free, her freedom should maintain,
Unsold, unmortgaged for earth's little bribes.
The illustrious stranger, in this foreign land,
Like strangers, jealous of her dignity,
Studious of home, and ardent to return,
Of earth suspicious, earth's enchanted cup
With cool reserve light touching, should indulge,
On immortality, her godlike taste;
There take large draughts; make her chief banquet
there.

But some reject this sustenance divine;
To beggarly vile appetites descend;
Ask alms of earth, for guests that came from heaven!
Sink into slaves; and sell, for present hire,
Their rich reversion, and (what shares its fate)
Their native freedom, to the prince who sways
This nether world. And when his payments fail,
When his foul basket gorges them no more,
Or their pall'd palates loath the basket full;
Are instantly, with wild demoniac rage,
For breaking all the chains of providence,
And bursting their confinement; though fast barred

By laws divine and human ; guarded strong
With horrors doubled to defend the pass,
The blackest nature, or dire guilt, can raise ;
And moated round with fathomless destruction,
Sure to receive, and whelm them in their fall.

Such, Britons ! is the cause, to you unknown,
Or worse, o'erlook'd ; o'erlook'd by magistrates,
Thus criminals themselves. I grant the deed
Is madness ; but the madness of the heart.

And what is that ? Our utmost bound of guilt.

A sensual, unreflecting life, is big
With monstrous births, and suicide, to crown
The black infernal brood. The bold to break
Heaven's law supreme, and desperately rush
Through sacred nature's murder, on their own,
Because they never think of death, they die.

'Tis equally man's duty, glory, gain,

At once to shun, and meditate, his end.

When by the bed of languishment we sit,
(The seat of wisdom ! if our choice, not fate)

Or, o'er our dying friends, in anguish hang,
Wipe the cold dew, or stay the sinking head,
Number their moments, and, in ev'ry clock,
Start at the voice of an eternity ;

See the dim lamp of life just feebly lift

An agonizing beam, at us to gaze,

Then sink again, and quiver into death,

That most pathetic herald of our own ;

How read we such sad scenes ? As sent to man

In perfect vengeance ? No ; in pity sent,

To melt him down, like wax, and then impress,

Indelible, death's image on his heart ;

Bleeding for others, trembling for himself.

We bleed, we tremble, we forget, we smile.

The mind turns fool, before the cheek is dry.

Our quick-returning folly cancels all ;

As the tide rushing 'rases what is writ

In yielding sands, and smooths the letter'd shore.

Lorenzo ! hast thou ever weigh'd a sigh ?

Or studied the philosophy of tears ?

(A science, yet unlectured in our schools !)

Hast thou descended deep into the breast,

And seen their source ? If not, descend with me,

And trace these briny riv'lets to their springs.

Our funeral tears, from diff'rent causes, rise.
As if from sep'rate cisterns in the soul,
Of various kinds, they flow. From tender hearts,
By soft contagion call'd, some burst at once,
And stream obsequious to the leading eye.
Some ask more time, by curious art distill'd.
Some hearts, in secret hard, unapt to melt,
Struck by the magic of the public eye,
Like Moses' smitten rock, gush out amain.
Some weep to share the fame of the deceased,
So high in merit, and to them so dear.
They dwell on praises, which they think they share ;
And thus, without a blush, commend themselves.
Some mourn, in proof, that something they could love
They weep not to relieve their grief, but show.
Some weep in perfect justice to the dead,
As conscious all their love is in arrears.
Some mischievously weep, not unapprised
Tears, sometimes, aid the conquest of an eye.
With what address the soft Ephesians draw
Their sable net-work o'er entangled hearts !
As seen through crystal, how their roses glow,
While liquid pearl runs trickling down their cheek ?
Of hers not prouder Egypt's wanton queen,
Carousing gems, herself dissolved in love.
Some weep at death, abstracted from the dead,
And celebrate, like Charles, their own decease.
By kind construction some are deem'd to weep,
Because a decent veil conceals their joy.

Some weep in earnest, and yet weep in vain ;
As deep in indiscretion, as in woe.
Passion, blind passion ! impotently pours
Tears, that deserve more tears ; while reason sleeps ;
Or gazes like an idiot, unconcern'd ;
Nor comprehends the meaning of the storm ;
Knows not it speaks to her, and her alone.
Irrationals all sorrow are beneath
That noble gift ! that privilege of man !
From sorrow's pang, the birth of endless joy.
But these are barren of that birth divine ;
They weep impetuous, as the summer storm,
And full as short ! The cruel grief soon tamed,
They make a pastime of the stingless tale ;
Far as the deep resounding knell, they spread

The dreadful news, and hardly feel it more.
No grain of wisdom pays them for their woe.

Half-round the globe, the tears pump'd up by death
Are spent in wat'ring vanities of life ;
In making folly flourish still more fair.
When the sick soul, her wonted stay withdrawn,
Reclines on earth, and sorrows in the dust ;
Instead of learning, there, her true support,
Though there thrown down her true support to learn,
Without heaven's aid, impatient to be blest,
She crawls to the next shrub, or bramble vile,
Though from the stately cedar's arms she fell ;
With stale, forsworn embraces, clings anew,
The stranger weds, and blossoms, as before,
In all the fruitless fopperies of life :
Presents her weed, well-fancied, at the ball,
And raffles for the death's-head on the ring.

So wept Aurelia, till the destined youth
Stept in, with his receipt for making smiles,
And blanching sables into bridal bloom.
So wept Lorenzo fair Clarissa's fate ;
Who gave that angel boy, on whom he dotes ;
And died to give him, orphan'd in his birth !
Not such, Narcissa, my distress for thee.
I'll make an altar of thy sacred tomb,
To sacrifice to wisdom.—What wast thou ?
“ Young, gay, unfortunate ! ” Each yields a theme.
I'll dwell on each, to shun thought more severe ;
(Heaven knows I labour with severer still !)
I'll dwell on each, and quite exhaust thy death.
A soul without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

And, first, thy youth. What says it to gray hairs !
Narcissa, I'm become thy pupil now—
Early, bright, transient, chaste, as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven.
Time on this head has snow'd ; yet still 'tis borne
Aloft ; nor thinks but on another's grave.
Cover'd with shame I speak it, age severe
Old worn-out vice sets down for virtue fair ;
With graceless gravity, chastising youth,
That youth chastised surpassing in a fault,
Father of all, forgetfulness of death :
As if, like objects pressing on the sight,

Death had advanced too near us to be seen :
Or that life's loan time ripen'd into right ;
And men might plead prescription from the grave ;
Deathless, from repetition of reprieve.

Deathless? far from it ! such are dead already ;
Their hearts are buried, and the world their grave.

Tell me, some god ! my guardian angel ! tell,
What thus infatuates ? what enchantment plants
The phantom of an age 'twixt us, and death
Already at the door ? He knocks, we hear him,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts ? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand quivers
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd ?

We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling ; wounded oft ourselves ;
Though bleeding with our wounds, immortal still !
We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death intrench'd, preparing his assault ;
How few themselves, in that just mirror, see !
Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong !
Their death is certain ; doubtful here : he *must*,
And soon ; we *may*, within an age, expire.
Though gray our heads, our thoughts and aims are
green ;

Like damaged clocks, whose hand and bell dissent ;
Folly sings six, while nature points at twelve.

Absurd longevity ! More, more, it cries :
More life, more wealth, more trash of ev'ry kind.
And wherefore mad for more, when relish fails ?
Object, and appetite, must club for joy ;
Shall folly labour hard to mend the bow,
Baubles, I mean, that strike us from without,
While nature is relaxing ev'ry string ?
Ask thought for joy ; grow rich, and hoard within.
Think you the soul, when this life's rattle cease,
Has nothing of more manly to succeed ?
Contract the taste immortal ; learn ev'n now
To relish what alone subsists hereafter.
Divine, or none, henceforth your joys for ever.
Of age the glory is, to wish to die.

That wish is praise, and promise ; it applauds
Past life, and promises our future bliss.
What weakness see not children in their sires ?

Grand-climacterical absurdities !
Gray-hair'd authority, to faults of youth,
How shocking : it makes folly thrice a fool ;
And our first childhood might our last despise.
Peace and esteem is all that age can hope.
Nothing but wisdom gives the first ; the last,
Nothing but the repute of being wise.
Folly bars both ; our age is quite undone.

What folly can be ranker ? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen, as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave.
Our hearts should leave the world, before the knell
Calls for our carcasses to mend the soil.
Enough to live in tempest, die in port ;
Age should fly concourse, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment ; and the will's subdue ;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon ;
And put good works on board ; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown ;
If unconsider'd too, a dreadful scene !

All should be prophets to themselves ; foresee
Their future fate ; their future fate foretaste ;
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The thought of death alone, the fear destroys.
A disaffection to that precious thought
Is more than midnight darkness on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it, on a precipice,
Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

Dost ask, Lorenzo, why so warmly press'd,
By repetition hammer'd on thine ear,
The thought of death ? That thought is the machine,
The grand machine ! that heaves us from the dust,
And rears us into men. That thought, plied home,
Will soon reduce the ghastly precipice
O'erhanging hell, will soften the descent,
And gently slope our passage to the grave ;
How warmly to be wish'd ! What heart of flesh
Would trifle with tremendous ? dare extremes ?
Yawn o'er the fate of infinite ? What hand,
Beyond the blackest brand of censure bold,
(To speak a language too well known to thee)
Would at a moment give its all to chance,
And stamp the die for an eternity ?

Aid me, Narcissa ! aid me to keep pace
With destiny ; and ere her scissors cut
My thread of life, to break this tougher thread
Of moral death, that ties me to the world.
Sting thou my slumb'ring reason to send forth
A thought of observation on the foe ;
To sally ; and survey the rapid march
Of his ten thousand messengers to man ;
Who, Jehu-like, behind him turns them all.
All accident apart, by nature sign'd,
My warrant is gone out, though dormant yet ;
Perhaps behind one moment lurks my fate.

Must I then forward only look for death ?
Backward I turn mine eye, and find him there.
Man is a self-survivor ev'ry year.
Man, like a stream, is in perpetual flow.
Death's a destroyer of quotidian prey,
My youth, my noon-tide, his ; my yesterday ;
The bold invader shares the present hour.
Each moment on the former shuts the grave.
While man is growing, life is in decrease ;
And cradles rock us nearer to the tomb.
Our birth is nothing but our death begun ;
As tapers waste, that instant they take fire.

Shall we then fear, lest that should come to pass,
Which comes to pass each moment of our lives ?
If fear we must, let that death turn us pale,
Which murders strength and ardour ; what remains
Should rather call on death, than dread his call.
Ye partners of my fault, and my decline !
Thoughtless of death, but when your neighbour's knell
(Rude visitant !) knocks hard at your dull sense,
And with its thunder scarce obtains your ear !
Be death your theme, in ev'ry place and hour ;
Nor longer want, ye monumental sires !
A brother tomb to tell you you shall die.
That death you dread (so great is nature's skill !)
Know, you shall court before you shall enjoy.

But you are learn'd ; in volumes, deep you sit ;
In wisdom, shallow : pompous ignorance !
Would you be still more learn'd than the learn'd ?
Learn well to know how much need not be known,
And what that knowledge, which impairs your sense.
Our needful knowledge, like our needful food,

Unhedge'd, lies open in life's common field ;
And bids all welcome to the vital feast.
You scorn what lies before you in the page
Of nature, and experience, moral truth ;
Of indispensable, eternal fruit ;
Fruit, on which mortals feeding, turn to gods :
And dive in science for distinguish'd names,
Dishonest fomentation of your pride ;
Sinking in virtue, as you rise in fame.
Your learning, like the lunar beam, affords
Light, but not heat ; it leaves you undevout,
Frozen at heart, while speculation shines.
Awake, ye curious indagators ! fond
Of knowing all, but what avails you known.
If you would learn death's character, attend.
All casts of conduct, all degrees of health,
All dies of fortune, and all dates of age,
Together shook in his impartial urn,
Come forth at random : or, if choice is made,
The choice is quite sarcastic, and insults
All bold conjecture, and fond hopes of man.
What countless multitudes not only leave,
But deeply disappoint us, by their deaths !
Though great our sorrow, greater our surprise.

Like other tyrants, death delights to smite,
What, smitten, most proclaims the pride of power,
And arbitrary nod. His joy supreme,
To bid the wretch survive the fortunate ;
The feeble wrap th' athletic in his shroud ;
And weeping fathers build their children's tomb :
Me thine, Narcissa !—What though short thy date ?
Virtue, not rolling suns, the mind matures.
That life is long, which answers life's great end.
The time that bears no fruit, deserves no name ;
The man of wisdom is the man of years.
In hoary youth Methusalems may die ;
O how misdated on their flatt'ring tombs !

Narcissa's youth has lectured me thus far,
And can her gaiety give counsel too ?
That, like the Jews' famed oracle of gems,
Sparkles instruction ; such as throws new light,
And opens more the character of death ;
Ill known to thee, Lorenzo ! This thy vaunt :
" Give death his due, the wretched, and the old ;

Ev'n let him sweep his rubbish to the grave ;
Let him not violate kind nature's laws,
But own man born to live as well as die."
Wretched and old thou givest him ; young and gay
He takes ; and plunder is a tyrant's joy.
What if I prove, " The farthest from the fear,
Are often nearest to the stroke of Fate ?"

All, more than common, menaces an end.

A blaze betokens brevity of life :

As if bright embers should emit a flame,
Glad spirits sparkled from Narcissa's eye,
And made youth younger, and taught life to live,
As nature's opposites wage endless war,
For this offence, as treason to the deep
Inviolable stupor of his reign,
Where lust, and turbulent ambition, sleep,
Death took swift vengeance. As he life detests,
More life is still more odious ; and, reduced
By conquest, aggrandises more his power.
But wherefore aggrandised ? By Heaven's decree,
To plant the soul on her eternal guard,
In awful expectation of our end.

Thus runs death's dread commission : " Strike, but so,
As most alarms the living by the dead."

Hence stratagem delights him, and surprise,
And cruel sport with man's securities.

Not simple conquest, triumph is his aim ;
And, where least fear'd, their conquest triumphs most.
This proves my bold assertion not too bold.

What are his arts to lay our fears asleep ?

Tiberian arts his purposes wrap up

In deep dissimulation's darkest night.

Like princes unconfess'd in foreign courts,

Who travel under cover, death assumes

The name and look of life, and dwells among us.

He takes all shapes that serve his black designs :

Though master of a wider empire far

Than that, o'er which the Roman eagle flew.

Like Nero, he's a fiddler, charioteer,

Or drives his phaeton, in female guise ;

Quite unsuspected, till, the wheel beneath,

His disarray'd oblation he devours.

He most affects the forms least like himself,
His slender self. Hence burly corpulence



Then, foremost at the lampiet and the ball,
Heath leads the dance, or stamps the deadly cue,
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown



Is his familiar wear, and sleek disguise.
Behind the rosy bloom he loves to lurk,
Or ambush in a smile ; or wanton dive
In dimples deep ; love's eddies, which draw in
Unwary hearts, and sink them in despair.
Such, on Narcissa's couch he loiter'd long
Unknown ; and, when detected, still was seen,
To smile ; such peace has innocence in death !
Most happy they ! whom least his arts deceive.
One eye on death, and one full fix'd on heaven,
Becomes a mortal, and immortal man.
Long on his wiles a piqued, and jealous spy,
I've seen, or dreamt I saw, the tyrant dress ;
Lay by his horrors, and put on his smiles.
Say, muse, for thou remember'st, call it back,
And show Lorenzo the surprising scene ;
If 'twas a dream, his genius can explain.

'Twas in a circle of the gay I stood.
Death would have enter'd ; Nature push'd him back ;
Supported by a doctor of renown,
His point he gain'd. Then artfully dismiss'd
The sage ; for death design'd to be conceal'd.
He gave an old vivacious usurer
His meagre aspect, and his naked bones ;
In gratitude for plumping up his prey,
A pamper'd spendthrift ; whose fantastic air,
Well-fashion'd figure, and cockaded brow,
He took in change, and underneath the pride
Of costly linen, tuck'd his filthy shroud.
His crookèd bow he straighten'd to a cane ;
And hid his deadly shafts in Myra's eye.

The dreadful masquerader, thus equip'd,
Out-sallies on adventures. Ask you where ?
Where is he not ? For his peculiar haunts,
Let this suffice ; sure as night follows day,
Death treads in pleasure's footsteps round the world,
When pleasure treads the paths, which reason shuns.
When, against reason, riot shuts the door,
And gaiety supplies the place of sense,
Then, foremost at the banquet and the ball,
Death leads the dance, or stamps the deadly die ;
Nor ever fails the midnight bowl to crown.
Gaily carousing to his gay compeers,
Inly he laughs, to see them laugh at him,

As absent far : and when the revel burns,
When fear is banished, and triumphant thought,
Calling for all the joys beneath the moon,
Against him turns the key ; and bids him sup
With their progenitors—he drops his mask ;
Frowns out at full ; they start, despair, expire.

Scarce with more sudden terror and surprise,
From his black masque of nitre, touch'd by fire,
He bursts, expands, roars, blazes, and devours.
And is not this triumphant treachery,
And more than simple conquest, in the fiend ?

And now, Lorenzo, dost thou wrap thy soul
In soft security, because unknown
Which moment is commission'd to destroy ?
In death's uncertainty thy danger lies.
Is death uncertain ? Therefore thou be fix'd ;
Fix'd as a sentinel, all eye, all ear,
All expectation of the coming foe.
Rouse, stand in arms, nor lean against thy spear ;
Lest slumber steal one moment o'er thy soul,
And fate surprise thee nodding. Watch, be strong ;
Thus give each day the merit, and renown,
Of dying well ; though doom'd but once to die.
Nor let life's period hidden (as from most)
Hide too from thee the precious use of life.

Early, not sudden, was Narcissa's fate.
Soon, not surprising, death his visit paid.
Her thought went forth to meet him on his way,
Nor gaiety forgot it was to die :
Though fortune too (our third and final theme),
As an accomplice, play'd her gaudy plumes,
And ev'ry glitt'ring gewgaw, on her sight,
To dazzle, and debauch it from its mark.
Death's dreadful advent is the mark of man ;
And every thought that misses it, is blind.
Fortune, with youth and gaiety, conspired
To weave a triple wreath of happiness
(If happiness on earth) to crown her brow.
And could death charge through such a shining shield ?

That shining shield invites the tyrant's spear,
As if to damp our elevated aims,
And strongly preach humility to man.
O how portentous is prosperity !
How, comet-like, it threatens, while it shines !

Few years but yield us proof of death's ambition,
To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre, of the public eye,
When fortune thus has toss'd her child in air,
Snatch'd from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy ! and our evening's sigh !
As if her bounties were the signal given,
The flow'ry wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call death's arrows on the destined prey.

High fortune seems in cruel league with fate.
Ask you for what ? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil ;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime
Of life ? to hang his airy nest on high,
On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
Rock'd at each breeze, and menacing a fall ?
Granting grim death at equal distance there ;
Yet peace begins just where ambition ends.
What makes man wretched ? Happiness denied ?
Lorenzo ! no : 'Tis happiness disdain'd.
She comes too meanly dress'd to win our smile ;
And calls herself Content, a homely name !
Our flame is transport, and content our scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead ;
A tempest to warm transport near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise ;
And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace ;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth !
Of fortune fond ! as thoughtless of thy fate !
As late I drew death's picture, to stir up
Thy wholesome fears ; now, drawn in contrast, see
Gay fortune's, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See, high in air, the sportive goddess hangs,
Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad

Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All rush rapacious ; friends o'er trodden friends ;
Sons o'er their fathers, subjects o'er their kings,
Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair,
(Still more adored) to snatch the golden shower.

Gold glitters most, where virtue shines no more :
As stars from absent sons have leave to shine.

O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennell'd from the prisons, and the stews,
Pour in, all op'ning in their idol's praise ;
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide-expanding their voracious jaws,
Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
Untasted, through mad appetite for more ;
Gorged to the throat, yet lean and rav'nous still.
Sagacious all, to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance !)
Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch, they fly,
O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning scent of place or power,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.

Or, if for men you take them, as I mark
Their manners, thou their various fates survey.
With aim mis-measured, and impetuous speed,
Some darting, strike their ardent wish far off,
Through fury to possess it : some succeed,
But stumble, and let fall the taken prize.
For some, by sudden blasts, 'tis whirl'd away,
And lodged in bosoms that ne'er dreamt of gain.
To some it sticks so close, that, when torn off,
Torn is the man, and mortal is the wound.
Some, o'er-enamour'd of their bags, run mad,
Groan under gold, yet weep for want of bread.
Together some (unhappy rivals ! (seize,
And rend abundance into poverty ;
Loud croaks the raven of the law, and smiles :
Smiles too the goddess ; but smiles most at those,
(Just victims of exorbitant desire !)
Who perish at their own request, and, whelm'd
Beneath her load of lavish grants, expire.
Fortune is famous for her numbers slain,
The number small, which happiness can bear.
Though various for a while their fates ; at last
One curse involves them all : at death's approach,

All read their riches backward into loss,
And mourn, in just proportion to their store.
And death's approach (if orthodox my song)
Is hasten'd by the lure of fortune's smiles.
And art thou still a glutton of bright gold ?
And art thou still rapacious of thy ruin ?
Death loves a shining mark, a signal blow ;
A blow, which, while it executes, alarms ;
And startles thousands with a single fall.
As when some stately growth of oak, or pine,
Which nods aloft, and proudly spreads her shade,
The sun's defiance, and the flock's defence ;
By the strong strokes of lab'ring hinds subdued,
Loud groans her last, and, rushing from her height,
In cumbrous ruin, thunders to the ground :
The conscious forest trembles at the shock,
And hill, and stream, and distant dale, resound.

These high-aim'd darts of death, and these alone,
Should I collect, my quiver would be full.
A quiver, which, suspended in mid-air,
Or near heaven's archer, in the zodiac, hung,
(So could it be) should draw the public eye,
The gaze and contemplation of mankind !
A constellation awful, yet benign,
To guide the gay through life's tempestuous wave ;
Nor suffer them to strike the common rock,
" From greater danger to grow more secure,
And, wrapt in happiness, forget their fate."

Lysander, happy past the common lot,
Was warn'd of danger, but too gay to fear.
He woo'd the fair Aspasia : she was kind :
In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest :
All who knew, envied ; yet in envy loved :
Can fancy form more finish'd happiness ?
Fix'd was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
Rose on the sounding beach. The glittering spires
Float in the wave, and break against the shore :
So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
The faithless morning smiled : he takes his leave,
To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
The rising storm forbids. The news arrives.
Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel) ;
And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid

In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
 Now, round the sumptuous, bridal monument,
 The guilty billows innocently roar ;
 And the rough sailors passing, drop a tear.
A tear?—Can tears suffice?—But not for me
 How vain our efforts ! and our arts, how vain !
 The distant train of thought I took, to shun,
 Has thrown me on my fate—These died together ;
 Happy in ruin ; undivorced by death !
 Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er to part, is peace—
 Narcissa ! Pity bleeds at thought of thee.
 Yet thou wast only near me ; not myself.
 Survive myself?—That cures all other woe.
 Narcissa lives ; Philander is forgot.
 O the soft commerce ! O the tender ties,
 Close-twisted with the fibres of the heart !
 Which, broken, break them ; and drain off the soul
 Of human joy ; and make it pain to live—
 And is it then to live ? When such friends part,
 'Tis the survivor dies—My heart, no more.

NIGHT VI.

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED :

CONTAINING THE NATURE, PROOF, AND IMPORTANCE OF IMMORTALITY

PART I.

WHERE, AMONG OTHER THINGS, GLORY AND RICHES ARE PARTICULARLY
 CONSIDERED.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE HENRY PELHAM.

PREFACE.

Few ages have been deeper in dispute about religion than this. The dispute about religion, and the practice of it, seldom go together. The shorter, therefore, the dispute, the better. I think it may be reduced to this single question, Is man immortal, or is he not? If he is not, all our disputes are mere amusements, or trials of skill. In this case, truth, reason, religion, which give our discourses such pomp and solemnity, are (as will be shown) mere empty sounds, without any meaning in them. But if man is immortal, it will behove him to be very serious about eternal consequences ; or, in other words, to be truly religious. And this great fundamental truth, unestablished, or unawakened in the minds of men, is, I conceive, the real source and support of all our infidelity ; how remote soever the particular objections advanced may seem to be from it.

Sensible appearances affect most men much more than abstract reasonings ; and we daily see bodies drop around us, but the soul is invisible. The power which inclination has over the judgment is greater than can

be well conceived by those that have not had an experience of it; and of what numbers is it the sad interest that souls should not survive! The heathen world confessed, that they rather hoped, than firmly believed immortality! And how many heathens have we still amongst us! The sacred page assures us, that life and immortality is brought to light by the Gospel: but by how many is the Gospel rejected, or overlooked! From these considerations, and from my being, accidentally, privy to the sentiments of some particular persons, I have been long persuaded that most, if not all, our infidels (whatever name they take, and whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronise) are supported in their deplorable error, by some doubt of their immortality, at the bottom. And I am satisfied, that men once thoroughly convinced of their immortality, are not far from being Christians. For it is hard to conceive, that a man fully conscious eternal pain or happiness will certainly be his lot, should not earnestly, and impartially, inquire after the surest means of escaping one, and securing the other. And of such an earnest and impartial inquiry, I well know the consequence.

Here, therefore, in proof of this most fundamental truth, some plain arguments are offered; arguments derived from principles which infidels admit in common with believers; arguments, which appear to me altogether irresistible; and such as, I am satisfied, will have great weight with all who give themselves the small trouble of looking seriously into their own bosoms, and of observing, with any tolerable degree of attention, what daily passes round about them in the world. If some arguments shall here occur, which others have declined, they are submitted, with all deference to better judgments in this, of all points the most important. For, as to the being of a God, that is no longer disputed; but it is undisputed for this reason only; viz., because, where the least pretence to reason is admitted, it must for ever be indisputable. And of consequence no man can be betrayed into a dispute of that nature by vanity; which has a principle share in animating our modern combatants against other articles of our belief.

SHE ¹ (for I know not yet her name in heaven)
Not early, like Narcissa, left the scene;
Nor sudden, like Philander. What avail?
This seeming mitigation but inflames;
This fancied medicine heightens the disease.
The longer known, the closer still she grew;
And gradual parting is a gradual death.
'Tis the grim tyrant's engine, which extorts,
By tardy pressure's still-increasing weight,
From hardest hearts, confession of distress.

O the long, dark approach through years of pain,
Death's gallery! (might I dare to call it so)
With dismal doubt, and sable terror hung;
Sick hope's pale lamp its only glimm'ring ray:
There, fate my melancholy walk ordain'd,
Forbid self-love itself to flatter, there.

¹ Referring to Night V.

How oft I gazed, prophetically sad !
How oft I saw her dead, while yet in smiles !
In smiles she sunk her grief to lessen mine.
She spoke me comfort, and increased my pain.
Like powerful armies trenching at a town,
By slow, and silent, but resistless sap,
In his pale progress gently gaining ground,
Death urged his deadly siege ; in spite of art,
Of all the balmy blessings nature lends
To succour frail humanity. Ye stars !
(Not now first made familiar to my sight)
And thou, O moon ! bear witness ; many a night
He tore the pillow from beneath my head,
Tied down my sore attention to the shock,
By ceaseless depredations on a life
Dearer than that he left me. Dreadful post
Of observation ! darker ev'ry hour !
Less dread the day that drove me to the brink,
And pointed at eternity below ;
When my soul shudder'd at futurity ;
When, on a moment's point, th' important die
Of life and death spun doubtful, ere it fell,
And turn'd up life ; my title to more woe.

But why more woe ? More comfort let it be.
Nothing is dead, but that which wish'd to die ;
Nothing is dead, but wretchedness and pain ;
Nothing is dead, but what incumber'd, gall'd,
Block'd up the pass, and barr'd from real life.
Where dwells that wish most ardent of the wise ?
Too dark the sun to see it ; highest stars
Too low to reach it ; death, great death alone,
O'er stars and sun, triumphant, lands us there.

Nor dreadful our transition ; though the mind
An artist at creating self-alarms,
Rich in expedients for inquietude,
Is prone to paint it dreadful. Who can take
Death's portrait true ? The tyrant never sat.
Our sketch all random strokes, conjecture all ;
Close shuts the grave, nor tells one single tale.
Death, and his image rising in the brain,
Bear faint resemblance ; never are alike ;
Fear shakes the pencil ; fancy loves excess ;
Dark ignorance is lavish of her shades :
And these the formidable picture draw.

But grant the worst ; 'tis past ; new prospects rise ;
And drop a veil eternal o'er her tomb.
Far other views our contemplation claim,
Views that o'erpay the rigours of our life ;
Views that suspend our agonies in death.
Wrapt in the thought of immortality,
Wrapt in the single, the triumphant thought !
Long life might lapse, age unperceived come on ;
And find the soul unsated with her theme.
Its nature, proof, importance, fire my song.
O that my song could emulate my soul !
Like her, immortal. No !—the soul disdains
A mark so mean ; far nobler hope inflames ;
If endless ages can outweigh an hour,
Let not the laurel, but the palm, inspire.

Thy nature, immortality ! who knows ?
And yet who knows it not ? It is but life
In stronger thread of brighter colour spun,
And spun for ever ; dipt by cruel fate
In Stygian dye, how black, how brittle here !
How short our correspondence with the sun !
And while it lasts, inglorious ! Our best deeds,
How wanting in their weight ! Our highest joys
Small cordials to support us in our pain,
And give us strength to suffer. But how great
To mingle interests, converse, amities,
With all the sons of reason, scatter'd wide
Through habitable space, wherever born,
Howe'er endow'd ! To live free citizens
Of universal nature ! To lay hold
By more than feeble faith on the Supreme !
To call heaven's rich unfathomable mines
(Mines, which support archangels in their state
Our own ! To rise in science, as in bliss,
Initiate in the secrets of the skies !
To read creation ; read its mighty plan
In the bare bosom of the Deity !
The plan, and execution, to collate !
To see, before each glance of piercing thought,
All cloud, all shadow, blown remote ; and leave
No mystery—but that of love divine,
Which lifts us on the seraph's flaming wing,
From earth's aceldama, this field of blood,
Of inward anguish, and of outward ill,

From darkness, and from dust, to such a scene !
 Love's element ! true joy's illustrious home !
 From earth's sad contrast (now deplored) more fair !
 What exquisite vicissitude of fate !
 Bless'd absolution of our blackest hour !

Lorenzo, these are thoughts that make man man,
 The wise illumine, aggrandise the great.
 How great (while yet we tread the kindred clod,
 And ev'ry moment fear to sink beneath
 The clod we tread ; soon trodden by our sons)
 How great, in the wild whirl of time's pursuits,
 To stop, and pause, involved in high presage,
 Through the long vista of a thousand years,
 To stand contemplating our distant selves,
 As in a magnifying mirror seen,
 Enlarged, ennobled, elevate, divine !
 To prophesy our own futurities ;
 To gaze in thought on what all thought transcends !
 To talk, with fellow-candidates, of joys
 As far beyond conception as desert,
 Ourselves the astonish'd talkers, and the tale !

Lorenzo, swells thy bosom at the thought ?
 The swell becomes thee : 'tis an honest pride.
 Revere thyself ;—and yet thyself despise.
 His nature no man can o'er-rate ; and none
 Can underrate his merit. Take good heed,
 Nor there be modest, where thou shouldst be proud ;
 That almost universal error shun.
 How just our pride, when we behold those heights !
 Not those ambition paints in air, but those
 Reason points out, and ardent virtue gains ;
 And angels emulate ; our pride how just !
 When mount we ? When these shackles cast ? When
 quit

This cell of the creation ? This small nest,
 Stuck in a corner of the universe,
 Wrapp'd up in fleecy cloud, and fine-spun air ?
 Fine-spun to sense ; but gross and feculent
 To souls celestial ; souls ordain'd to breathe
 Ambrosial gales, and drink a purer sky ;
 Greatly triumphant on time's farther shore,
 Where virtue reigns, enrich'd with full arrears ;
 While pomp imperial begs an alms of peace.

In empire high, or in proud science deep,

Ye born of earth ! on what can you confer,
With half the dignity, with half the gain,
The gust, the glow of rational delight,
As on this theme, which angels praise and share !
Man's fates and favours are a theme in heaven.

What wretched repetition cloy us here !
What periodic potions for the sick !
Distemper'd bodies ! and distemper'd minds !
In an eternity, what scenes shall strike !
Adventures thicken ! novelties surprise !
What webs of wonder shall unravel, there !
What full day pour on all the paths of heaven,
And light the Almighty's footsteps in the deep !
How shall the blessed day of our discharge
Unwind, at once, the labyrinths of fate,
And straighten its inextricable maze !

If inextinguishable thirst in man
To know ; how rich, how full, our banquet there !
There, not the moral world alone unfolds ;
The world material, lately seen in shades,
And, in those shades, by fragments only seen,
And seen those fragments by the lab'ring eye,
Unbroken, then, illustrious, and entire,
Its ample sphere, its universal frame,
In full dimensions, swells to the survey ;
And enters, at one glance, the ravish'd sight.
From some superior point (where, who can tell ?
Suffice it, 'tis a point where gods reside)
How shall the stranger man's illumined eye,
In the vast ocean of unbounded space,
Behold an infinite of floating worlds
Divide the crystal waves of ether pure,
In endless voyage, without port ? the least
Of these disseminated orbs, how great !
Great as they are, what numbers these surpass,
Huge, as Leviathan, to that small race,
Those twinkling multitudes of little life,
He swallows unperceived ! stupendous these !
Yet what are these stupendous to the whole ?
As particles, as atoms ill-perceived ;
As circulating globules in our veins ;
So vast the plan. Fecundity divine !
Exub'rant source ! perhaps, I wrong thee still.

If admiration is a source of joy,

What transport hence ! yet this the least in heaven.
What this to that illustrious robe he wears,
Who toss'd this mass of wonders from his hand,
A specimen, an earnest of his power ?
'Tis to that glory, whence all glory flows,
As the mead's meanest floweret to the sun,
Which gave it birth. But what, this sun of heaven ?
This bliss supreme of the supremely blest ?
Death, only death, the question can resolve.
By death, cheap-bought the ideas of our joy ;
The bare ideas ! solid happiness
So distant from its shadow chased below.

And chase we still the phantom through the fire,
O'er bog, and brake, and precipice, till death ?
And toil we still for sublunary pay ?
Defy the dangers of the field and flood,
Or, spider-like, spin out our precious all,
Our more than vitals spin (if no regard
To great futurity) in curious webs
Of subtle thought, and exquisite design ;
(Fine net-work of the brain !) to catch a fly !
The momentary buzz of vain renown !
A name ! a mortal immortality !

Or (meaner still !) instead of grasping air,
For sordid lucre plunge me in the mire ;
Drudge, sweat, through every shame, for ev'ry gain,
For vile contaminating trash ; throw up
Our hope in heaven, our dignity with man ?
And deify the dirt, matured to gold ?
Ambition, avarice ; the two demons these,
Which goad through every slough our human herd,
Hard-travell'd from the cradle to the grave.
How low the wretches stoop ! how steep they climb !
These demons burn mankind ; but most possess
Lorenzo's bosom, and turn out the skies.

Is it in time to hide eternity ?
And why not in an atom on the shore
To cover ocean ? or a mote, the sun ?
Glory and wealth ! have they this blinding power ?
What if to them I prove Lorenzo blind ?
Would it surprise thee ? be thou then surpris'd ;
Thou *neither* know'st : their nature learn from me.

Mark well, as foreign as these subjects seem,
What close connection ties them to my theme.

First, what is true ambition? the pursuit
Of glory, nothing less than man can share.
Were they as vain, as gaudy-minded man,
As flatulent with fumes of self-applause,
Their arts and conquests animals might boast,
And claim their laurel crowns, as well as we ;
But not celestial. Here we stand alone ;
As in our form, distinct, pre-eminent ;
If prone in thought, our stature is our shame ;
And man should blush, his forehead meets the skies.
The visible and present are for brutes,
A slender portion ! and a narrow bound !
These reason, with an energy divine,
O'erleaps ; and claims the future and unseen ;
The vast unseen ! the future fathomless !
When the great soul buoys up to this high point,
Leaving gross nature's sediments below,
Then, and then only, Adam's offspring quits
The sage and hero of the fields and woods,
Asserts his rank, and rises into man.
This is ambition : this is human fire.

Can parts or place (two bold pretenders !) make
Lorenzo great, and pluck him from the throng ?

Genius and art, ambition's boasted wings,
Our boast but ill deserve. A feeble aid !
Dedalian engin'ry ! if these alone
Assist our flight, fame's flight is glory's fall.
Heart merit wanting, mount we ne'er so high,
Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
A celebrated wretch, when I behold,
When I behold a genius bright, and base,
Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims ;
Methink I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
With rubbish mix'd, and glittering in the dust.
Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
At once compassion soft, and envy, rise——
But wherefore envy? talents angel-bright,
If wanting worth, are shining instruments
In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

Great ill is an achievement of great powers.
Plain sense but rarely leads us far astray.
Reason the means, affections choose our end ;

Means have no merit, if our end amiss.
If wrong our hearts, our heads are right in vain ;
What is a Pelham's head, to Pelham's heart ?
Hearts are proprietors of all applause.
Right ends, and means, make wisdom : worldly-wise
Is but half-witted, at its highest praise.

Let genius then despair to make thee great ;
Nor flatter station : what is station high ?
'Tis a proud mendicant ; it boasts, and begs ;
It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
And oft the throng denies its charity.
Monarchs and ministers, are awful names ;
Whoever wear them, challenge our devoir.
Religion, public order, both exact
External homage, and a supple knee,
To beings pompously set up, to serve
The meanest slave ; *all* more is merit's due,
Her sacred and inviolable right ;
Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth ;
Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,
And vote the mantle into majesty.
Let the small savage boast his silver fur ;
His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
His own, descending fairly from his sires.
Shall man be proud to wear his livery,
And souls in ermine scorn a soul without ?
Can place or lessen us, or aggrandise ?
Pygmies are pygmies still, though perch'd on alps ;
And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
Each man makes his own stature, builds himself :
Virtue alone out-builds the pyramids :
Her monuments shall last, when Egypt's fall.

Of these sure truths dost thou demand the cause ?
The cause is lodged in immortality.
Hear, and assent. Thy bosom burns for power ;
What station charms thee ? I'll install thee there ;
'Tis thine. And art thou greater than before ?
Then thou before wast something less than man.
Has thy new post betray'd thee into pride ?
That treach'rous pride betrays thy dignity ;
That pride defames humanity, and calls
The being mean, which staffs or strings can raise.

That pride, like hooded hawks, in darkness soars,
From blindness bold, and tow'ring to the skies.
'Tis born of ignorance, which knows not man :
An angel's second ; nor his second, long.
A Nero quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling string,
But faintly shadows an immortal soul,
With empire's self, to pride, or rapture, fired,
If nobler motives minister no cure,
Even vanity forbids thee to be vain.

High worth is elevated place : 'tis more ;
It makes the post stand candidate for thee ;
Makes more than monarchs, makes an honest man ;
Though no exchequer it commands, 'tis wealth ;
And though it wears no riband, 'tis renown ;
Renown, that would not quite thee, though disgraced,
Nor leave thee pendent on a master's smile.
Other ambition nature interdicts ;
Nature proclaims it most absurd in man,
By pointing at his origin and end ;
Milk, and a swathe, at first, his whole demand ;
His whole domain, at last, a turf, or stone ;
To whom, between, a world may seem too small.

Souls truly great dart forward on the wing
Of just ambition, to the grand result,
The curtain's fall ; there, see the buskin'd chief
Unshod behind this momentary scene ;
Reduced to his own stature, low or high,
As vice, or virtue, sinks him, or sublimes ;
And laugh at this fantastic mummerly,
This antic prelude of grotesque events,
Where dwarfs are often stilted, and betray
A littleness of soul by worlds o'errun,
And nations laid in blood. Dread sacrifice
To Christain pride ! which had with horror shock'd
The darkest pagans, offer'd to their gods.

O thou *most Christian*¹ enemy to peace !
Again in arms ? Again provoking fate ?
That prince, and that alone, is truly great,
Who draws the sword reluctant, gladly sheaths ;
On empire builds what empire far outweighs,
And makes his throne a scaffold to the skies.

Why this so rare ? because forgot of all

¹ Title assumed by Kings of France.

The day of death ; that venerable day,
Which sits as judge ; that day, which shall pronounce
On all our days, absolve them, or condemn.
Lorenzo, never shut thy thought against it ;
Be levees ne'er so full, afford it room,
And give it audience in the cabinet.
That friend consulted, flatteries apart,
Will tell thee fair, if thou art great, or mean.

To dote on aught may leave us, or be left,
Is that ambition ? then let flames descend,
Point to the centre their inverted spires,
And learn humiliation from a soul,
Which boast her lineage from celestial fire.
Yet these are they the world pronounces wise ;
The world, which cancels nature's right and wrong,
And casts new wisdom : ev'n the grave man lends
His solemn face, to countenance the coin.
Wisdom for parts is madness for the whole.
This stamps the paradox, and gives us leave
To call the wisest weak, the richest poor,
The most ambitious, unambitious, mean ;
In triumph, mean ; and abject, on a throne.
Nothing can make it less than mad in man,
To put forth all his ardour, all his art,
And give his soul her full unbounded flight,
But reaching him, who gave her wings to fly.
When blind ambition quite mistakes her road,
And downward pores, for that which shines above,
Substantial happiness, and true renown ;
Then, like an idiot, gazing on the brook,
We leap at stars, and fasten in the mud ;
At glory grasp, and sink in infamy.

Ambition ! powerful source of good and ill !
Thy strength in man, like length of wing in birds,
When disengaged from earth, with greater ease
And swifter flight transports us to the skies ;
By toys entangled, or in guilt bemired,
It turns a curse ; it is our chain, and scourge,
In this dark dungeon, where confined we lie,
Close grated by the sordid bars of sense ;
All prospect of eternity shut out :
And, but for execution, ne'er set free.

With error in ambition justly charged,
Find we Lorenzo wiser in his wealth ?

What if thy rental I reform ! and draw
An inventory new to set thee right ?
Where, thy true treasure ? Gold says, " Not in me : "
And, " Not in me," the diamond. Gold is poor ;
India's insolvent : Seek it in thyself,
Seek in thy naked self, and find it there ;
In being so descended, form'd, endow'd ;
Sky-born, sky-guided, sky-returning race !
Erect, immortal, rational, divine !
In senses, which inherit earth, and heavens ;
Enjoy the various riches nature yields ;
Far nobler ! give the riches they enjoy ;
Give taste to fruits ; and harmony to groves ;
Their radiant beams to gold, and gold's bright fire ;
Take in, at once, the landscape of the world,
At a small inlet, which a grain might close,
And half create the wondrous world they see.
Our senses, as our reason, are divine.
But for the magic organ's powerful charm,
Earth were a rude, uncolour'd chaos still.
Objects are but th' occasion ; ours th' exploit ;
Ours is the cloth, the pencil, and the paint,
Which nature's admirable picture draws ;
And beautifies creation's ample dome.
Like Milton's Eve, when gazing on the lake,
Man makes the matchless image, man admires,
Say then, shall man, his thoughts all sent abroad,
Superior wonders in himself forgot,
His admiration waste on objects round,
When heaven makes him the soul of all he sees ?
Absurd ; not rare ! so great, so mean, is man.

What wealth in senses such as these ! What wealth
In fancy, fired to form a fairer scene
Than sense surveys ! In mem'ry's firm record,
Which, should it perish, could this world recall
From the dark shadows of o'erwhelming years !
In colours fresh, originally bright,
Preserve its portrait, and report its fate !
What wealth in intellect, that sov'reign power !
Which sense and fancy summons to the bar ;
Interrogates, approves, or reprehends ;
And from the mass those underlings import,
From their materials sifted, and refined,
And in truth's balance accurately weigh'd,

Forms art, and science, government, and law ;
 The solid basis, and the beauteous frame,
 The vitals, and the grace of civil life !
 And manners (sad exception !) set aside,
 Strikes out, with master hand, a copy fair
 Of His idea, whose indulgent thought
 Long, long, ere chaos teen'd, plann'd human bliss.

What wealth in souls that soar, dive, range around,
 Disdaining limit, or from place, or time ;
 And hear at once, in thought extensive, hear
 Th' almighty fiat, and the trumpet's sound !
 Bold, on creation's outside walk, and view
 What was, and is, and more than e'er shall be ;
 Commanding, with omnipotence of thought,
 Creations new in fancy's field to rise !
 Souls, that can grasp whate'er the Almighty made,
 And wander wild through things impossible !
 What wealth, in faculties of endless growth,
 In quenchless passions violent to crave,
 In liberty to choose, in power to reach,
 And in duration (how thy riches rise !)
 Duration to perpetuate——boundless bliss !

Ask you, what power resides in feeble man
 That bliss to gain ? Is virtue's, then, unknown ?
 Virtue, our present peace, our future prize.
 Man's unprecious, natural estate,
 Improvable at will, in virtue lies ;
 Its tenure sure ; its income is divine.

High-built abundance, heap on heap ! for what ?
 To breed new wants, and beggar us the more ;
 Then, make a richer scramble for the throng ?
 Soon as this feeble pulse, which leaps so long
 Almost by miracle, is tired with play,
 Like rubbish from dislodging engines thrown,
 Our magazines of hoarded trifles fly ;
 Fly diverse ; fly to foreigners, to foes ;
 New masters court, and call the former fool
 (How justly !) for dependence on their stay
 Wide scatter, first, our play-things ; then, our dust.

Dost court abundance for the sake of peace ?
 Learn, and lament thy self-defeated scheme :
 Riches enable to be richer still ;
 And richer still, what mortal can resist ?
 Thus wealth (a cruel task-master !) enjoins

New toils, succeeding toils, an endless train !
And murders peace, which taught it first to shine.
The poor are half as wretched as the rich ;
Whose proud and painful privilege it is,
At once, to bear a double load of woe ;
To feel the stings of envy and of want,
Outrageous want ! both Indies cannot cure.

A competence is vital to content.
Much wealth is corpulence, if not disease ;
Sick, or incumber'd, is our happiness,
A competence is all we can enjoy.
O be content, where heaven can give no more !
More, like a flash of water from a lock,
Quickens our spirits' movement for an hour ;
But soon its force is spent, nor rise our joys
Above our native temper's common stream.
Hence disappointment lurks in ev'ry prize,
As bees in flowers ; and stings us with success.

The rich man, who denies it, proudly feigns ;
Nor knows the wise are privy to the lie.
Much learning shows how little mortals know ;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy ;
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amazed,
They fail to find what they so plainly see ;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade ;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

How few can rescue opulence from want
Who lives to nature, rarely can be poor ;
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt ; the man of gold,
In debt to fortune, trembles at her power.
The man of reason smiles at her, and death.
O what a patrimony this ! a being
Of such inherent strength and majesty,
Not worlds possess'd can raise it ; worlds destroy'd
Can't injure ; which holds on its glorious course,
When thine, O Nature ! ends ; too bless'd to mourn
Creation's obsequies. What treasure, this !
The monarch is a beggar to the man.

Immortal ! ages past, yet nothing gone !

Morn without eve ! a race without a goal !
Unshorten'd by progression infinite !
Futurity for ever future ! Life
Beginning still where computation ends !
'Tis the description of a Deity !
'Tis the description of the meanest slave :
The meanest slave dares then Lorenzo scorn ?
The meanest slave thy sov'reign glory shares.
Proud youth ! fastidious of the lower world !
Man's lawful pride includes humility ;
Stoops to the lowest ; is too great to find
Inferiors ; all immortal ! brothers all !
Proprietors eternal of thy love.

Immortal ! what can strike the sense so strong,
As this the soul ? it thunders to the thought ;
Reason amazes ; gratitude o'erwhelms ;
No more we slumber on the brink of fate ;
Rous'd at the sound, the exulting soul ascends,
And breathes her native air ; an air that feeds
Ambitions high, and fans ethereal fires ;
Quick kindles all that is divine within us ;
Nor leaves one loit'ring thought beneath the stars.

Has not Lorenzo's bosom caught the flame ?
Immortal ! were but one immortal, how
Would others envy ! how would thrones adore !
Because 'tis common, is the blessing lost ?
How this ties up the bounteous hand of heaven !
O vain, vain, vain, all else ! eternity !
A glorious, and a needful refuge, that,
From vile imprisonment, in abject views.
'Tis immortality, 'tis that alone,
Amid life's pains, abasements, emptiness,
The soul can comfort, elevate, and fill.
That only, and that amply, this performs ;
Lifts us above life's pains, her joys above ;
Their terror those, and these their lustre lose ;
Eternity depending covers all ;
Eternity depending all achieves ;
Sets earth at distance ; casts her into shades ;
Blends her distinctions ; abrogates her powers ;
The low, the lofty, joyous, and severe,
Fortune's dread frowns, and fascinating smiles,
Make one promiscuous and neglected heap,
The man beneath ; if I may call him man,

Whom immortality's full force inspires.
Nothing terrestrial touches his high thought ;
Suns shine unseen, and thunders roll unheard,
By minds quite conscious of their high descent,
Their present province, and their future prize ;
Divinely darting upward every wish,
Warm on the wing, in glorious absence lost !

Doubt you this truth ? why labours your belief ?
If earth's whole orb by some due distanced eye
Were seen at once, her tow'ring Alps would sink,
And levell'd Atlas leave an even sphere.
Thus earth, and all that earthly minds admire,
Is swallow'd in eternity's vast round.
To that stupendous view, when souls awake,
So large of late, so mountainous to man,
Time's toys subside ; and equal all below.

Enthusiastic, this ? then all are weak,
But rank enthusiasts. To this godlike height
Some souls have soar'd ; or martyrs ne'er had bled,
And all may do, what has by man been done.
Who, beaten by these sublunary storms,
Boundless, interminable joys can weigh,
Unraptured, unexalted, uninflamed ?
What slave unblest'd, who from to-morrow's dawn
Expects an empire ! he forgets his chain,
And, throned in thought, his absent sceptre waves.

And what a sceptre waits us ! what a throne !
Her own immense appointments to compute,
Or comprehend her high prerogatives,
In this her dark minority, how toils,
How vainly pants, the human soul divine !
Too great the bounty seems for earthly joy ;
What heart but trembles at so strange a bliss ?

In spite of all the truths the muse has sung,
Ne'er to be prized enough ! enough revolved !
Are there who wrap the world so close about them,
They see no farther than the clouds ; and dance
On heedless vanity's fantastic toe,
Till, stumbling at a straw, in their career,
Headlong they plunge, where end both dance and song ?
Are there, Lorenzo ? Is it possible ?
Are there on earth (let me not call them men)
Who lodge a soul immortal in their breasts ;
Unconscious as the mountain of its ore ;

Or rock, of its inestimable gem ?
When rocks shall melt, and mountains vanish, these
Shall know their treasure ; treasure, then, no more.

Are there (still more amazing !) who resist
The rising thought ? who smother, in its birth,
The glorious truth ? who struggle to be brutes ?
Who through this bosom-barrier burst their way,
And, with reversed ambition, strive to sink ?
Who labour downwards through the opposing powers
Of instinct, reason, and the world against them,
To dismal hopes, and shelter in the shock
Of endless night ; night darker than the grave's ?
Who fight the proofs of immortality ?
With horrid zeal, and execrable arts,
Work all their engines, level their black fires,
To blot from man this attribute divine,
(Than vital blood far dearer to the wise)
Blasphemers, and rank atheists to themselves ?

To contradict them, see all nature rise !
What object, what event, the moon beneath,
But argues, or endears, an after-scene ?
To reason proves, or weds it to desire ?
All things proclaim it needful ; some advance
One precious step beyond, and prove it sure.
A thousand arguments swarm round my pen,
From heaven, and earth, and man. Indulge a few,
By nature, as her common habit, worn ;
So pressing Providence a truth to teach,
Which truth untaught, all other truths were vain.

Thou ! whose all-providential eye surveys,
Whose hand directs, whose spirit fills and warms
Creation, and holds empire far beyond !
Eternity's inhabitant august !

Of two eternities amazing Lord !
One past, ere man's, or angel's had begun ;
Aid ! while I rescue from the foe's assault
Thy glorious immortality in man :
A theme for ever, and for all, of weight,
Of moment infinite ! but relish'd most
By those who love thee most, who most adore.

Nature, thy daughter, ever changing birth
Of thee the Great Immutable, to man
Speaks wisdom ; is his oracle supreme ;
And he who most consults her, is most wise.

Lorenzo, to this heavenly Delphos haste ;
And come back all-immortal ; all divine :
Look nature through, 'tis revolution all ;
All change ; no death. Day follows night ; and night
The dying day ; stars rise, and set, and rise ;
Earth takes the example. See, the summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid autumn : winter gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows autumn and his golden fruits away :
Then melts into the spring : soft spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to re-flourish, fades ;
As in a wheel, all sinks, to re-ascend.
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

With this minute distinction, emblems just,
Nature revolves, but man advances ; both
Eternal,—that a circle, this a line.
That gravitates, this soars. The aspiring soul,
Ardent, and tremulous, like flame, ascends,
Zeal and humility her wings, to heaven.
The world of matter, with its various forms,
All dies into new life. Life born from death
Rolls the vast mass, and shall for ever roll.
No single atom, once in being, lost,
With change of counsel charges the Most High.

What hence infers Lorenzo ? Can it be ?
Matter immortal ! And shall spirit die ?
Above the nobler, shall less noble rise ?
Shall man alone, for whom all else revives,
No resurrection know ? shall man alone,
Imperial man ! be sown in barren ground,
Less privileged than grain, on which he feeds ?
Is man, in whom alone is power to prize
The bliss of being, or with previous pain
Deplore its period, by the spleen of fate,
Severely doom'd death's single unredeem'd ?

If nature's revolution speaks aloud,
In her gradation, hear her louder still.
Look nature through, 'tis neat gradation all.
By what minute degrees her scale ascends !
Each middle nature join'd at each extreme,
To that above it join'd, to that beneath.
Parts, into parts reciprocally shot,

Abhor divorce : what love of union reigns !
Here, dormant matter waits a call to life ;
Half-life, half-death, join there ; here, life and sense ;
There, sense from reason steals a glimm'ring ray ;
Reason shines out in man. But how preserved
The chain unbroken upward, to the realms
Of incorporeal life ? those realms of bliss,
Where death hath no dominion ? Grant a make
Half-mortal, half-immortal ; earthy, part,
And part ethereal ; grant the soul of man
Eternal ; or in man the serious ends.
Wide yawns the gap ; connection is no more ;
Check'd reason halts ; her next step wants support ;
Striving to climb, she tumbles from her scheme ;
A scheme, analogy pronounced so true ;
Analogy, man's surest guide below.

Thus far, all nature calls on thy belief.
And will Lorenzo, careless of the call,
False attestation on all nature charge,
Rather than violate his league with death ?
Renounce his reason, rather than renounce
The dust beloved, and run the risk of heaven ?
O what indignity to deathless souls !
What treason to the majesty of man !
Of man immortal ! Hear the lofty style :
" If so decreed, the Almighty will be done.
Let earth dissolve, yon pond'rous orbs descend,
And grind us into dust. The soul is safe ;
The man emerges ; mounts above the wreck,
As tow'ring flame from nature's funeral pyre ;
O'er devastation, as a gainer, smiles ;
His charter, his inviolable rights,
Well pleased to learn from thunder's impotence,
Death's pointless darts, and hell's defeated storms."

But these chimeras touch not thee, Lorenzo !
The glories of the world thy sevenfold shield.
Other ambition than of crowns in air,
And superlunary felicities,
Thy bosom warm. I'll cool it, if I can ;
And turn those glories that enchant, against thee.
What ties thee to this life ? proclaims the next.
If wise, the cause that wounds thee is thy cure.

Come, my ambitious ! let us mount together
(To mount, Lorenzo never can refuse) ;

And from the clouds, where pride delights to dwell,
Look down on earth.—What seest thou? Wondrous
things!

Terrestrial wonders that eclipse the skies.
What lengths of labour'd lands! what loaded seas!
Loaded by man, for pleasure, wealth, or war!
Seas, winds, and planets, into service brought,
His art acknowledge, and promote his ends.
Nor can the eternal rocks his will withstand;
What levell'd mountains! and what lifted vales!
O'er vales and mountains sumptuous cities swell,
And gild our landscape with their glitt'ring spires.
Some mid the wond'ring waves majestic rise;
And Neptune holds a mirror to their charms.
Far greater still! (what cannot mortal might?)
See, wide dominions ravish'd from the deep!
The narrow deep with indignation foams.
Or southward turn; to delicate and grand,
The finer arts there ripen in the sun.
How the tall temples, as to meet their gods,
Ascend the skies! the proud triumphal arch
Shows us half heaven beneath its ample bend.
High through mid-air, here, streams are taught to flow;
Whole rivers, there, laid by in basins, sleep.
Here, plains turn oceans; there, vast oceans join
Through kingdoms channel'd deep from shore to shore;
And changed creation takes its face from man.
Beats thy brave breast for formidable scenes,
Where fame and empire wait upon the sword?
See fields in blood; hear naval thunders rise;
Britannia's voice! that awes the world to peace.
How yon enormous mole projecting breaks
The mid-sea, furious waves! their roar amidst,
Out-speaks the Deity, and says "O main!
Thus far, not farther; new restraints obey."
Earth's disembowel'd! measured are the skies!
Stars are detected in their deep recess!
Creation widens! vanquish'd nature yields!
Her secrets are extorted! art prevails!
What monument of genius, spirit, power!

And now, Lorenzo! raptured at this scene,
Whose glories render Heaven superfluous! say,
Whose footsteps these?—Immortals have been here.
Could less than souls immortal this have done!

Earth's cover'd o'er with proofs of souls immortal ;
 And proofs of immortality forgot. :
 To flatter thy grand foible, I confess,
 These are ambition's works: and these are great :
 But *this*, the least immortal souls can do ;
 Transcend them all—but what can these transcend ?
 Dost ask me what ?—One sigh for the distress'd.
 What then for infidels ? A deeper sigh.
 'Tis moral grandeur makes the mighty man :
 How little they, who think aught great below ?
 All our ambitions death defeats, but one ;
 And that it crowns.—Here cease we: but, ere long,
 More powerful proof shall take the field against thee,
 Stronger than death, and smiling at the tomb.

NIGHT VII.

BEING THE SECOND PART OF

THE INFIDEL RECLAIMED :

CONTAINING THE NATURE, PROOF, AND IMPORTANCE OF IMMORTALITY.

PREFACE.

As we are at war with the power, it were well if we were at war with the manners, of France. A land of levity is a land of guilt. A serious mind is the native soil of every virtue; and the single character that does true honour to mankind. The soul's immortality has been the favourite theme with the serious of all ages. Nor is it strange; it is a subject by far the most interesting and important that can enter the mind of man. Of highest moment this subject always was, and always will be. Yet this its highest moment seems to admit of increase at this day; a sort of occasional importance is superadded to the natural weight of it; if that opinion which is advanced in the preface to the preceding night be just. It is there supposed, that all our infidels, whatever scheme, for argument's sake, and to keep themselves in countenance, they patronise, are betrayed into their deplorable error by some doubts of their immortality, at the bottom. And the more I consider this point, the more I am persuaded of the truth of that opinion. Though the distrust of a futurity is a strange error; yet it is an error into which bad men may naturally be distressed. For it is impossible to bid defiance to final ruin, without some refuge in imagination, some presumption of escape. And what presumption is there? There are but two in nature; but two, within the compass of human thought. And these are,—That either God will not or cannot punish. Considering the divine attributes, the first is too gross to be digested by our strongest wishes. And since omnipotence is as much a divine attribute as holiness, that God cannot punish, is as absurd a supposition as the former. God certainly can punish as long as wicked men exist. In non-existence, therefore, is their only refuge; and consequently, non-existence is their strongest wish. And strong wishes have a strange influence on our opinions; they bias the judgment

in a manner almost incredible. And since on this member of their alternative, there are some very small appearances in their favour, and none at all on the other, they catch at this reed, they lay hold on this chimera, to save themselves from the shock and horror of an immediate and absolute despair.

On reviewing my subject, by the light which this argument, and others of like tendency, threw upon it, I was more inclined than ever to pursue it, as it appeared to me to strike directly at the main root of all our infidelity. In the following pages it is, accordingly, pursued at large; and some arguments for immortality, new at least to me, are ventured on in them. There also the writer has made an attempt to set the gross absurdities and horrors of annihilation, in a fuller and more affecting view, than is (I think) to be met with elsewhere.

The gentlemen, for whose sake this attempt was chiefly made, profess great admiration for the wisdom of heathen antiquity: what pity 'tis they are not sincere! If they were sincere, how would it mortify them to consider, with what contempt, and abhorrence, their notions would have been received by those whom they so much admire? What degree of contempt and abhorrence would fall to their share, may be conjectured by the following matter of fact (in my opinion) extremely memorable. Of all their heathen worthies, Socrates (it is well known) was the most guarded, dispassionate, and composed: yet this great master of temper was angry: and angry at his last hour; and angry with his friend; and angry for what deserved acknowledgment; angry for a right and tender instance of true friendship towards him. Is not this surprising? What could be the cause? The cause was for his honour; it was a truly noble, though, perhaps, a too punctilious regard, for immortality: for his friend asking him, with such an affectionate concern as became a friend, "Where he should deposit his remains?" It was resented by Socrates, as implying a dishonourable supposition, that he could be so mean as to have a regard for anything, even in himself, that was not immortal.

This fact, well considered, would make our infidels withdraw their admiration from Socrates; or make them endeavour, by their imitation of this illustrious example, to share his glory: and, consequently, it would incline them to peruse the following pages with candour and impartiality: which is all I desire; and that, for their sakes: for I am persuaded, that an unprejudiced infidel must, necessarily, receive some advantageous impressions from them.

July 7, 1744.

HEAVEN gives the needful, but neglected, call.
What day, what hour, but knocks at human hearts,
To wake the soul to sense of future scenes?
Deaths stand, like Mercuries, in ev'ry way,
And kindly point us to our journey's end.
Pope, who couldst make immortals! art thou dead?
I give thee joy: nor will I take my leave;
So soon to follow. Man but dives in death;
Dives from the sun, in fairer day to rise;
The grave, his subterranean road to bliss.
Yes, infinite indulgence planned it so;

Through various parts our glorious story runs ;
Time gives the preface, endless age unrolls
The volume (ne'er unrolled !) of human fate.

This earth and skies¹ already have proclaimed.
The world's a prophecy of worlds to come ;
And who, what God foretels (who speaks in things,
Still louder than in words) shall dare deny ?
If nature's arguments appear too weak,
Turn a new leaf, and stronger read in man.
If man sleeps on, untaught by what he sees,
Can he prove infidel to what he feels ?
He, whose blind thought futurity denies,
Unconscious bears, Bellerophon ! like thee,
His own indictment ; he condemns himself ;
Who reads his bosom, reads immortal life ;
Or, nature, there, imposing on her sons,
Has written fables ; man was made a lie.

Why discontent for ever harboured there ?
Incurable consumption of our peace !
Resolve me, why, the cottager, and king,
He, whom sea-sever'd realms obey, and he
Who steals his whole dominion from the waste,
Repelling winter blasts with mud and straw,
Disquieted alike, draw sigh for sigh,
In fate so distant, in complaint so near ?

Is it, that things terrestrial can't content !
Deep in rich pasture will thy flocks complain ?
Not so ; but to their master is denied
To share their sweet serene. Man, ill at ease
In this, not his own place, this foreign field,
Where nature fodders him with other food,
Than was ordained his cravings to suffice,
Poor in abundance, famished at a feast,
Sighs on for something more, when most enjoyed.

Is heaven then kinder to thy flocks than thee ?
Not so ; thy pasture richer, but remote ;
In part remote ; for that remoter part
Man bleats from instinct, though perhaps, debauched
By sense, his reason sleeps, nor dreams the cause.
The cause how obvious, when his reason wakes !
His grief is but his grandeur in disguise ;
And discontent is immortality.

Shall sons of ether, shall the blood of heaven,



Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch-pope! would be learning still
Yet, dying, leave his lesson half-unlearned.

Set up their hopes on earth, and stable here,
With brutal acquiescence in the mire ?
Lorenzo ! no ! they shall be nobly pain'd ;
The glorious foreigners, distressed, shall sigh
On thrones ; and thou congratulate the sigh :
Man's misery declares him born for bliss ;
His anxious heart asserts the truth I sing,
And gives the sceptic in his head the lie.

Our heads, our hearts, our passions, and our powers,
Speak the same language ; call us to the skies :
Unripened these in this inclement clime,
Scarce rise above conjecture, and mistake ;
And for this land of trifles those too strong
Tumultuous rise, and tempest human life :
What prize on earth can pay us for the storm ?
Meet objects for our passions heaven ordained,
Objects that challenge all their fire, and leave
No fault, but in defect : blest Heaven ! avert
A bounded ardour for unbounded bliss !
O for a bliss unbounded ! far beneath
A soul immortal, is a mortal joy.
Nor are our powers to perish immature ;
But, after feeble effort here, beneath
A brighter sun, and in a nobler soil,
Transplanted from this sublunary bed,
Shall flourish fair, and put forth all their bloom.

Reason progressive, instinct is complete ;
Swift instinct leaps ; slow reason feebly climbs.
Brutes soon their zenith reach ; their little all
Flows in at once ; in ages they no more
Could know, or do, or covet, or enjoy.
Were man to live coeval with the sun,
The patriarch-pupil would be learning still ;
Yet, dying, leave his lesson half unlearned.
Men perish in advance, as if the sun
Should set ere noon, in eastern oceans drowned ;
If fit, with dim, illustrious to compare,
The sun's meridian with the soul of man.
To man, why, stepdame nature ! so severe ?
Why thrown aside thy master-piece half-wrought,
While meaner efforts thy last hand enjoy ?
Or, if abortively, poor man must die,
Nor reach, what reach he might, why die in dread ?
Why cursed with foresight ? wise to misery ?

Why of his proud prerogative the prey ?
Why less pre-eminent in rank, than pain ?
His immortality alone can tell ;
Full ample fund to balance all amiss,
And turn the scale in favour of the just !

His immortality alone can solve
The darkest of enigmas, human hope ;
Of all the darkest, if at death we die.
Hope, eager hope, the assassin of our joy,
All present blessings treading under foot,
Is scarce a milder tyrant than despair.
With no past toils content, still planting new,
Hope turns us o'er to death alone for ease.
Possession, why more tasteless than pursuit ?
Why is a wish far dearer than a crown ?
That wish accomplished, why, the grave of bliss ?
Because, in the great future buried deep,
Beyond our plans of empire, and renown,
Lies all that man with ardour should pursue ;
And he who made him, bent him to the right.

Man's heart the Almighty to the future sets,
By secret and inviolable springs ;
And makes his hope his sublunary joy.
Man's heart eats all things, and is hungry still ;
" More, more !" the glutton cries : for something new
So rages appetite, if man can't mount,
He will descend. He starves on the possessed.
Hence, the world's master, from ambition's spire,
In Caprea plunged ; and dived beneath the brute
In that rank sty why wallowed empire's son
Supreme ? because he could no higher fly ;
His riot was ambition in despair.

Old Rome consulted birds ; Lorenzo ! thou
With more success, the flight of hope survey ;
Of restless hope, for ever on the wing.
High-perched o'er ev'ry thought that falcon sits,
To fly at all that rises in her sight ;
And never stooping, but to mount again
Next moment, she betrays her aim's mistake,
And owns her quarry lodged beyond the grave.

There should it fail us (it must fail us there,
If being fails) more mournful riddles rise,
And virtue vies with hope in mystery.
Why virtue ? where its praise, its being, fled ?

Virtue is true self-interest pursued :
What true self-interest of quite-mortal man ?
To close with all that makes him happy here.
If vice (as sometimes) is our friend on earth,
Then vice is virtue ; 'tis our sov'reign good.
In self applause is virtue's golden prize ;
No self-applause attends it on thy scheme :
Whence self-applause ? from conscience of the right.
And what is right, but means of happiness ?
No means of happiness when virtue yields ;
That basis failing, falls the building too,
And lays in ruin ev'ry virtuous joy.

The rigid guardian of a blameless heart,
So long revered, so long reputed wise,
Is weak ; with rank knight-errantries o'errun.
Why beats thy bosom with illustrious dreams
Of self-exposure, laudable, and great ?
Of gallant enterprise, and glorious death ?
Die for thy country !—Thou romantic fool !
Seize, seize the plank thyself, and let her sink :
Thy country ! what to thee ?—The Godhead, what ?
(I speak with awe !) though he should bid thee bleed ?
If, with thy blood, thy final hope is spilt,
Nor can Omnipotence reward the blow,
Be deaf ; preserve thy being ; disobey.

Nor is it disobedience : know, Lorenzo !
Whate'er the Almighty's subsequent command,
His first command is this ;—"Man, love thyself."
In this alone, free-agents are not free.
Existence is the basis, bliss the prize ;
If virtue costs existence, 'tis a crime ;
Bold violation of our law supreme,
Black suicide ; though nations, which consult
Their gain at thy expense, resound applause.

Since virtue's recompense is doubtful, here,
If man dies wholly, well may we demand,
Why is man suffer'd to be good in vain ?
Why to be good in vain, is man enjoin'd ?
Why to be good in vain, is man betray'd ?
Betray'd by traitors lodged in his own breast,
By sweet complacencies from virtue felt ?
Why whispers nature lies on virtue's part ?
Or if blind instinct (which assumes the name
Of sacred conscience) plays the fool in man,

Why reason made accomplice in the cheat ?
Why are the wisest loudest in her praise ?
Can man by reason's beam be led astray ?
Or, at his peril, imitate his God ?
Since virtue sometimes ruins us on earth,
Or both are true ; or, man survives the grave.

Or man survives the grave, or own, Lorenzo,
Thy boast supreme, a wild absurdity.
Dauntless thy spirit ; cowards are thy scorn.
Grant man immortal, and thy scorn is just.
The man immortal, rationally brave,
Dares rush on death—because he cannot die.
But if man loses all, when life is lost,
He lives a coward, or a fool expires.
A daring infidel (and such there are,
From pride, example, lucre, rage, revenge,
Or pure heroical defect of thought),
Of all earth's madmen, most deserves a chain.

When to the grave we follow the renown'd
For valour, virtue, science, all we love,
And all we praise ; for worth, whose noon-tide beam,
Enabling us to think in higher style,
Mends our ideas of ethereal powers ;
Dream we, that lustre of the moral world
Goes out in stench, and rottenness the close ?
Why was he wise to know, and warm to praise,
And strenuous to transcribe, in human life,
The mind Almighty ? Could it be, that fate,
Just when the lineaments began to shine,
And dawn the Deity, should snatch the draught,
With night eternal blot it out, and give
The skies alarm, lest angels too might die ?

If human souls, why not angelic too
Extinguish'd ? and a solitary God,
O'er ghastly ruin, frowning from his throne ?
Shall we this moment gaze on God in man ?
The next, lose man for ever in the dust ?
From dust we disengage, or man mistakes ;
And there, where least his judgment fears a flaw.
Wisdom and worth, how boldly he commends !
Wisdom and worth, are sacred names ; revered,
Where not embraced ; applauded ! deified !
Why not compassion'd too ? If spirits die,
Both are calamities, inflicted both,

To make us but more wretched : Wisdom's eye
Acute, for what ? to spy more miseries ;
And worth, so recompensed, new points their stings
Or man surmounts the grave, or gain is loss,
And worth exalted humbles us the more.
Thou wilt not patronise a scheme that makes
Weakness and vice the refuge of mankind.

"Has virtue, then, no joys ?" Yes, joys dear bought.
Talk ne'er so long, in this imperfect state,
Virtue and vice are at eternal war,
Virtue's a combat ; and who fights for nought ?
Or for precarious, or for small reward ?
Who virtue's self-reward so loud resound,
Would take degrees angelic here below,
And virtue, while they compliment, betray,
By feeble motives, and unfaithful guards.
The crown, the unfading crown, her soul inspires :
'Tis that, and that alone, can countervail
The body's treacheries, and the world's assaults :
On earth's poor pay our famish'd virtue dies.
Truth incontestible ! in spite of all
A Bayle has preach'd, or a Voltaire believed,

In man the more we dive, the more we see
Heaven's signet stamping an immortal make.
Dive to the bottom of his soul, the base
Sustaining all ; what find we ? knowledge, love.
As light and heat, essential to the sun,
These to the soul. And why, if souls expire ?
How little lovely here ? how little known ?
Small knowledge we dig up with endless toil ;
And love unfeign'd may purchase perfect hate.
Why starved, on earth, our angel appetites ;
While brutal are indulged their fulsome fill ?
Were then capacities divine conferr'd,
As a mock-diadem, in savage sport,
Rank insult of our pompous poverty,
Which reaps but pain, from seeming claims so fair ?
In future age lies no redress ? And shuts
Eternity the door on our complaint ?
If so, for what strange ends were mortals made !
The worst to wallow, and the best to weep ;
The man who merits most, must most complain :
Can we conceive a disregard in heaven,
What the worst perpetrate, or best endure ?

This cannot be. To love, and know, in man
Is boundless appetite, and boundless power ;
And these demonstrate boundless objects too.
Objects, powers, appetites, heaven suits in all ;
Nor, nature through, e'er violates this sweet,
Eternal concord, on her tuneful string.
Is man the sole exception from her laws ?
Eternity struck off from human hope,
(I speak with truth, but veneration too)
Man is a monster, the reproach of heaven,
A stain, a dark impenetrable cloud
On nature's beauteous aspect ; and deforms,
(Amazing blot !) deforms her with her lord.
If such is man's allotment, what is heaven ?
Or own the soul immortal, or blaspheme.

Or own the soul immortal, or invert
All order. Go, mock-majesty ! go, man !
And bow to thy superiors of the stall ;
Through every scene of sense superior far :
They graze the turf untill'd ; they drink the stream
Unbrew'd, and ever full, and unembitter'd
With doubts, fears, fruitless hopes, regrets, despairs ;
Mankind's peculiar ! reason's precious dower !
No foreign clime they ransack for their robes ;
Nor brothers cite to the litigious bar ;
Their good is good entire, unmix'd, unmarr'd ;
They find a paradise in every field,
On boughs forbidden where no curses hang :
Their ill no more than strikes the sense ; unstretch'd
By previous dread, or murmur in the rear :
When the worst comes, it comes unfear'd ; one stroke
Begins and ends their woe : they die but once ;
Bless'd, incommunicable privilege ! for which
Proud man, who rules the globe, and reads the stars,
Philosopher, or hero, sighs in vain.

Account for this prerogative in brutes.
No day, no glimpse of day to solve the knot,
But what beams on it from eternity.
O sole, and sweet solution ! that unties
The difficult, and softens the severe ;
The cloud on nature's beauteous face dispels ;
Restores bright order ; casts the brute beneath ;
And re-enthrones us in supremacy
Of joy, ev'n here : admit immortal life,

And virtue is knight-errantry no more ;
Each virtue brings in hand a golden dower,
Far richer in reversion : hope exults ;
And though much bitter in our cup is thrown,
Predominates, and gives the taste of heaven.
O wherefore is the Deity so kind ?
Astonishing beyond astonishment !
Heaven our reward—for heaven enjoy'd below.

Still unsubdued thy stubborn heart ?—For there
The traitor lurks who doubts the truth I sing.
Reason is guiltless ; will alone rebels.
What, in that stubborn heart, if I should find
New, unexpected witnesses against thee ?
Ambition, pleasure, and the love of gain !
Canst thou suspect, that these, which make the soul
The slave of earth, should own her heir of heaven ?
Canst thou suspect what makes us disbelieve
Our immortality, should prove it sure ?

First, then, ambition, summon to the bar.
Ambition's shame, extravagance, disgust,
And inextinguishable nature, speak.
Each much deposes ; hear them in their turn.

Thy soul, how passionately fond of fame !
How anxious, that fond passion to conceal !
We blush, detected in designs on praise,
Though for best deeds, and from the best of men :
And why ? Because immortal. Art divine
Has made the body tutor to the soul ;
Heaven kindly gives our blood a moral flow ;
Bids it ascend the glowing cheek, and there
Upbraid that little heart's inglorious aim,
Which stoops to court a character from man ;
While o'er us, in tremendous judgment sit
Far more than man, with endless praise, and blame.

Ambition's boundless appetite outspeaks
The verdict of its shame. When souls take fire
At high presumptions of their own desert,
One age is poor applause ; the mighty shout,
The thunder by the living few begun,
Late time must echo ; worlds unborn, resound.
We wish our names eternally to live :
Wild dream, which ne'er had haunted human thought.
Had not our natures been eternal too.
Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter ;

But our blind reason sees not where it lies ;
Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.

Fame is the shade of immortality,
And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
Contemn'd ; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
Consult the ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
"And is this all?" cried Cæsar at his height,
Disgusted. This third proof ambition brings
Of immortality. The first in fame,
Observe him near, your envy will abate :
Shamed at the disproportion vast, between
The passion and the purchase, he will sigh
At such success, and blush at his renown.
And why? Because far richer prize invites
His heart ; far more illustrious glory calls ;
It calls in whispers, yet the deafest hear.

And can ambition a fourth proof supply?
It can, and stronger than the former three ;
Yet quite o'erlooked by some reputed wise.
Though disappointments in ambition pain,
And though success disgusts ; yet still, Lorenzo !
In vain we strive to pluck it from our hearts ;
By nature planted for the noblest ends.
Absurd the famed advice to Pyrrhus given,
More praised, than ponder'd ; specious, but unsound ;
Sooner that hero's sword the world had quell'd,
Than reason, his ambition. Man must soar.
An obstinate activity within,
An insuppressive spring, will toss him up
In spite of fortune's load. Not kings alone,
Each villager has his ambition too ;
No sultan prouder than his fetter'd slave :
Slaves build their little Babylons of straw,
Echo the proud Assyrian, in their hearts,
And cry,—“Behold the wonders of my might !”
And why? because immortal as their lord ;
And souls immortal must for ever heave
At something great ; the glitter, or the gold ;
The praise of mortals, or the praise of heaven.

Nor absolutely vain is human praise,
When human is supported by divine.
I'll introduce Lorenzo to himself ;
Pleasure and pride (bad masters !) share our hearts.
As love of pleasure is ordain'd to guard

And feed our bodies, and extend our race ;
The love of praise is planted to protect,
And propagate the glories of the mind.
What is it, but the love of praise, inspires,
Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
Earth's happiness ? From that, the delicate,
The grand, the marvellous, of civil life,
Want and convenience, under-workers, lay
The basis, on which love of glory builds.
Nor is thy life, O virtue ! less in debt
To praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
Were men not proud, what merit should we miss !
Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
Praise is the salt that seasons right to man,
And whets his appetite for moral good.
Thirst of applause is virtue's second guard ;
Reason, her first ; but reason wants an aid ;
Our private reason is a flatterer ;
Thirst of applause calls public judgment in,
To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.

Here a fifth proof arises, stronger still :
Why this so nice construction of our hearts ?
These delicate moralities of sense ;
This constitutional reserve of aid
To succour virtue, when our reason fails ;
If virtue, kept alive by care and toil,
And oft, the mark of injuries on earth,
When labour'd to maturity (its bill
Of disciplines, and pains, unpaid) must die ?
Why freighted-rich, to dash against a rock ?
Were man to perish when most fit to live,
O how misspent were all these stratagems,
By skill divine inwoven in our frame !
Where are heaven's holiness and mercy fled ?
Laughs heaven at once at virtue and at man ?
If not, why that discouraged, this destroyed ?

Thus far ambition. What says avarice ?
This her chief maxim, which has long been thine :
"The wise and wealthy are the same,"—I grant it.
To store up treasure, with incessant toil,
This is man's province, this his highest praise.
To this great end keen instinct stings him on.
To guide that instinct, reason ! is thy charge ;

'Tis thine to tell us where true treasure lies :
 But, reason failing to discharge her trust,
 Or to the deaf discharging it in vain,
 A blunder follows ; and blind industry,
 Gall'd by the spur, but stranger to the course,
 (The course where stakes of more than gold are won)
 O'er-loading, with the cares of distant age,
 The jaded spirits of the present hour,
 Provides for an eternity below.

"Thou shalt not covet," is a wise command ;
 But bounded to the wealth the sun surveys :
 Look farther, the command stands quite reversed,
 And av'rice is a virtue most divine.
 Is faith a refuge for our happiness ?
 Most sure : and is it not for reason too ?
 Nothing this world unriddles, but the next.
 Whence inextinguishable thirst of gain ?
 From inextinguishable life in man :
 Man, if not meant, by worth, to reach the skies,
 Had wanted wing to fly so far in guilt.
 Sour grapes, I grant, ambition, avarice,
 Yet still their root is immortality :
 These its wild growths so bitter, and so base,
 (Pain and reproach !) religion can reclaim,
 Refine, exalt, throw down their pois'nous lee,
 And make them sparkle in the bowl of bliss.

See, the third witness laughs at bliss remote,
 And falsely promises an Eden here :
 Truth she shall speak for once, though prone to lie,
 A common cheat, and pleasure is her name.
 To pleasure never was Lorenzo deaf ;
 Then hear her now, now first thy real friend.

Since nature made us not more fond than proud
 Of happiness (whence hypocrites in joy !
 Makers of mirth ! artificers of smiles !)
 Why should the joy most poignant sense affords,
 Burn us with blushes, and rebuke our pride ?—
 Those heaven-born blushes tell us man descends,
 Ev'n in the zenith of his earthly bliss :
 Should reason take her infidel repose,
 This honest instinct speaks our lineage high ;
 This instinct calls on darkness to conceal
 Our rapturous relation to the stalls.
 Our glory covers us with noble shame,

And he that's unconfounded, is unmanned.
'The man that blushes, is not quite a brute.
Thus far with thee, Lorenzo ! will I close,
Pleasure is good, and man for pleasure made ;
But pleasure full of glory, as of joy ;
Pleasure which neither blushes, nor expires.

The witnesses are heard ; the cause is o'er ;
Let conscience file the sentence in her court,
Dearer than deeds that half a realm convey ;
Thus sealed by truth, the authentic record runs.

" Know all ; know, infidels,—unapt to know !
'Tis immortality your nature solves ;
'Tis immortality deciphers man,
And opens all the myst'ries of his make.
Without it, half his instincts are a riddle ;
Without it, all his virtues are a dream.
His very crimes attest his dignity ;
His sateless thirst of pleasure, gold, and fame,
Declares him born for blessings infinite :
What less than infinite makes unabsurd
Passions, which all on earth but more inflames ?
Fierce passions, so mismeasured to this scene,
Stretched out, like eagles' wings, beyond our nest,
Far, far beyond the worth of all below,
For earth too large, presage a nobler flight,
And evidence our title to the skies."

Ye gentle theologues, of calmer kind !
Whose constitution dictates to your pen,
Who, cold yourselves, think ardour comes from hell !
Think not our passions from corruption sprung,
Though to corruption now they lend their wings ;
That is their mistress, not their mother. All
(And justly) reason deem divine : I see,
I feel a grandeur in the passions too,
Which speaks their high descent, and glorious end ;
Which speaks them rays of an eternal fire.
In Paradise itself they burnt as strong,
Ere Adam fell ; though wiser in their aim.
Like the proud eastern, struck by providence,
What though our passions are run mad, and stoop
With low, terrestrial appetite, to graze
On trash, on toys, dethroned from high desire ?
Yet still, through their disgrace, no feeble ray
Of greatness shines, and tells us whence they fell :

But these (like that fallen monarch when reclaimed),
When reason moderates the reign aright,
Shall reascend, remount their former sphere,
Where once they soared illustrious ; ere seduced
By wanton Eve's debauch, to stroll on earth,
And set the sublunary world on fire.

But grant their frenzy lasts ; their frenzy fails
To disappoint one providential end,
For which heaven blew up ardour in our hearts :
Were reason silent, boundless passion speaks
A future scene of boundless objects too,
And brings glad tidings of eternal day.
Eternal day ! 'tis that enlightens all ;
And all, by that enlightened, proves it sure.
Consider man as an immortal being,
Intelligible all ; and all is great ;
A crystalline transparency prevails,
And strikes full lustre through the human sphere :
Consider man as mortal, all is dark,
And wretched ; reason weeps at the survey.

The learn'd Lorenzo cries, " And let her weep,
Weak, modern reason : ancient times were wise.
Authority, that venerable guide,
Stands on my part ; the famed Athenian porch
(And who for wisdom so renown'd as they ?)
Denied this immortality to man."
I grant it ; but affirm, they proved it too.
A riddle this !—Have patience ; I'll explain.

What noble vanities, what moral flights,
Glitt'ring through their romantic wisdom's page,
Make us, at once, despise them, and admire ?
Fable is flat to these high season'd sires ;
They leave the extravagance of song below.
" Flesh shall not feel ; or, feeling, shall enjoy
The dagger, or the rack ; to them, alike
A bed of roses or the burning bull."
In men exploding, all beyond the grave,
Strange doctrine this ! As doctrine, it was strange ;
But not as prophecy ; for such it proved,
And, to their own amazement, was fulfill'd :
They feign'd a firmness Christians need not feign.
The Christian truly triumph'd in the flame :
The stoic saw, in double wonder lost,
Wonder at them, and wonder at himself,

To find the bold adventures of his thought
Not bold, and that he strove to lie in vain.

Whence, then, those thoughts? those towering
thoughts, that flew
Such monstrous heights!—From instinct and from
pride.

The glorious instinct of a deathless soul,
Confusedly conscious of her dignity,
Suggested truths they could not understand.
In lust's dominion, and in passion's storm,
Truth's system broken, scatter'd fragments lay,
As light in chaos, glimmering through the gloom :
Smit with the pomp of lofty sentiments,
Pleased pride proclaimed, what reason disbelieved.
Pride, like the Delphic priestess, with a swell,
Raved nonsense, destined to be future sense,
When life immortal, in full day shall shine ;
And death's dark shadows fly the gospel sun.
They spoke, what nothing but immortal souls
Could speak ; and thus the truth they question'd proved.

Can then absurdities, as well as crimes,
Speak man immortal ? All things speak him so.
Much has been urged ; and dost thou call for more ?
Call ; and with endless questions be distress'd,
All unresolvable, if earth is all.

“ Why life, a moment ; infinite, desire ?
Our wish, eternity ? Our home the grave ?
Heaven's promise dormant lies in human hope ;
Who wishes life immortal, proves it too.
Why happiness pursued, though never found ?
Man's thirst of happiness declares it is,
(For nature never gravitates to nought) ;
That thirst unquench'd declares it is not here.
My Lucia, thy Clarissa, call to thought ;
Why cordial friendship riveted so deep,
As hearts to pierce at first, at parting rend,
If friend and friendship vanish in an hour ?
Is not this torment in the mask of joy ?
Why by reflection marr'd the joys of sense ?
Why past and future, preying on our hearts,
And putting all our present joys to death ?
Why labours reason ? instinct were as well ;
Instinct far better ; what can choose, can err :
O how infallible the thoughtless brute !

'Twere well His Holiness¹ were half as sure.
Reason with inclination, why at war?
Why sense of guilt? why conscience up in arms?"

Conscience of guilt, is prophecy of pain,
And bosom-council to decline the blow.
Reason with inclination ne'er had jarr'd,
If nothing future paid forbearance here:
Thus on—these, and a thousand pleas uncall'd,
All promise, some ensure, a second scene;
Which, were it doubtful, would be dearer far
Than all things else most certain; were it false,
What truth on earth so precious as the lie?
This world it gives us let what will ensue;
This world it gives in that high cordial, hope:
The future of the present is the soul:
How this life groans, when sever'd from the next!
Poor mutilated wretch, that disbelieves!
By dark distrust his being cut in two,
In both parts perishes; life void of joy,
Sad prelude of eternity in pain!

Couldst thou persuade me, the next life could fail
Our ardent wishes; how should I pour out
My bleeding heart in anguish, new, as deep!
Oh! with what thoughts, thy hope, and my despair,
Abhorr'd annihilation! blasts the soul,
And wide extends the bounds of human woe!
Could I believe Lorenzo's system true,
In this black channel would my ravings run.
"Grief from the future borrow'd peace, ere while.
The future vanish'd! and the present pain'd!
Strange import of unprecedented ill!
Fall, how profound! like Lucifer's, the fall!
Unequal fate! his fall, without his guilt!
From where fond hope built her pavilion high,
The gods among, hurl'd headlong, hurl'd at once
To night! to nothing! darker still than night.
If 'twas a dream, why wake me, my worst foe,
Lorenzo! boastful of the name of friend!
O for delusion! O for error still!
Could vengeance strike much stronger than to plant
A thinking being in a world like this,
Not over rich before, now beggar'd quite;
More cursed than at the fall?—The sun goes out!

¹ The Pope.

The thorns shoot up ! What thorns in ev'ry thought !
Why sense of better ? It imbitters worse.
Why sense ? why life ? If but to sigh, then sink
To what I was ! twice nothing ! and much woe !
Woe, from heaven's bounties ! woe from what was wont
To flatter most, high intellectual powers.
Thought, virtue, knowledge ! blessings, by thy scheme,
All poison'd into pains. First, knowledge, once
My soul's ambition, now her greatest dread.
To know myself, true wisdom ?—No, to shun
That shocking science, parent of despair ?
Avert thy mirror : if I see, I die.

“ Know my Creator ! climb his blest abode
By painful speculation, pierce the veil,
Dive in his nature, read his attributes,
And gaze in admiration—on a foe,
Obtruding life, withholding happiness !
From the full rivers that surround his throne,
Not letting fall one drop of joy on man ;
Man gasping for one drop, that he might cease
To curse his birth, nor envy reptiles more !
Ye sable clouds ! ye darkest shades of night !
Hide him, for ever hide him, from my thought,
Once all my comfort ; source, and soul of joy !
Now leagued with furies, and with thee,¹ against me.

“ Know his achievements ? study his renown ?
Contemplate this amazing universe,
Dropt from his hand, with miracles replete !
For what ? 'Mid miracles of nobler name,
To find one miracle of misery ?
To find the being, which alone can know
And praise his works, a blemish on his praise ?
Through nature's ample range, in thought to stroll,
And start at man, the single mourner there,
Breathing high hope ! chained down to pangs, and death ?
Knowing is suff'ring : and shall virtue share
The sigh of knowledge ?—Virtue shares the sigh.
By straining up the steep of excellent,
By battles fought, and, from temptation, won,
What gains she, but the pang of seeing worth,
Angelic worth, soon shuffled in the dark
With every vice, and swept to brutal dust ?
Merit is madness ; virtue is a crime ;

¹ Lorenzo.

A crime to reason, if it costs us pain
 Unpaid : what pain, amidst a thousand more,
 To think the most abandon'd, after days
 Of triumph o'er their betters, find in death
 As soft a pillow, nor make fouler clay !

“Duty !—religion !—These, our duty done,
 Imply reward. Religion is mistake.

Duty !—There's none, but to repel the cheat.
 Ye cheats ! away ! ye daughters of my pride !
 Who feign yourselves the fav'rites of the skies :
 Ye tow'ring hopes ! abortive energies !
 That toss, and struggle, in my lying breast,
 To scale the skies, and build presumptions there,
 As I were heir of an eternity.

Vain, vain ambitions ! trouble me no more.

Why travel far in quest of sure defeat ?

As bounded as my being, be my wish.

All is inverted, wisdom is a fool.

Sense ! take the rein ; blind passion ! drive us on ;

And, ignorance ! befriend us on our way ;

Ye new, but truest patrons of our peace !

Yes ; give the pulse full empire ; live the brute,

Since, as the brute, we die. The sum of man,

Of Godlike man ! to revel, and to rot.

“But not on equal terms with other brutes :

Their revels a more poignant relish yield,

And safer too ; they never poisons choose.

Instinct, than reason, makes more wholesome meals,

And sends all-marring murmur far away.

For sensual life they best philosophise ;

Theirs, that serene, the sages sought in vain :

'Tis man alone expostulates with heaven ;

His, all the power, and all the cause, to mourn.

Shall human eyes alone dissolve in tears ?

And bleed, in anguish, none but human hearts ?

The wide-stretch'd realm of intellectual woe,

Surpassing sensual far, is all our own.

In life so fatally distinguish'd, why

Cast in one lot, confounded, lump'd, in death ?

“Ere yet in being, was mankind in guilt ?

Why thunder'd this peculiar clause against us,

All-mortal, and all-wretched !—Have the skies

Reasons of state, their subjects may not scan,

Nor humbly reason, when they sorely sigh ?

All-mortal, and all-wretched ! 'Tis too much :
Unparallel'd in nature : 'Tis too much
On being unrequested at Thy hands,
Omnipotent ! for I see nought but power.

“ And why see that ? why thought ! To toil, and eat,
Then make our bed in darkness, needs no thought.
What superfluities are reas'ning souls !
Oh give eternity ! or thought destroy.
But without thought our curse were half unfelt ;
Its blunted edge would spare the throbbing heart ;
And therefore 'tis bestow'd, I thank thee, reason !
For aiding life's too small calamities,
And giving being to the dread of death.
Such are thy bounties !—Was it then too much
For me, to trespass on the brutal rights ?
Too much for heaven to make one emmet more ?
Too much for chaos to permit my mass
A longer stay with essences unwrought,
Unfashion'd, untormented into man ?
Wretched preferment to this round of pains !
Wretched capacity of phrensy, thought !
Wretched capacity of dying, life !
Life, thought, worth, wisdom, all (O foul revolt !)
Once friends to peace, gone over to the foe.

“ Death, then, has changed his nature too : O death,
Come to my bosom, thou best gift of heaven !
Best friend of man ! since man is man no more.
Why in this thorny wilderness so long,
Since there's no promised land's ambrosial bower,
To pay me with its honey for my stings ?
If needful to the selfish schemes of heaven
To sting us sore, why mock'd our misery ?
Why this so sumptuous insult o'er our heads ?
Why this illustrious canopy display'd ?
Why so magnificently lodged despair ?
At stated periods, sure-returning, roll
These glorious orbs, that mortals may compute
Their length of labours, and of pains ; nor lose
Their misery's full measure ?—Smiles with flowers,
And fruits, promiscuous, ever-teeming earth,
That man may languish in luxurious scenes,
And in an Eden mourn his wither'd joys ?
Claim earth and skies man's admiration, due
For such delights ! Blest animals ! too wise

To wonder ; and too happy to complain !

“ Our doom decreed demands a mournful scene :
 Why not a dungeon dark, for the condemn'd ?
 Why not the dragon's subterranean den,
 For man to howl in ? Why not his abode
 Of the same dismal colour with his fate ?
 A Thebes, a Babylon, at vast expense
 Of time, toil, treasure, art, for owls and adders,
 As congruous, as, for man, this lofty dome,
 Which prompts proud thought, and kindles high desire ;
 If, from her humble chamber in the dust,
 While proud thought swells, and high desire inflames,
 The poor worm calls us for her inmates there ;
 And round us death's inexorable hand
 Draws the dark curtain close ; undrawn no more.

“ Undrawn no more !—Behind the cloud of death,
 Once, I beheld the sun ; a sun which gilt
 That sable cloud, and turn'd it all to gold :
 How the grave's altered ! fathomless as hell !
 A real hell to those who dreamed of heaven.
 Annihilation ! How it yawns before me !
 Next moment I may drop from thought, from sense,
 The privilege of angels, and of worms,
 An outcast from existence ! And this spirit,
 This all-pervading, this all-conscious soul,
 This particle of energy divine,
 Which travels nature, flies from star to star,
 And visits gods and emulates their powers,
 For ever is extinguish'd, horror ! death !
 Death of that death I fearless once survey'd !—
 When horror universal shall descend,
 And heaven's dark concave urn all human race
 On that enormous, unrefunding tomb,
 How just this verse ! this monumental sigh !”

Beneath the lumber of demolish'd worlds,
 Deep in the rubbish of the gen'ral wreck,
 Swept ignominious to the common mass
 Of matter, never dignified with life,
 Here lie proud rationals ; the sons of heaven !
 The lords of earth ! the property of worms !
 Beings of yesterday, and no to-morrow !
 Who lived in terror, and in pangs expired !
 All gone to rot in chaos ; or to make

Their happy transit into blocks or brutes,
No longer sully their Creator's name.

Lorenzo ! hear, pause, ponder, and pronounce.
Just is this history ? If such is man,
Mankind's historian, though divine, might weep.
And dares Lorenzo smile !—I know thee proud ;
For once let pride befriend thee ; pride looks pale
At such a scene, and sighs for something more.
Amid thy boasts, presumptions, and displays,
And art thou then a shadow ? less than shade ?
A nothing ? less than nothing ? to have been,
And not to be, is lower than unborn.
Art thou ambitious ? Why then make the worm
Thine equal ! Runs thy taste of pleasure high ?
Why patronise sure death of every joy ?
Charm riches ? Why choose beggary in the grave,
Of every hope a bankrupt ! and for ever ?
Ambition, pleasure, avarice, persuade thee
To make that world of glory, rapture, wealth,
They¹ lately proved, the soul's supreme desire.

What art thou made of ? rather, how unmade ?
Great nature's master-appetite destroy'd !
Is endless life and happiness despised ?
Or both wish'd here, where neither can be found ?
Such man's perverse, eternal war with heaven !
Dar'st thou persist ? And is there nought on earth,
But a long train of transitory forms,
Rising, and breaking, millions in an hour ?
Bubbles of a fantastic deity, blown up
In sport, and then in cruelty destroy'd ?
Oh ! for what crime, unmerciful Lorenzo !
Destroys thy scheme the whole of human race ?
Kind is fell Lucifer, compared to thee :
O ! spare this waste of being half-divine ;
And vindicate the economy of heaven.

Heaven is all love ; all joy in giving joy :
It never had created but to bless :
And shall it, then, strike off the list of life
A being blest, or worthy so to be ?
Heaven starts at an annihilating God.

Is that all nature starts at thy desire ?
Art such a clod to wish thyself all clay ?

¹ In the Sixth Night.

What is that dreadful wish ?—The dying groan
 Of nature, murder'd by the blackest guilt.
 What deadly poison has thy nature drank ?
 To nature undebauch'd no shock so great ;
 Nature's first wish is endless happiness ;
 Annihilation is an after-thought,
 A monstrous wish, unborn till virtue dies.
 And, oh ! what depth of horror lies enclosed !
 For non-existence no man ever wish'd,
 But, first, he wish'd the Deity destroy'd.

If so ; what words are dark enough to draw
 Thy picture true ? The darkest are too fair.
 Beneath what baleful planet, in what hour
 Of desperation, by what fury's aid,
 In what infernal posture of the soul,
 All hell invited, and all hell in joy
 At such a birth, a birth so near of kin,
 Did thy foul fancy whelp so black a scheme
 Of hopes abortive, faculties half-blown,
 - And deities begun, reduc'd to dust ?

There's nought (thou say'st) but one eternal flux
 Of feeble essences, tumultuous driven
 Through time's rough billows into night's abyss.
 Say, in this rapid tide of human ruin,
 Is there no rock on which man's tossing thought
 Can rest from terror, dare his fate survey,
 And boldly think it something to be born ?
 Amid such hourly wrecks of being fair,
 Is there no central, all-sustaining base,
 All-realizing, all-connecting power,
 Which as it call'd forth all things, can recall,
 And force destruction to refund her spoil ?
 Command the grave restore her taken prey ?
 Bid death's dark vale its human harvest yield,
 And earth, and ocean, pay their debt of man,
 True to the grand deposit trusted there ?
 Is there no potentate, whose outstretch'd arm,
 When rip'ning time calls forth the appointed hour,
 Pluck'd from foul devastation's famish'd maw,
 Binds present, past, and future, to his throne ?
 His throne, how glorious, thus divinely graced,
 By germinating beings clust'ring round !
 A garland worthy the divinity !
 A throne, by heaven's omnipotence in smiles,

Built (like a pharos tow'ring in the waves)
Amidst immense effusions of his love!
An ocean of communicated bliss!

An all-prolific, all-preserving God!
This were a God indeed.—And such is man,
As here presum'd : he rises from his fall.
Think'st thou Omnipotence a naked root,
Each blossom fair of Deity destroy'd?
Nothing is dead; nay, nothing sleeps; each soul,
That ever animated human clay,
Now wakes; is on the wing: and where, O where
Will the swarm settle?—When the trumpet's call,
As sounding brass, collects us, round heaven's throne
Conglobed, we bask in everlasting day,
(Paternal splendour!) and adhere for ever.
Had not the soul this outlet to the skies,
In this vast vessel of the universe,
How should we gasp, as in an empty void!
How in the pangs of famish'd hope expire!

How bright *my* prospect shines! how gloomy, *thine*!
A trembling world! and a devouring god!
Earth, but the shambles of Omnipotence!
Heaven's face all stain'd with causeless massacres
Of countless millions, born to feel the pang
Of *being* lost. Lorenzo! can it be?
This bids us shudder at the thoughts of life.
Who would be born to such a phantom world,
Where nought substantial but our misery?
Where joy (if joy) but heightens our distress,
So soon to perish, and revive no more?
The greater such a joy, the more it pains.
A world, so far from great (and yet how great
It shines to thee!) there's nothing real in it;
Being, a shadow; consciousness, a dream?
A dream, how dreadful! Universal blank
Before it, and behind! Poor man, a spark
From non-existence struck by wrath divine,
Glitt'ring a moment, nor that moment sure,
'Midst upper, nether, and surrounding night,
His sad, sure, sudden, and eternal tomb!

Lorenzo! dost thou feel these arguments?
Or is there nought but vengeance can be felt?
How hast thou dared the Deity dethrone?
How dared indict him of a world like this?

If such the world, creation was a crime ;
For what is crime, but cause of misery ?
Retract, blasphemer ! and unriddle this,
Of endless arguments above, below,
Without us, and within, the short result ——
“ If man's immortal, there's a God in heaven.”

But wherefore such redundancy ? such waste
Of argument ? One sets my soul at rest !
One obvious, and at hand, and, oh !—at heart.
So just the skies, Philander's life so pained,
His heart so pure ; that, or succeeding scenes
Have palms to give, or ne'er had he been born.

“ What an old tale is this !” Lorenzo cries.—
I grant this argument is old ; but truth
No years impair ; and had not this been true,
Thou never hadst despis'd it for its age.
Truth is immortal as thy soul ; and fable
As fleeting as thy joys : be wise, nor make
Heaven's highest blessing, vengeance ; O be wise !
Nor make a curse of immortality.

Say, know'st thou what it is, or what thou art ?
Know'st thou the importance of a soul immortal ?
Behold this midnight glory : worlds on worlds !
Amazing pomp ! redouble this amaze ;
Ten thousand add ; add twice ten thousand more ;
Then weigh the whole ; one soul outweighs them all ;
And calls the astonishing magnificence
Of unintelligent creation poor.

For this, believe not me ; no man believe ;
Trust not in words, but deeds ; and deeds no less
Than those of the Supreme ; nor his, a few ;
Consult them all ; consulted, all proclaim
Thy soul's importance : tremble at thyself ;
For whom Omnipotence has waked so long :
Has waked, and work'd for ages ; from the birth
Of nature to this unbelieving hour.

In this small province of his vast domain
(All nature bow, while I pronounce his name !)
What has God done, and not for this sole end,
To rescue souls from death ? The soul's high price
Is writ in all the conduct of the skies.
The soul's high price is the creation's key,
Unlocks its mysteries, and naked lays
The genuine cause of every deed divine :

That, is the chain of ages, which maintains
Their obvious correspondence, and unites
Most distant periods in one blest design :
That, is the mighty hinge, on which have turn'd
All revolutions, whether we regard
The natural, civil, or religious world ;
The former two but servants to the third ;
To that their duty done, they both expire,
Their mass new-cast, forgot their deeds renown'd ;
And angels ask, " Where once they shone so fair ?"

To lift us from this abject, to sublime ;
This flux, to permanent ; this dark, to day ;
This foul, to pure ; this turbid, to serene ;
This mean, to mighty !—for this glorious end
The Almighty, rising, his long sabbath broke !
The world was made ; was ruin'd ; was restor'd ;
Laws from the skies were publish'd ; were repeal'd ;
On earth kings, kingdoms, rose ; kings, kingdoms, fell ;
Famed sages lighted up the pagan world ;
Prophets from Sion darted a keen glance
Through distant age ; saints travel'd ; martyrs bled ;
By wonders sacred nature stood control'd ;
The living were translated ; dead were rais'd ;
Angels, and more than angels, came from heaven ;
And, oh ! for this, descended lower still ;
Guilt was hell's gloom ; astonish'd at his guest,
For one short moment Lucifer adored :
Lorenzo ! and wilt thou do less ?—For this,
That hallow'd page, fools scoff at, was inspired,
Of all these truths thrice venerable code !
Deists ! perform your quarantine ; and then
Fall prostrate, ere you touch it, lest you die.

Nor less intensely bent infernal powers
To mar, than those of light, this end to gain.
O what a scene is here !—Lorenzo ! wake !
Rise to the thought ; exert, expand thy soul
To take the vast idea : it denies
All else the name of great. Two warring worlds !
Not Europe against Afric ; warring worlds !
Of more than mortal ! mounted on the wing !
On ardent wings of energy, and zeal,
High-hov'ring o'er this little brand of strife !
This sublunary ball—but strife, for what ?
In their own cause conflicting ? No ; in thine,

In man's. His single int'rest blows the flame ;
His the sole stake ; his fate the trumpet sounds,
Which kindles war immortal. How it burns !
Tumultuous swarms of deities in arms !
Force, force opposing, till the waves run high,
And tempest nature's universal sphere.
Such opposites eternal, stedfast, stern,
Such foes implacable, are good and ill ;
Yet man, vain man, would mediate peace between them.

Think not this fiction, " There was war in heaven."
From heaven's high crystal mountain, where it hung,
The Almighty's outstretch'd arm took down his bow :
And shot his indignation at the deep :
Re-thunder'd hell, and darted all her fires.—
And seems the stake of little moment still ?
And slumbers man, who singly caused the storm ?
He sleeps.—And art thou shock'd at mysteries ?
The greatest, thou. How dreadful to reflect,
What ardour, care, and counsel, mortals cause
In breasts divine ! How little in their own !

Where'er I turn, how new proofs pour upon me !
How happily this wondrous view supports
My former argument ! How strongly strikes
Immortal life's full demonstration, here !
Why this exertion ? Why this strange regard
From heaven's omnipotent indulged to man ?—
Because, in man, the glorious dreadful power,
Extremely to be pain'd, or bless'd, for ever.
Duration gives importance ; swells the price.
An angel, if a creature of a day,
What would he be ? A trifle of no weight ;
Or stand, or fall ; no matter which ; he's gone.
Because immortal, therefore is indulged
This strange regard of deities to dust.
Hence, heaven looks down on earth with all her eyes :
Hence, the soul's mighty moment in her sight :
Hence, every soul has partisans above,
And every thought a critic in the skies :
Hence, clay, vile clay ! has angels for its guard,
And every guard a passion for his charge :
Hence, from all age, the cabinet divine
Has held high counsel o'er the fate of man.

Nor have the clouds those gracious councils hid,
Angels undrew the curtain of the throne,

And Providence came forth to meet mankind :
In various modes of emphasis and awe,
He spoke his will, and trembling nature heard ;
He spoke it loud, in thunder and in storm.
Witness, thou Sinai ! whose cloud-cover'd height,
And shaken basis, own'd the present God :
Witness, ye billows ! whose returning tide,
Breaking the chain that fasten'd it in air,
Swept Egypt, and her menaces, to hell :
Witness, ye flames ! the Assyrian tyrant blew
To sevenfold rage, as impotent, as strong :
And thou, earth ! witness, whose expanding jaws
Closed o'er presumption's sacrilegious sons :¹
Has not each element, in turn, subscribed
The soul's high price, and sworn it to the wise ?
Has not flame, ocean, ether, earthquake, strove
To strike this truth, through adamant man ?
If not all adamant, Lorenzo ! hear ;
All is delusion ; nature is wrapt up,
In tenfold night, from reason's keenest eye ;
There's no consistence, meaning, plan, or end,
In all beneath the sun, in all above,
(As far as man can penetrate) or heaven
Is an immense, inestimable prize ;
Or all is nothing, or that prize is all.—
And shall each toy be still a match for heaven,
And full equivalent for groans below ?
Who would not give a trille to prevent
What he would give a thousand worlds to cure ?

Lorenzo ! thou hast seen (if thine to see)
All nature, and her God (by nature's course,
And nature's course controlled) declare for me :
The skies above proclaim, "Immortal man !"
And, "Man immortal !" all below resounds.
The world's a system of theology,
Read by the greatest strangers to the schools ;
If honest, learn'd ; and sages o'er a plough.
Is not, Lorenzo ! then, imposed on thee
This hard alternative ; or, to renounce
Thy reason, or thy sense ; or, to believe ?
What then is unbelief ? 'Tis an exploit ;
A strenuous enterprise : to gain it, man
Must burst through every bar of common sense,

¹ Korah.

Of common shame, magnanimously wrong ;
And what rewards the sturdy combatant ?
His prize, repentance ; infamy, his crown.

But wherefore infamy ?—For want of faith,
Down the steep precipice of wrong he slides ;
There's nothing to support him in the right.
Faith in the future wanting, is, at least
In embryo, every weakness, every guilt ;
And strong temptation ripens it to birth.
If this life's gain invites him to the deed,
Why not his country sold, his father slain ?
'Tis virtue to pursue our good supreme ;
And his supreme, his only good is here.
Ambition, av'rice, by the wise disdain'd,
Is perfect wisdom, while mankind are fools,
And think a turf, or tombstone, covers all :
These find employment, and provide for sense
A richer pasture, and a larger range ;
And sense by right divine ascends the throne,
When virtue's prize and prospect are no more ;
Virtue no more we think the will of heaven.
Would heaven quite beggar virtue, if beloved ?

“Has virtue charms ?”—I grant her heavenly fair ;
But if unportion'd, all will int'rest wed ;
Though that our admiration, this our choice.
The virtues grow on immortality ;
That root destroy'd, they wither and expire.
A Deity believed will nought avail ;
Rewards and punishments make God adored ;
And hopes and fears give conscience all her power.

As in the dying parent dies the child,
Virtue, with immortality, expires.
Who tells me he denies his soul immortal,
Whate'er his boast, has told me, he's a knave.
His duty 'tis to love himself alone ;
Nor care though mankind perish, if he smiles.
Who thinks ere long the man shall wholly die,
Is dead already ; nought but brute survives.

And are there such ?—Such candidates there are
For more than death ; for utter loss of being,
Being, the basis of the Deity !
Ask you the cause ?—The cause they will not tell :
Nor need they : Oh the sorceries of sense !
They work this transformation on the soul,

Dismount her, like the serpent at the fall,
Dismount her from her native wing (which soar'd
Erewhile ethereal heights), and throw her down,
To lick the dust, and crawl in such a thought.

Is it in words to paint you? O ye fall'n!
Fall'n from the wings of reason, and of hope!
Erect in stature, prone in appetite!
Patrons of pleasure, posting into pain!
Lovers of argument, averse to sense!
Boasters of liberty, fast bound in chains!
Lords of the wide creation, and the shame!
More senseless than the irrationals you scorn!
More base than those you rule! than those you pity,
Far more undone! O ye most infamous
Of beings, from superior dignity!
Deepest in woe from means of boundless bliss!
Ye cursed by blessings infinite! Because
Most highly favour'd, most profoundly lost!
Ye motley mass of contradiction strong!
And are you, too, convinced your souls fly off
In exhalation soft, and die in air,
From the full flood of evidence against you?
In the coarse drudgeries, and sinks of sense,
Your souls have quite worn out the make of heaven,
By vice new-cast, and creatures of your own:
But though you can deform, you can't destroy;
To curse, not uncreate, is all your power.

Lorenzo! this black brotherhood renounce;
Renounce St Evremont, and read St Paul.
Ere rap'd by miracle, by reason wing'd,
His mounting mind made long abode in heaven.
This is freethinking, unconfin'd to parts,
To send the soul, on curious travel bent,
Through all the provinces of human thought;
To dart her flight through the whole sphere of man;
Of this vast universe to make the tour;
In each recess of space, and time, at home;
Familiar with their wonders; diving deep;
And, like a prince of boundless interests there,
Still most ambitious of the most remote;
To look on truth unbroken, and entire;
Truth in the system, the full orb; where truths
By truths enlighten'd, and sustain'd, afford
An arch-like, strong foundation, to support

The incumbent weight of absolute, complete
Conviction ; here, the more we press, we stand
More firm ; who most examine, most believe.
Parts, like half sentences, confound ; the whole
Conveys the sense, and God is understood ;
Who not in fragments writes to human race :
Read his whole volume, sceptic ! then reply.

This, this, is thinking free, a thought that grasps
Beyond a grain, and looks beyond an hour.
Turn up thine eye, survey this midnight scene ;
What are earth's kingdoms, to yon boundless orbs,
Of human souls, one day, the destin'd range ?
And what yon boundless orbs, to godlike man ?
Those num'rous worlds that throng the firmament,
And ask more space in heaven, can roll at large
In man's capacious thought, and still leave room
For ampler orbs, for new creations, there.
Can such a soul contract itself, to gripe
A point of no dimension, of no weight ?
It can ; it does : the world is such a point :
And, of that point, how small a part enslaves !

How small a part—of nothing, shall I say ?
Why not ?—Friends, our chief treasure ! how they drop !
Lucia, Narcissa fair, Philander, gone !
The grave, like fabled Cerberus, has oped
A triple mouth ; and, in an awful voice,
Loud calls my soul, and utters all I sing.
How the world falls to pieces round about us,
And leaves us in a ruin of our joy !
What says this transportation of my friends ?
It bids me love the place where now they dwell,
And scorn this wretched spot, they leave so poor.
Eternity's vast ocean lies before thee ;
There ; there, Lorenzo ! thy Clarissa sails.
Give thy mind sea-room ; keep it wide of earth,
That rock of souls immortal ; cut thy cord ;
Weigh anchor ; spread thy sails ; call every wind ;
Eye thy great Pole-star ; make the land of life.

Two kinds of life has double natured man,
And two of death ; the last far more severe.
Life animal is nurtured by the sun ;
Thrives on his bounties, triumphs in his beams.
Life rational subsists on higher food,
Triumphant in his beams, who made the day.

When we leave that sun, and are left by this,
(The fate of all who die in stubborn guilt)
'Tis utter darkness ; strictly double death.
We sink by no judicial stroke of heaven,
But nature's course ; as sure as plummets fall.
Since God, or man, must alter, ere they meet,
(Since light and darkness blend not in one sphere)
'Tis manifest, Lorenzo ! who must change.

If, then, that double death should prove thy lot,
Blame not the bowels of the deity ;
Man shall be bless'd, as far as man permits.
Not man alone, all rationals, heaven arms
With an illustrious, but tremendous power
To counteract its own most gracious ends ;
And this of strict necessity, not choice ;
That power denied, men, angels, were no more
But passive engines, void of praise, or blame.
A nature rational implies the power
Of being bless'd, or wretched, as we please ;
Else idle reason would have nought to do ;
And he that would be barr'd capacity
Of pain, courts incapacity of bliss.
Heaven wills our happiness, allows our doom ;
Invites us ardently, but not compels ;
Heaven but persuades, almighty man decrees ;
Man is the maker of immortal fates.
Man falls by man, if finally he falls ;
And fall he must, who learns from death alone,
The dreadful secret,—that he lives for ever.

Why this to thee ?—Thee yet, perhaps, in doubt
Of second life ? But wherefore doubtful still ?
Eternal life is nature's ardent wish :
What ardently we wish, we soon believe :
Thy tardy faith declares that wish destroy'd :
What has destroy'd it ?—Shall I tell thee what ?
When fear'd the future, 'tis no longer wish'd ;
And, when unwish'd, we strive to disbelieve.
“ Thus infidelity our guilt betrays.”
Nor that the sole detection ! Blush, Lorenzo !
Blush for hypocrisy, if not for guilt.
The future fear'd ?—An infidel, and fear ?
Fear what ? a dream ? a fable ?—How thy dread,
Unwilling evidence, and therefore strong,
Affords my cause an undesign'd support !

How disbelief affirms, what it denies !

" It, unawares, asserts immortal life."—

Surprising ! infidelity turns out

A creed, and a confession of our sins :

Apostates, thus, are orthodox divines.

Lorenzo ! with Lorenzo clash no more ;

Nor longer a transparent vizor wear.

Think'st thou, Religion only has her mask ?

Our infidels are Satan's hypocrites,

Pretend the worst, and, at the bottom, fail.

When visited by thought (thought will intrude),

Like him they serve, they tremble, and believe.

Is there hypocrisy so foul as this ?

So fatal to the welfare of the world ?

What detestation, what contempt, their due !

And, if unpaid, be thank'd for their escape

That Christian candour they strive hard to scorn.

If not for that asylum, they might find

A hell on earth ; nor 'scape a worse below.

With insolence, and impotence of thought,

Instead of racking fancy, to refute,

Reform thy manners, and the truth enjoy.—

But shall I dare confess the dire result ?

Can thy proud reason brook so black a brand ?

From purer manners, to sublimer faith,

Is nature's unavoidable ascent ;

An honest deist, where the gospel shines,

Matured to nobler, in *the Christian* ends.

When that bless'd change arrives, e'en cast aside

This song superfluous ; life immortal strikes

Conviction, in a flood of light divine.

A Christian dwells, like¹ Uriel, in the sun ;

Meridian evidence puts doubt to flight ;

And ardent hope anticipates the skies.

Of that bright sun, Lorenzo ! scale the sphere ;

'Tis easy ! it invites thee ; it descends

From heaven to woo, and waft thee whence it came ;

Read and revere the sacred page ; a page

Where triumphs immortality ; a page

Which not the whole creation could produce ;

Which not the conflagration shall destroy ;

'Tis printed in the mind of gods for ever,

In nature's ruins not one letter lost.

¹ Milton.

In proud disdain of what e'en gods adore,
Dost smile?—Poor wretch! thy guardian angel weeps.
Angels, and men, assent to what I sing;
Wits smile, and thank me for my midnight dream.
How vicious hearts fume phrensy to the brain!
Parts push us on to pride, and pride to shame;
Pert infidelity is wit's cockade,
To grace the brazen brow that braves the skies,
By loss of being, dreadfully secure.
Lorenzo! if thy doctrine wins the day,
And drives my dreams, defeated, from the field;
If this is all, if earth a final scene,
Take heed; stand fast; be sure to be a knave;
A knave in grain! ne'er deviate to the right:
Should'st thou be good—how infinite thy loss!
Guilt only makes annihilation gain.
Blest scheme! which life deprives of comfort, death
Of hope; and which vice only recommends.
If so, where, infidels! your bait thrown out
To catch weak converts? Where your lofty boast
Of zeal for virtue, and of love to man?
Annihilation! I confess, in these.

What can reclaim you? Dare I hope profound
Philosophers the converts of a song?
Yet know, its title¹ flatters you, not me;
Yours be the praise to make my title good;
Mine, to bless heaven, and triumph in your praise.
But since so pestilential your disease,
Though sovereign is the med'cine I prescribe,
As yet, I'll neither triumph, nor despair:
But hope, erelong, my midnight dream will wake
Your hearts, and teach your wisdom—to be wise:
For why should souls immortal, made for bliss,
E'er wish (and wish in vain!) that souls could die?
What ne'er can die, oh! grant to live; and crown
The wish, and aim, and labour of the skies;
Increase, and enter on the joys of heaven:
Thus shall my title pass a sacred seal,
Receive an imprimatur from above,
While angels shout—an infidel reclaimed!

To close, Lorenzo! spite of all my pains,
Still seems it strange, that thou shouldst live for ever?
Is it less strange, that thou shouldst live at all?

¹ The Infidel Reclaimed.

This is a miracle ; and *that* no more.
Who gave beginning, can exclude an end.
Deny thou *art* : then, doubt if thou *shalt be*.
A miracle with miracles enclosed,
Is man ; and starts his faith at what is strange ?
What less than wonders, from the wonderful ;
What less than miracles, from God, can flow ?
Admit a God—that mystery supreme !
That cause uncaused ! all other wonders cease ;
Nothing is marvellous for him to do,
Deny him—all is mystery besides ;
Millions of mysteries ? Each darker far,
Than that thy wisdom would, unwisely, shun.
If weak thy faith, why choose the harder side ?
We nothing know, but what is marvellous ;
Yet what is marvellous, we can't believe.
So weak our reason, and so great our God,
What most surprises in the sacred page,
Or full as strange, or stranger, must be true.
Faith is not reason's labour, but repose.

To faith, and virtue, why so backward, man ?
From hence :—the present strongly strikes us all ;
The future, faintly : can we, then, be men ?
If men, Lorenzo ! the reverse is right.
Reason is man's peculiar : sense, the brute's.
The present is the scanty realm of sense ;
The future, reason's empire unconfined :
On that expending all her godlike power,
She plans, provides, expatiates, triumphs, there ;
There, builds her blessings ! there, expects her praise ;
And nothing asks of fortune, or of men.
And what is reason ? Be she thus defined ;
Reason is upright stature in the soul.
Oh ! be a man ;—and strive to be a god.

“ For what ? (thou say'st) to damp the joys of life ? ”
No ; to give heart and substance to thy joys.
That tyrant, hope ; mark how she domineers ;
She bids us quit realities, for dreams ;
Safety, and peace, for hazard and alarm ;
That tyrant o'er the tyrants of the soul,
She bids ambition quit its taken prize,
Spurn the luxuriant branch on which it sits,
Though bearing crowns, to spring at distant game ;
And plunge in toils and dangers—for repose.

If hope precarious, and of things, when gained,
Of little moment, and as little stay,
Can sweeten toils, and dangers into joys ;
What then, that hope, which nothing can defeat,
Our leave unasked ? Rich hope of boundless bliss !
Bliss, past man's power to paint it ; time's to close !

This hope is earth's most estimable prize :
This is man's portion, while no more than man :
Hope, of all passions, most befriends us here ;
Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
Joy has her tears ; and transport has her death ;
Hope, like a cordial, innocent, though strong,
Man's heart, at once, inspirits, and serenest ;
Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys ;
'Tis all, our present state can safely bear,
Health to the frame ! and vigour to the mind !
A joy attemper'd ! a chastised delight !
Like the fair summer evening, mild, and sweet !
'Tis man's full cup ; his paradise below !

A blest hereafter, then, or hoped, or gained
Is all ;—our whole of happiness : full proof,
I chose no trivial or inglorious theme.
And know, ye foes to song ! (well meaning men,
Though quite forgotten¹ half your Bible's praise !)
Important truths, in spite of verse, may please :
Grave minds you praise ; nor can you praise too much :
If there is weight in an eternity,
Let the grave listen ;—and be graver still.

NIGHT VIII.

VIRTUE'S APOLOGY ;

OR,

THE MAN OF THE WORLD ANSWERED :

IN WHICH ARE CONSIDERED, THE LOVE OF THIS LIFE ; THE AMBITION
AND PLEASURE, WITH THE WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WORLD.

AND has all nature, then, espoused my part ?
Have I bribed heaven, and earth, to plead against thee ?
And is thy soul immortal ?—What remains ?
All, all, Lorenzo !—Make immortal, blest.
Unblest immortals !—What can shock us more ?

¹ The poetical parts of it.

And yet Lorenzo still affects the world ;
There, stows his treasure ; thence, his title draws,
Man of the world (for such wouldst thou be called)
And art thou proud of that inglorious style?
Proud of reproach ? for a reproach it was,
In ancient days ; and Christian,—in an age,
When men were men, and not ashamed of heaven,
Fired their ambition, as it crowned their joy.
Sprinkled with dews from the Castalian font,
Fain would I rebaptise thee, and confer
A purer spirit, and a nobler name.

Thy fond attachments fatal, and inflamed,
Point out my path, and dictate to my song :
To thee, the world how fair ! How strongly strikes
Ambition ! and gay pleasure stronger still !
Thy triple bane ! the triple bolt that lays
Thy virtue dead ! Be these my triple theme ;
Nor shall thy wit or wisdom be forgot.

Common the theme ; not so the song ; if she
My song invokes, Urania, deigns to smile.
The charm that chains us to the world, her foe,
If she dissolves, the man of earth, at once,
Starts from his trance, and sighs for other scenes ;
Scenes, where these sparks of night, these stars shall
shine

Unnumbered suns (for all things, as they are,
The blest behold) ; and, in one glory, pour
Their blended blaze on man's astonished sight ;
A blaze—the least illustrious object there.

Lorenzo ! since eternal is at hand,
To swallow time's ambitions ; as the vast
Leviathan, the bubbles vain, that ride
High on the foaming billow ; what avail
High titles, high descent, attainments high,
If unattained our highest ? O Lorenzo !
What lofty thoughts, these elements above,
What tow'ring hopes, what sallies from the sun,
What grand surveys of destiny divine,
And pompous presage of unfathomed fate,
Should roll in bosoms, where a spirit burns,
Bound for eternity ! In bosoms read
By him, who foibles in archangels sees !
On human hearts he bends a jealous eye,
And marks, and in heaven's register enrols,

The rise, and progress, of each option there ;
Sacred to doomsday ! *that* the page unfolds,
And spreads us to the gaze of gods and men.
And what an option, O Lorenzo ! thine ?
This world ! and this, unrivalled by the skies !
A world, where lust of pleasure, grandeur, gold,
Three demons that divide its realms between them,
With strokes alternate buffet to and fro
Man's restless heart, their sport, their flying ball ;
Till, with the giddy circle sick, and tired,
It pants for peace, and drops into despair.

Such is the world Lorenzo sets above
That glorious promise angels were esteemed
Too mean to bring ; a promise, their adored
Descended to communicate, and press,
By counsel, miracle, life, death, on man.
Such is the world Lorenzo's wisdom woos,
And on its thorny pillow seeks repose ;
A pillow, which, like opiates ill-prepared,
Intoxicates, but not composes ; fills
The visionary mind with gay chimeras,
All the wild trash of sleep, without the rest ;
What unfeigned travel, and what dreams of joy !

How frail, men, things ! How momentary, both !
Fantastic chase of shadows hunting shades !
The gay, the busy, equal, though unlike ;
Equal in wisdom, differently wise !
Through flow'ry meadows, and through dreary wastes,
One bustling, and one dancing, into death.
There's not a day, but, to the man of thought,
Betrays some secret, that throws new reproach
On life, and makes him sick of seeing more.
The scenes of business tell us—"What are men ;"
The scenes of pleasure—"What is all beside ;"
There, others we despise ; and here, ourselves.
Amidst disgust eternal dwells delight ?
'Tis approbation strikes the string of joy.

What wondrous prize has kindled this career,
Stuns with the din, and chokes us with the dust,
On life's gay stage, one inch above the grave !
The proud run up and down, in quest of eyes ;
The sensual, in pursuit of something worse ;
The grave, of gold ; the politic, of power ;
And all, of other butterflies, as vain !

As eddies draw things frivolous, and light,
How is man's heart by vanity drawn in ;
On the swift circle of returning toys,
Whirled, straw-like, round and round, and then in-
gulfed,

Where gay delusion darkens to despair !

"This is a beaten track."—Is this a track
Should not be beaten ? Never beat enough,
Till enough learn'd the truths it would inspire.
Shall truth be silent, because folly frowns ?
Turn the world's history ; what find we there,
But fortune's sports, or nature's cruel claims,
Or woman's artifice, or man's revenge,
And endless inhumanities on man ?
Fame's trumpet seldom sounds, but, like the knell,
It brings bad tidings : how it hourly blows
Man's misadventures round the listening world !
Man is the tale of narrative old time ;
Sad tale ; which high as Paradise begins ;
As if, the toil of travel to delude,
From stage to stage, in his eternal round,
The days, his daughters, as they spin our hours
On fortune's wheel, where accident unthought
Oft, in a moment, snaps life's strongest thread,
Each, in her turn, some tragic story tells,
With, now-and-then, a wretched farce between ;
And fills his chronicle with human woes.

Time's daughters, true as those of men, deceive us ;
Not one, but puts some cheat on all mankind :
While in their father's bosom, not yet ours,
They flatter our fond hopes ; and promise much
Of amiable ; but hold him not o'erwise,
Who dares to trust them ; and laugh round the year
At still-confiding, still-confounded, man,
Confiding, though confounded ; hoping on,
Untaught by trial, unconvinced by proof,
And ever looking for the never-seen.
Life to the last, like hardened felons, lies ;
Nor owns itself a cheat, till it expires.
Its little joys go out by one and one,
And leave poor man, at length, in perfect night ;
Night darker, than what, now, involves the pole.

O thou, who dost permit these ills to fall,
For gracious ends, and wouldst that man should mourn !

O thou, whose hands this goodly fabric framed,
Who know'st it best, and would'st that man should know!
What is this sublunary world? A vapour;
A vapour all it holds; itself, a vapour;
From the damp bed of chaos, by thy beam
Exhaled, ordained to swim its destined hour
In ambient air, then melt, and disappear.
Earth's days are numbered nor remote her doom;
As mortal, though less transient, than her sons;
Yet they dote on her, as the world and they
Were both eternal, solid; thou, a dream.

They dote! on what? Immortal views apart,
A region of outsides! a land of shadows!
A fruitful field of flow'ry promises!
A wilderness of joys! perplexed with doubts,
And sharp with thorns! a troubled ocean, spread
With bold adventurers, their *all* on board!
No second hope, if here their fortune frowns;
Frown soon it must. Of various rates they sail,
Of ensigns various; all alike in this,
All restless, anxious; tossed with hopes, and fears,
In calmest skies; obnoxious all to storm;
And stormy the most gen'ral blast of life:
All bound for happiness; yet few provide
The chart of knowledge, pointing where it lies;
Or virtue's helm, to shape the course designed:
All, more or less, capricious fate lament,
Now lifted by the tide, and now resorb'd,
And farther from their wishes than before:
All, more or less, against each other dash.
To mutual hurt, by gusts of passion driven,
And suff'ring more from folly, than from fate.

Ocean! thou dreadful and tumultuous home
Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
Death's capital, where most he domineers,
With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
(Though lately feasted high at Albion's cost)¹
Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more!
Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
The melancholy face of human life!
The strong resemblance tempts me farther still:
And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,

¹ Admiral Balchen, &c.

Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend ;
All in some darling enterprise embarked :
But where is he can fathom its extent ?
Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite ! her lawful prize !
Some steer aright ; but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope : with hearts of proof,
Full against wind and tide, some win their way ;
And when strong effort has deserved the port,
And tugged it into view, 'tis won ! 'tis lost !
Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate :
They strike ; and while they triumph they expire.
In stress of weather, most ; some sink outright ;
O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close ;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating, when the bark's engulfed ;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more :
One Cæsar lives ; a thousand are forgot.
How few, beneath auspicious planets born,
(Darlings of Providence ! fond fate's elect !)
With swelling sails make good the promised port,
With all their wishes freighted ! Yet ev'n these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain ;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men ; and when is man secure ?
As fatal time, as storm ! the rush of years
Beats down their strength ; their numberless escapes
In ruin end : and, now, their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow :
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high !
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

Woe then apart (if woe apart can be
From mortal man), and fortune at our nod,
The gay ! rich ! great ! triumphant ! and august !
What are they ?—the most happy (strange to say !)
Convince me most of human misery ;
What are they ? Smiling wretches of to-morrow !
More wretched, then, than e'er their slave can be ;

Their treach'rous blessings, at the day of need,
Like other faithless friends, unmask, and sting :
Then, what provoking indigence in wealth !
What aggravated impotence in power !
High titles, then, what insult of their pain !
If that sole anchor, equal to the waves,
Immortal hope ! defies not the rude storm,
Takes comfort from the foaming billow's rage,
And makes a welcome harbour of the tomb.

Is this a sketch of what thy soul admires ?
" But here (thou say'st) the miseries of life
Are huddled in a group. A more distinct
Survey, perhaps, might bring thee better news."
Look on life's stages : they speak plainer still ;
The plainer they, the deeper wilt thou sigh.
Look on thy lovely boy ; in him behold
The best that can befall the best on earth ;
The boy has virtue by his mother's side :
Yes, on Florello look : a father's heart
Is tender, though the man's is made of stone ;
The truth, through such a medium seen, may make
Impression deep, and fondness prove thy friend.

Florello lately cast on this rude coast
A helpless infant ; now a heedless child ;
To poor Clarissa's throes, thy care succeeds ;
Care full of love, and yet severe as hate !
O'er thy soul's joy how oft thy fondness frowns !
Needful austerities his will restrain ;
As thorns fence in the tender plant from harm.
As yet, his reason cannot go alone :
But asks a sterner nurse to lead it on.
His little heart is often terrified ;
The blush of morning, in his cheek, turns pale ;
Its pearly dewdrop trembles in his eye ;
His harmless eye ! and drowns an angel there.
Ah ! what avails his innocence ? The task
Enjoin'd must discipline his early powers ;
He learns to sigh, ere he is known to sin ;
Guiltless, and sad ! A wretch before the fall !
How cruel this ! more cruel to forbear.
Our nature such, with necessary pains,
We purchase prospects of precarious peace :
Though not a father, this might steal a sigh.

Suppose him disciplined aright (if not,

'Twill sink our poor account to poorer still) ;
Ripe from the tutor, proud of liberty,
He leaps enclosure, bounds into the world !
The world is taken, after ten years' toil,
Like ancient Troy ; and all its joys his own.
Alas ! the world's a tutor more severe ;
Its lessons hard, and ill deserve his pains ;
Unteaching all his virtuous nature taught,
Or books (fair virtue's advocates !) inspired.

For who receives him into public life ?
Men of the world, the terræ-filial breed,
Welcome the modest stranger to their sphere,
(Which glittered long, at distance, in his sight)
And, in their hospitable arms, enclose :
Men, who think nought so strong of the romance,
So rank knight-errant, as a real friend :
Men, that act up to reason's golden rule,
All weakness of affection quite subdued :
Men, that would blush at being thought sincere,
And feign, for glory, the few faults they want ;
That love a lie, where truth would pay as well ;
As if to them, vice shone her own reward.

Lorenzo ! canst thou bear a shocking sight ?
Such, for Florello's sake, 'twill now appear :
See, the steel'd files of season'd veterans,
Trained to the world, in burnish'd falsehood bright ;
Deep in the fatal stratagems of peace ;
All soft sensation, in the throng, rubb'd off ;
All their keen purpose, in politeness, sheathed ;
His friends eternal—during interest ;
His foes implacable—when worth their while ;
At war with every welfare, but their own ;
As wise as Lucifer ; and half as good ;
And by whom none, but Lucifer, can gain—
Naked, through these (so common fate ordains),
Naked of heart, his cruel course he runs,
Stung out of all, most amiable in life,
Prompt truth, and open thought, and smiles unfeigned ;
Affection, as his species, wide diffused ;
Noble presumptions to mankind's renown ;
Ingenuous trust, and confidence of love.

These claims to joy (if mortals joy might claim)
Will cost him many a sigh ; till time, and pains,
From the slow mistress of this school, experience,

And her assistant, pausing, pale, distrust,
Purchase a dear-bought clue to lead his youth
Through serpentine obliquities of life,
And the dark labyrinth of human hearts.
And happy ! if the clue shall come so cheap :
For, while we learn to fence with public guilt,
Full oft we feel its foul contagion too,
If less than heavenly virtue is our guard.
Thus, a strange kind of cursed necessity
Brings down the sterling temper of his soul,
By base alloy, to bear the current stamp,
Below called wisdom ; sinks him into safety ;
And brands him into credit with the world ;
Where specious titles dignify disgrace,
And nature's injuries are arts of life ;
Where brighter reason prompts to bolder crimes ;
And heavenly talents make infernal hearts ;
That unsurmountable extreme of guilt !

Poor Machiavel ! who laboured hard his plan,
Forgot, that genius need not go to school ;
Forgot, that man, without a tutor wise,
His plan had practised, long before 'twas writ.
The world's all title-page ; there's no contents ;
The world's all face ; the man who shows his heart,
Is hooted for his nudities, and scorned.
A man I knew, who lived upon a smile ;
And well it fed him ; he looked plump and fair ;
While rankest venom foamed through every vein.
Lorenzo ! what I tell thee, take not ill !
Living, he fawn'd on every fool alive ;
And, dying, cursed the friend on whom he lived.
To such proficients thou art half a saint.
In foreign realms (for thou hast trav'led far)
How-curious to contemplate two state-rooks,
Studious their nests to feather in a trice,
With all the necromantics of their art,
Playing the game of faces on each other,
Making court sweet-meats of their latent gall,
In foolish hope, to steal each other's trust ;
Both cheating, both exulting, both deceived ;
And, sometimes, both (let earth rejoice) undone !
Their parts we doubt not ; but be that their shame ;
Shall men of talents, fit to rule mankind,
Stoop to mean wiles, that would disgrace a fool ;

And lose the thanks of those few friends they serve ?
For who can thank the man he cannot see ?

Why so much cover ? It defeats itself.

Ye, that know all things ! know ye not, men's hearts
Are therefore known, because they are conceal'd
For why conceal'd ?—The cause they need not tell ?
I give him joy that's awkward at a lie ;
Whose feeble nature truth keeps still in awe ;
His incapacity is his renown.

'Tis great, 'tis manly, to disdain disguise ;
It shows our spirit, or it proves our strength.
Thou say'st, 'tis needful : is it therefore right ?
Howe'er, I grant it some small sign of grace,
To strain at an excuse : and wouldst thou then
Escape that cruel need ? thou may'st, with ease ;
Think no post needful that demands a knave.
When late our civil helm was shifting hands,
So Pulteney thought : think better, if you can.

But this, how rare ! the public path of life
Is dirty :—yet, allow that dirt is due,
It makes the noble mind more noble still :
The world's no neuter ; it will wound, or save ;
Or virtue quench, or indignation fire.
You say, the world, well known, will make a man :
The world, well known, will give our hearts to heaven.
Or make us demons, long before we die.

To show how fair the world, thy mistress, shines
Take either part, sure ills attend the choice ;
Sure, though not equal, detriment ensues.
Not virtue's self is deified on earth ;
Virtue has her relapses, conflicts, foes ;
Foes, that ne'er fail to make her feel their hate.
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.
True friends to virtue, last, and least, complain ;
But if they sigh, can others hope to smile ?
If wisdom has her miseries to mourn,
How can poor folly lead a happy life ?
And if both suffer, what has earth to boast,
Where he most happy, who the least laments ?
Where much, much patience, the most envied state,
And some forgiveness, needs, the best of friends ?
For friend, or happy life, who looks not higher
Of neither shall he find the shadow here.

The world's sworn advocate, without a fee,

Lorenzo smartly, with a smile, replies ;
“ Thus far thy song is right ; and all must own,
Virtue has her peculiar set of pains.—
And joys peculiar who to vice denies ?
If vice it is, with nature to comply :
If pride, and sense, are so predominant,
To check, not overcome, them, makes a saint,
Can nature in a plainer voice proclaim
Pleasure and glory the chief good of man ? ”

Can pride and sensuality rejoice ?
From purity of thought all pleasure springs ;
And, from an humble spirit, all our peace.
Ambition, pleasure ! let us talk of these :
Of these, the porch, and academy, talk'd ;
Of these, each following age had much to say :
Yet, unexhausted, still, the needful theme.
Who talks of these, to mankind all at once
He talks ; for where the saint from either free ?
Are these thy refuge ?—No : these rush upon thee ;
Thy vitals seize, and vulture-like devour ;
I'll try, if I can pluck thee from thy rock,
Prometheus ! from this barren ball of earth ;
If reason can unchain thee, thou art free.

And, first, thy Caucasus, ambition, calls ;
Mountain of torments ! eminence of woes !
Of courted woes ! and courted through mistake !
'Tis not ambition charms thee ; 'tis a cheat
Will make thee start, as H—— at his moor.
Dost grasp at greatness ? First, know what it is :
Think'st thou thy greatness in distinction lies ?
Not in the feather, wave it e'er so high,
By fortune stuck, to mark us from the throng,
Is glory lodged : 'tis lodged in the reverse ;
In that which joins, in that which equals, all,
The monarch and his slave ;—“ A deathless soul,
Unbounded prospect, and immortal kin,
A father God, and brothers in the skies ; ”
Elder, indeed, in time ; but less remote
In excellence, perhaps, than thought by man ;
Why greater what can fall, than what can rise ?

If still delirious, now, Lorenzo ! go ;
And with thy full-blown brothers of the world,
Throw scorn around thee ; cast it on thy slaves ;
Thy slaves, and equals : how scorn cast on them

Rebounds on thee ! If man is mean, as man,
Art thou a god ? If fortune makes him so,
Beware the consequence : a maxim that,
Which draws a monstrous picture of mankind,
Where, in the drapery, the man is lost ;
Externals flutt'ring, and the soul forgot.
Thy greatest glory, when disposed to boast,
Boast *that* aloud, in which thy servants share.

We wisely strip the steed we mean to buy :
Judge we, in their caparisons, of men ?
It nought avails thee, where, but what, thou art ;
All the distinctions of this little life
Are quite cutaneous, foreign to the man,
When, through death's straights, earth's subtle serpents
creep,

Which wriggle into wealth, or climb renown.
As crooked Satan the forbidden tree,
They leave their party-colour'd robe behind,
All that now glitters, while they rear aloft
Their brazen crests, and hiss at us below.
Of fortune's fucus strip them, yet alive ;
Strip them of body, too ; nay, closer still,
Away with all, but moral, in their minds ;
And let, what then remains, impose their name,
Pronounce them weak, or worthy ; great, or mean.
How mean that snuff of glory fortune lights,
And Death puts out ! Dost thou demand a test,
A test, at once, infallible, and short,
Of real greatness ? That man greatly lives,
Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies ;
High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall despair.
If this a true criterion, many courts,
Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.

The Almighty, from his throne, or earth surveys
Nought greater, than an honest, humble heart ;
An humble heart, his residence ! pronounced
His second seat ; and rival to the skies.
The private path, the secret acts of men,
If noble, far the noblest of our lives !
How far above Lorenzo's glory sits
The illustrious master of a name unknown ;
Whose worth unrivall'd, and unwitness'd, loves
Life's sacred shades, where gods converse with men ;
And peace, beyond the world's conceptions, smiles !

As thou (now dark), before we part, shalt see.

But thy great soul this skulking glory scorns.
Lorenzo's sick, but when Lorenzo's seen ;
And, when he shrugs at public business, lies.
Denied the public eye, the public voice,
As if he lived on others' breath, he dies.
Fain would he make the world his pedestal ;
Mankind the gazers, the sole figure, he.
Knows he, that mankind praise against their will,
And mix as much detraction as they can ?
Knows he, that faithless fame her whisper has,
As well as trumpet ? That his vanity
Is so much tickled from not hearing all ?
Knows this all knower, that from itch of praise,
Or, from an itch more sordid, when he shines,
Taking his country by five hundred ears,
Senates at once admire him, and despise,
With modest laughter lining loud applause,
Which makes the smile more mortal to his fame ?
His fame, which (like the mighty Cæsar), crown'd
With laurels, in full senate, greatly falls,
By seeming friends, that honour, and destroy.
We rise in glory, as we sink in pride :
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins :
And yet, mistaken beyond all mistake,
The blind Lorenzo's proud—of being proud ;
And dreams himself ascending in his fall.

An eminence, though fancied, turns the brain :
All vice wants hellebore ; but of all vice,
Pride loudest calls, and for the largest bowl ;
Because, unlike all other vice, it flies,
In fact, the point, in fancy most pursued.
Who court applause, oblige the world in this ;
They gratify man's passion to refuse.
Superior honour, when assumed, is lost ;
Ev'n good men turn banditti, and rejoice,
Like Kouli-Kan, in plunder of the proud.

Though somewhat disconcerted, steady still
To the world's cause, with half a face of joy,
Lorenzo cries—" Be, then, ambition cast ;
Ambition's dearer far stands unimpeach'd,
Gay pleasure ! proud ambition is her slave ;
For her, he soars at great, and hazards ill ;
For her, he fights, and bleeds, or overcomes ;

And paves his way, with crowns, to reach her smile :
 Who can resist her charms ?"—Or, should ? Lorenzo !
 What mortal shall resist, where angels yield,
 Pleasure's the mistress of ethereal powers ;
 For her contend the rival gods above ;
 Pleasure's the mistress of the world below ;
 And well it was for man, that pleasure charms ;
 How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray !
 How would the frozen stream of action cease !
 What is the pulse of this so busy world ?
 The love of pleasure : that, through ev'ry vein,
 Throws motion, warmth ; and shuts out death from life.
 Though various are the tempers of mankind,
 Pleasure's gay family hold all in chains :
 Some most affect the black ; and some the fair ;
 Some honest pleasure court ; and some, obscene.
 Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
 Of passions, that can err in human hearts ;
 Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
 Think you there's but one whoredom ? Whoredom, all,
 But when our reason licenses delight.
 Dost doubt, Lorenzo ? Thou shalt doubt no more.
 Thy father chides thy gallantries ; yet is
 A rank adulterer with others' gold !
 And that hag, vengeance, in a corner, charms.
Hatred her brothel has, as well as love,
 Where horrid epicures debauch in blood.
 Whate'er the motive, pleasure is the mark :
 For her, the black assassin draws his sword ;
 For her, dark statesmen trim their midnight lamp,
 To which no single sacrifice may fall ;
 For her the saint abstains ; the miser starves ;
 The stoic proud, for pleasure, pleasure scorn'd ;
 For her, affliction's daughters grief indulge,
 And find, or hope, a luxury in tears ;
 For her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy ;
 And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death.
 Thus universal her despotic power !

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
 Patron of pleasure ! doted on delight !
 I am thy rival ; pleasure I profess ;
 Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
 Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name ;
 I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low ;

Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flower ;
And honest Epicurus' foes were fools.

But this sounds harsh, and gives the wise offence ;
If o'erstrained wisdom still retains the name.

How knits austerity her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold and hazardous, the praise
Of pleasure, to mankind, unpraised, too dear !

Ye modern stoics ! hear my soft reply ;
Their senses men will trust : we can't impose ;
Or, if we could, is imposition right ?
Own honey sweet ; but, owning, add this sting ;
" When mix'd with poison, it is deadly too."

Truth never was indebted to a lie.

Is nought but virtue to be praised as good ?

Why, then, is health preferr'd before disease ?

What nature loves is good, without our leave.

And where no future drawback cries, " Beware ;"

Pleasure, though not from virtue, should prevail.

'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to heaven ;

How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd !

The love of pleasure is man's eldest born,

Born in his cradle, living to his tomb ;

Wisdom, her younger sister, though more grave,

Was meant to minister, and not to mar,

Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

Lorenzo ! thou, her majesty's renown'd,
Though uncoift, counsel, learn'd in the world !

Who think'st thyself a Murray, with disdain

May'st look on me. Yet, my Demosthenes !

Canst thou plead pleasure's cause as well as I ?

Know'st thou her nature, purpose, parentage ?

Attend my song, and thou shalt know them all ;

And know thyself ; and know thyself to be

(Strange truth !) the most abstemious man alive.

Tell not Calista ; she will laugh thee dead ;

Or send thee to her hermitage with L——.

Abſurd presumption ! thou who never knew'st

A serious thought ! shalt thou dare dream of joy ?

No man ere found a happy life by chance ;

Or yawn'd it into being with a wish ;

Or, with the snout of grov'ling appetite,

E'er smelt it out, and grubb'd it from the dirt.

An art it is, and must be learn'd ; and learn'd

With unremitting effort, or be lost ;

And leaves us perfect blockheads, in our bliss.
 The clouds may drop down titles and estates ;
 Wealth may seek us ; but wisdom must be sought ;
 Sought before all ; but (how unlike all else
 We seek on earth !) 'tis never sought in vain.

First, pleasure's birth rise, strength and grandeur see
 Brought forth by wisdom, nursed by discipline,
 By patience taught, by perseverance crown'd,
 She rears her head majestic ; round her throne,
 Erected in the bosom of the just,
 Each virtue, listed, forms her manly guard.
 For what are virtues ? (formidable name !)
 What, but the fountain, or defence, of joy ?
 Why then commanded ? Need mankind commands,
 At once to merit, and to make, their bliss ?—
 Great legislator ! scarce so great, as kind !
 If men are rational, and love delight,
 Thy gracious law but flatters human choice ;
 In the transgression lies the penalty ;
 And they the most indulge, who most obey.

Of pleasure, next, the final cause explore :
 Its mighty purpose, its important end.
 Not to turn human brutal, but to build
 Divine on human, pleasure came from heaven.
 In aid to reason was the goddess sent ;
 To call up all its strength by such a charm.
 Pleasure, first, succours virtue ; in return,
 Virtue gives pleasure an eternal reign.
 What, but the pleasure of food, friendship, faith,
 Supports life natural, civil, and divine ?
 'Tis from the pleasure of repast, we live ;
 'Tis from the pleasure of applause, we please ;
 'Tis from the pleasure of belief, we pray
 (All prayer would cease, if unbeliev'd the prize) :
 It serves ourselves, our species, and our God ;
 And to serve more is past the sphere of man.
 Glide, then, for ever, pleasure's sacred stream !
 Through Eden, as Euphrates ran, it runs,
 And fosters ev'ry growth of happy life ;
 Makes a new Eden where it flows ;—but such
 As must be lost, Lorenzo ! by thy fall.

“ What mean I by thy fall ? ”—Thou'lt shortly see,
 While pleasure's nature is at large display'd ;
 Already sung her origin, and ends.

Those glorious ends, by kind, or by degree,
When pleasure violates, 'tis then a vice,
A vengeance too; it hastens into pain.
From due refreshment, life, health, reason, joy;
From wild excess, pain, grief, distraction, death;
Heaven's justice this proclaims, and that her love.
What greater evil can I wish my foe,
Than his full draught of pleasure, from a cask
Unbroached by just authority, ungauged
By temperance, by reason unrefined?
A thousand demons lurk within the lee.
Heaven, others, and ourselves! uninjured these,
Drink deep; the deeper, then, the more divine;
Angels are angels, from indulgence there;
'Tis unrepenting pleasure makes a god.

Dost think thyself a god from other joys?
A victim rather! shortly sure to bleed.
The wrong must mourn: can heaven's appointments fail?
Can man outwit Omnipotence? strike out
A self-wrought happiness unmeant by him
Who made us, and the world we would enjoy?
Who forms an instrument, ordains from whence
Its dissonance, or harmony, shall rise.
Heaven bid the soul this mortal frame inspire!
Bid virtue's ray divine inspire the soul
With unprecious flows of vital joy;
And, without breathing, man as well might hope
For life, as without piety, for peace.

"Is virtue, then, and piety the same?"—
No; piety is more; 'tis virtue's source;
Mother of ev'ry worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest;
They smile at piety; yet boast aloud
Good will to men; nor know they strive to part
What nature joins; and thus confute themselves.
With piety begins all good on earth;
'Tis the first-born of rationality.
Conscience, her first law broken, wounded lies;
Enfeebled, lifeless, impotent to good;
A feign'd affection bounds her utmost power.
Some we can't love, but for the Almighty's sake;
A foe to God was ne'er true friend to man;
Some sinister intent taints all he does;
And, in his kindest actions, he's unkind.

On piety, humanity is built ;
And, on humanity, much happiness ;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God, is heaven,
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life ;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A deity believed, is joy begun ;
A deity adored, is joy advanced ;
A deity beloved, is joy matured.
Each branch of piety delight inspires ;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides ;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still ;
Prayer ardent opens heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the great God, that instant joins
The first in heaven, and sets his foot on hell.

Lorenzo! when wast thou at church before?
Thou think'st the service long: but is it just?
Though just, unwelcome: thou hadst rather tread
Unhallow'd ground; the muse, to win thine ear,
Must take an air less solemn. She complies.
Good conscience! at the sound the world retires;
Verse disaffects it, and Lorenzo smiles;
Yet has she her seraglio full of charms;
And such as age shall heighten, not impair.
Art thou dejected? Is thy mind o'ercast?
Amid her fair ones, thou the fairest choose,
To chase thy gloom.—“Go, fix some weighty truth;
Chain down some passion; do some gen'rous good;
Teach ignorance to see, or grief to smile;
Correct thy friend; befriend thy greatest foe;
Or with warm heart, and confidence divine,
Spring up and lay strong hold on Him who made thee.”
Thy gloom is scatter'd, sprightly spirits flow;
Though wither'd is thy vine, and harp unstrung.

Dost call the bowl, the viol, and the dance,
Loud mirth, mad laughter? Wretched comforters!
Physicians! more than half of thy disease.
Laughter, though never censured yet as sin
(Pardon a thought that only seems severe),
Is half-immoral: is it much indulged?



Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next
over death's dark gulf and all its horror hides



By venting spleen, or dissipating thought,
It shows a scorner, or it makes a fool ;
And sins, as hurting others, or ourselves.
'Tis pride, or emptiness, applies the straw,
That tickles little minds to mirth effuse ;
Of grief approaching, the portentous sign !
The house of laughter makes a house of woe.
A man triumphant is a monstrous sight ;
A man dejected is a sight as mean.
What cause for triumph, where such ills abound ?
What for dejection, where presides a power,
Who call'd us into being to be blest ?
So grieve, as conscious, grief may rise to joy ;
So joy, as conscious, joy to grief may fall.
Most true, a wise man never will be sad ;
But neither will sonorous, bubbling mirth,
A shallow stream of happiness betray :
Too happy to be sportive, he's serene.

Yet wouldst thou laugh (but at thy own expense),
This counsel strange should I presume to give—
“ Retire, and read thy Bible, to be gay.”
There truths abound of sovereign aid to peace ;
Ah ! do not prize them less, because inspired,
As thou, and thine, are apt and proud to do.
If not inspired, that pregnant page had stood,
Time's treasure ! and the wonder of the wise !
Thou think'st, perhaps, thy soul alone at stake ;
Alas !—Should men mistake thee for a fool ;—
What man of taste for genius, wisdom, truth,
Though tender of thy fame, could interpose ?
Believe me, sense here acts a double part,
And the true critic is a Christian too.

But these, thou think'st, are gloomy paths to joy.—
True joy in sunshine ne'er was found at first ;
They, first, themselves offend, who greatly please ;
And travel only gives us sound repose.
Heaven sells all pleasure ; effort is the price ;
The joys of conquest, are the joys of man ;
And glory the victorious laurel spreads
O'er pleasure's pure, perpetual, placid stream.

There is a time, when toil must be preferred,
Or joy, by mistimed fondness, is undone.
A man of pleasure is a man of pains.
Thou wilt not take the trouble to be blest.

False joys, indeed, are born from want of thought ;
From thoughts full bent, and energy, the true ;
And that demands a mind in equal poise,
Remote from gloomy grief, and glaring joy.
Much joy not only speaks small happiness,
But happiness that shortly must expire.
Can joy, unbottom'd in reflection, stand ?
And, in the tempest, can reflection live ?
Can joy, like thine, secure itself an hour ?
Can joy, like thine, meet accident unshock'd ?
Or ope the door to honest poverty ?
Or talk with threat'ning death, and not turn pale ?
In such a world, and such a nature, these
Are needful fundamentals of delight ;
These fundamentals give delight indeed ;
Delight, pure, delicate, and durable ;
Delight, unshaken, masculine, divine ;
A constant, and a sound, but serious joy.

Is joy the daughter of severity ?
It is :—yet far my doctrine from severe.
“ Rejoice for ever :” it becomes a man ;
Exalts, and sets him nearer to the gods.
“ Rejoice for ever !” Nature cries, “ Rejoice ;”
And drinks to man, in her nectareous cup,
Mix'd up of delicates for every sense ;
To the great founder of the bounteous feast,
Drinks glory, gratitude, eternal praise ;
And he that will not pledge her, is a churl.
Ill firmly to support, good fully taste,
Is the whole science of felicity :
Yet sparing pledge : her bowl is not the best
Mankind can boast.—“ A rational repast ;
Exertion, vigilance, a mind in arms,
A military discipline of thought,
To foil temptation in the doubtful field ;
And ever-waking ardour for the right.”
'Tis these first give, then guard, a cheerful heart.
Nought that is right, think little ; well aware,
What reason bids, God bids ; by his command
How aggrandised the smallest thing we do !
Thus, nothing is insipid to the wise ;
To thee, insipid all, but what is mad ;
Joys season'd high, and tasting strong of guilt.
“ Mad ! (thou repliest, with indignation fired)

Of ancient sages proud to tread the steps,
I follow nature."—Follow nature still,
But look it be thine own : Is conscience, then,
No part of nature ? Is she not supreme ?
Thou regicide ! O raise her from the dead !
Then, follow nature ; and resemble God.

When, spite of conscience, pleasure is pursued,
Man's nature is unnaturally pleased :
And what's unnatural, is painful too
At intervals, and must disgust even thee !
The fact thou know'st ; but not, perhaps, the cause.
Virtue's foundations with the world's were laid ;
Heaven mix'd her with our make, and twisted close
Her sacred interests with the strings of life.
Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
His better self : and is it greater pain,
Our soul should murmur, or our dust repine ?
And one, in their eternal war, must bleed.

If one must suffer, which should least be spared ?
The pains of mind surpass the pains of sense :
Ask, then, the gout, what torment is in guilt.
The joys of sense to mental joys are mean :
Sense on the present only feeds ; the soul
On past, and future, forages for joy.
'Tis hers, by retrospect, through time to range ;
And forward time's great sequel to survey.
Could human courts take vengeance on the mind,
Axes might rust, and racks, and gibbets, fall :
Guard, then, thy mind, and leave the rest to fate.

Lorenzo ! wilt thou never be a man ?
The man is dead, who for the body lives
Lured, by the beating of his pulse, to list
With ev'ry lust, that wars against his peace ;
And sets him quite at variance with himself.
Thyself, first, know ; then love : a self there is
Of virtue fond, that kindles at her charms.
A self there is, as fond of every vice,
While every virtue wounds it to the heart :
Humility degrades it, justice robs,
Blest bounty beggars it, fair truth betrays,
And godlike magnanimity destroys.
This self, when rival to the former, scorn ;
When not in competition, kindly treat,
Defend it, feed it :—but when virtue bids,

Toss it, or to the fowls, or to the flames.
And why? 'tis love of pleasure bids thee bleed ;
Comply, or own self-love extinct, or blind.

For what is vice? self-love in a mistake :
A poor blind merchant buying joys too dear.
And virtue, what? 'tis self-love in her wits,
Quite skilful in the market of delight.
Self-love's good sense is love of that dread power,
From whom herself, and all she can enjoy.
Other self-love is but disguised self-hate ;
More mortal than the malice of our foes ;
A self-hate, now, scarce felt ; then felt full sore,
When being, cursed ; extinction, loud implored ;
And everything preferred to what we are.

Yet this self-love Lorenzo makes his choice ;
And, in this choice triumphant, boasts of joy.
How is his want of happiness betrayed,
By disaffection to the present hour !
Imagination wanders far a-field :
The future pleases : why? the present pains.—
“ But that's a secret.” Yes, which all men know ;
And know from thee, discovered unawares.
Thy ceaseless agitation, restless roll
From cheat to cheat, impatient of a pause ;
What is it?—'Tis the cradle of the soul,
From instinct sent, to rock her in disease,
Which her physician, Reason, will not cure.
A poor expedient ! yet thy best ; and while
It mitigates thy pain, it owns it too.

Luch are Lorenzo's wretched remedies !
The weak have remedies ; the wise have joys.
Superior wisdom is superior bliss.
And what sure mark distinguishes the wise ?
Consistent wisdom ever wills the same :
Thy fickle wish is ever on the wing ;
Sick of herself, is folly's character ;
As wisdom's is, a modest self-applause.
A change of evils is thy good supreme ;
Nor, but in motion, canst thou find thy rest.
Man's greatest strength is shown in standing still.
The first sure symptom of a mind in health,
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home.
False pleasure from abroad her joys imports ;
Rich from within, and self-sustain'd, the true.

The true is fix'd, and solid as a rock ;
Slipp'ry the false, and tossing, as the wave.
This, a wild wanderer on earth, like Cain ;
That, like the fabled, self-enamoured boy,
Home-contemplation her supreme delight ;
She dreads an interruption from without,
Smit with her own condition ; and the more
Intense she gazes, still it charms the more.

No man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself :
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all ;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here,
Such angels, all, entitled to repose
On him who governs fate : though tempest frowns,
Though nature shakes, how soft to lean on heaven !
To lean on him, on whom archangels lean !
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting every beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight ;
For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, heaven :
Hence, are they studious of sequester'd scenes ;
While noise, and dissipation, comfort thee.

Were all men happy, revellings would cease,
That opiate for inquietude within.
Lorenzo ! never man was truly blest,
But it composed, and gave him such a cast,
As folly might mistake for want of joy.
A cast, unlike the triumph of the proud ;
A modest aspect, and a smile at heart.
O for a joy from thy Philander's spring !
A spring perennial, rising in the breast,
And permanent, as pure ! no turbid stream
Of rapturous exultation, swelling high ;
Which, like land floods, impetuous pour awhile,
Then sink at once, and leave us in the mire.
What does the man, who transient joy prefers ?
What, but prefer the bubbles to the stream ?

Vain are all sudden sallies of delight ;
Convulsions of a weak, distempered joy.
Joy's a fix'd state ; a tenure, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but unprecarious bliss :
That is the gem : sell all, and purchase that.
Why go a-begging to contingencies,

Not gained with ease, nor safely loved, if gained ?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause ;
Suspect it ; what thou canst ensure, enjoy ;
And nought but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself :
To mortals, nought immortal, but their worth.

Worth, conscious worth ! should absolutely reign ;
And other joys ask leave for their approach ;
Nor, unexamined, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy ; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils ;
Not the least promise of internal peace !
No bosom-comfort ! or unborrowed bliss !
Thy thoughts are vagabonds ; all outward-bound,
'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for pleasure ;
If gained, dear bought ; and better missed than gained.
Much pain must expiate, what much pain procured.
Fancy, and sense, from an infected shore,
Thy cargo bring ; and pestilence the prize.
Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst !
By fond indulgence but inflamed the more !)
Fancy still cruises, when poor sense is tired.

Imagination is the Paphian shop,
Where feeble happiness, like Vulcan, lame,
Bids foul ideas, in their dark recess,
And hot as hell (which kindled the black fires),
With wanton art, those fatal arrows form,
Which murder all thy time, health, wealth, and fame.
Wouldst thou receive them, other thoughts there are,
On angel wing, descending from above,
Which these, with art divine, would counter-work,
And form celestial armour for thy peace.

In this is seen imagination's guilt ;
But who can count her follies ? She betrays thee,
To think in grandeur there is something great.
For works of curious art, and ancient fame,
Thy genius hungers, elegantly pained ;
And foreign climes must cater for thy taste.
Hence, what disaster !—Though the price was paid,
That persecuting priest, the Turk of Rome,
Whose foot (ye gods !) though cloven, must be kissed,
Detained thy dinner on the Latian shore ;
(Such is the fate of honest Protestants !)

And poor magnificence is starved to death.
Hence just resentment, indignation, ire !—
Be pacified, if outward things are great,
'Tis magnanimity great things to scorn ;
Pompous expenses, and parades august,
And courts, that insalubrious soil to peace.
True happiness ne'er entered at an eye ;
True happiness resides in things unseen.
No smiles of fortune ever bless'd the bad,
Nor can her frowns rob innocence of joys ;
That jewel wanting, triple crowns are poor :
So tell His Holiness, and be reveng'd.

Pleasure, we both agree, is man's chief good ;
Our only contest, what deserves the name.
Give pleasure's name to nought, but what has pass'd
The authentic seal of reason (which like Yorke,
Demurs on what it passes), and defies
The tooth of time ; when past, a pleasure still ;
Dearer on trial, lovelier for its age,
And doubly to be prized, as it promotes
Our future, while it forms our present, joy.
Some joys the future overcast ; and some
Throw all their beams that way, and gild the tomb.
Some joys endear eternity ; some give
Abhorr'd annihilation dreadful charms.
Are rival joys contending for thy choice ?
Consult thy whole existence, and be safe ;
That oracle will put all doubt to flight.
Short is the lesson, though my lecture long,
Be good—and let heaven answer for the rest.

Yet, with a sigh o'er all mankind, I grant
In this our day of proof, our land of hope,
The good man has his clouds that intervene ;
Clouds, that obscure his sublunary day,
But never conquer : ev'n the best must own,
Patience, and resignation, are the pillars
Of human peace on earth. The pillars, these :
But those of Seth not more remote from thee,
Till this heroic lesson thou hast learnt ;
To frown at pleasure, and to smile in pain.
Fired at the prospect of unclouded bliss,
Heaven in reversion, like the sun, as yet
Beneath the horizon, cheers us in this world ;
It sheds, on souls susceptible of light,

The glorious dawn of our eternal day.

“ This (says Lorenzo) is a fair harangue :
But can harangues blow back strong nature's stream ;
Or stem the tide heaven pushes through our veins,
Which sweeps away man's impotent resolves,
And lays his labour level with the world ! ”

Themselves men make their comment on mankind ;
And think nought is, but what they find at home :
Thus, weakness to chimera turns the truth.
Nothing romantic has the muse prescribed.
Above,¹ Lorenzo saw the man of earth,
The mortal man ; and wretched was the sight.
To balance that, to comfort, and exalt,
Now see the man immortal : him, I mean,
Who lives as such ; whose heart, full bent on heaven,
Leans all that way, his bias to the stars.
The world's dark shades, in contrast set, shall raise
His lustre more ; though bright, without a foil :
Observe his awful portrait, and admire ;
Nor stop at wonder ; imitate, and live.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed !
A man on earth devoted to the skies ;
Like ships in sea, while in, above the world.

With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm ;
All the black cares, and tumults, of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
A mingled mob ! a wand'ring herd ! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale ; in all unlike !
His full reverse in all ! What higher praise ?
What stronger demonstration of the right ?

The present all their care ; the future, his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame ; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature ; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court ; and he, his own.
Theirs, the wild chase of false felicities ;
His, the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,

¹ In a former Night.

All of one colour, and an even thread ;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe ; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs : where they
Behold a sun, he spies a Deity :
What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees ;
An empire, in his balance, weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine :
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust,
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity ;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade ;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong ;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven.
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe ;
Nought, but what wounds his virtue, wounds his peace.
A cover'd heart their character defends ;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees ;
While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
Their no joys end, where his full feast begins :
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, his alone ;
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was, yesterday, complete ;
Death, then, was welcome ; yet life still is sweet.

But nothing charms Lorenzo, like the firm,
Undaunted breast—and whose is that high praise ?
They yield to pleasure, though they danger brave,
And show no fortitude, but in the field ;
If there they show it, 'tis for glory shown ;

Nor will that cordial always man their hearts.
A cordial his sustains, that cannot fail ;
By pleasure unsubdued, unbroke by pain,
He shares in that Omnipotence he trusts.
All-bearing, all-attempting, till he falls ;
And when he falls, writes Vici on his shield.
From magnanimity, all fear above ;
From nobler recompense, above applause ;
Which owes to man's short out-look all its charms.

Backward to credit what he never felt,
Lorenzo cries,—“ Where shines this miracle?
From what root rises this immortal man ?”
A root that grows not in Lorenzo's ground ;
The root dissect, nor wonder at the flower.
He follows nature (not like thee)¹ and shows us
An uninverted system of a man.
His appetite wears reason's golden chain,
And finds, in due restraint, its luxury.
His passion, like an eagle well reclaim'd,
Is taught to fly at nought, but infinite.
Patient his hope, unanxious is his care,
His caution fearless, and his grief (if grief
The gods ordain) a stranger to despair.
And why ?—Because affection, more than meet,
His wisdom leaves not disengaged from heaven.
Those secondary goods that smile on earth,
He, loving in proportion, loves in peace.
They most the world enjoy, who least admire.
His understanding 'scapes the common cloud
Of fumes, arising from a boiling breast.
His head is clear, because his heart is cool,
By worldly competitions uninflamed.
The mod'rate movements of his soul admit
Distinct ideas, and matured debate,
An eye impartial, and an even scale ;
Whence judgment sound, and unrepenting choice.
Thus, in a double sense, the good are wise ;
On its own dunghill, wiser than the world.
What, then, the world ? it must be doubly weak ;
Strange truth ! as soon would they believe their creed.

Yet thus it is ; nor otherwise can be ;
So far from aught romantic, what I sing.
Bliss has no being, virtue has no strength,

¹ See page 155, last line.

But from the prospect of immortal life.
Who think earth all, or (what weighs just the same)
Who care no further, must prize what it yields ;
Fond of its fancies, proud of its parades.
Who thinks earth nothing, can't its charms admire ;
He can't a foe, though most malignant, hate,
Because that hate would prove his greater foe.
'Tis hard for them (yet who so loudly boast
Good-will to men ?) to love their dearest friend ;
For may not he invade their good supreme,
Where the least jealousy turns love to gall ?
All shines to them, that for a season shines.
Each act, each thought, he questions, "What its weight,
Its colour what, a thousand ages hence ?"——
And what it there appears, he deems it now.
Hence, pure are the recesses of his soul.
The godlike man has nothing to conceal.
His virtue, constitutionally deep,
Has habit's firmness, and affection's flame ;
Angels, allied, descend to feed the fire ;
And death, which others slays, makes him a god.

And now, Lorenzo ! bigot of this world !
Wont to disdain poor bigots caught by heaven !
Stand by thy scorn, and be reduced to nought :
For what art thou ?—Thou boaster ! while thy glare,
Thy gaudy grandeur, and mere worldly worth,
Like a broad mist, at distance, strikes us most ;
And, like a mist, is nothing when at hand ;
His merit, like a mountain, on approach,
Swells more, and rises nearer to the skies,
By promise now, and, by possession, soon,
(Too soon, too much, it cannot be) his own.

From this thy just annihilation rise,
Lorenzo ! rise to something, by reply.
The world, thy client, listens, and expects ;
And longs to crown thee with immortal praise.
Canst thou be silent ? no ; for wit is thine ;
And wit talks most, when least she has to say,
And reason interrupts not her career.
She'll say—that mists above the mountains rise ;
And, with a thousand pleasantries, amuse ;
She'll sparkle, puzzle, flutter, raise a dust,
And fly conviction, in the dust she raised.

Wit, how delicious to man's dainty taste !

'Tis precious, as the vehicle of sense ;
But, as its substitute, a dire disease.
Pernicious talent ! flatter'd by the world,
By the blind world, which thinks the talent rare.
Wisdom is rare, Lorenzo ! wit abounds ;
Passion can give it ; sometimes wine inspires
The lucky flash ; and madness rarely fails.
Whatever cause the spirit strongly stirs,
Confers the bays, and rivals thy renown.
For thy renown, 'twere well, was this the worst ;
Chance often hits it ; and, to pique thee more,
See dulness, blund'ring on vivacities,
Shakes her sage head at the calamity,
Which has exposed, and let her down to thee.
But wisdom, awful wisdom ! which inspects,
Discerns, compares, weighs, separates, infers,
Seizes the right, and holds it to the last ;
How rare ! in senates, synods, sought in vain ;
Or if there found, 'tis sacred to the few ;
While a lewd prostitute to multitudes,
Frequent, as fatal, wit : in civil life,
Wit makes an enterpriser ; sense, a man.
Wit hates authority ; commotion loves,
And thinks herself the lightning of the storm.
In states, 'tis dangerous ; in religion, death :
Shall wit turn Christian, when the dull believe ?
Sense is our helmet, wit is but the plume ;
The plume exposes, 'tis our helmet saves.
Sense is the diamond, weighty, solid, sound ;
When cut by wit, it casts a brighter beam ;
Yet, wit apart, it is a diamond still.
Wit, widow'd of good sense, is worse than nought ;
It hoists more sail to run against a rock.
Thus, a half-Chesterfield is quite a fool ;
Whom dull fools scorn, and bless their want of wit.

How ruinous the rock I warn thee shun,
Where sirens sit, to sing thee to thy fate !
A joy, in which our reason bears no part,
Is but a sorrow tickling, ere it stings.
Let not the cooings of the world allure thee ;
Which of her lovers ever found her true ?
Happy ! of this bad world who little know ?—
And yet, we much must know her, to be safe,
To know the world, not love her, is thy point ;

She gives but little, nor that little, long.
There is, I grant, a triumph of the pulse ;
A dance of spirits, a mere froth of joy,
Our thoughtless agitation's idle child,
That mantles high, that sparkles, and expires,
Leaving the soul more rapid than before.
An animal ovation ! such as holds
No commerce with our reason, but subsists
On juices, through the well-toned tubes, well strain'd ;
A nice machine ! scarce ever tuned aright ;
And when it jars—thy sirens sing no more,
Thy dance is done ; the demi-god is thrown
(Short apotheosis !) beneath the man,
In coward gloom immersed, or fell despair.

Art thou yet dull enough despair to dread,
And startle at destruction ? If thou art,
Accept a buckler, take it to the field ;
(A field of battle is this mortal life !)
When danger threatens, lay it on thy heart ;
A single sentence proof against the world.
"Soul, body, fortune ! Every good pertains
To one of these ; but prize not all alike ;
The goods of fortune to thy body's health,
Body to soul, and soul submit to God."
Wouldst thou build lasting happiness ? Do this ;
The inverted pyramid can never stand.

Is this truth doubtful ? it outshines the sun ;
Nay, the sun shines not, but to show us this,
The single lesson of mankind on earth.
And yet—yet, what ? no news ! Mankind is mad ;
Such mighty numbers list against the right,
(And what can't numbers, when bewitch'd, achieve !)
They talk themselves to something like belief,
That all earth's joys are theirs : as Athen's fool
Grinn'd from the port, on every sail his own.

They grin ; but wherefore ? and how long the laugh ?
Half ignorance, their mirth ; and half, a lie ;
To cheat the world, and cheat themselves, they smile.
Hard either task ! the most abandon'd own,
That others, if abandon'd, are undone :
Then, for themselves, the moment reason wakes,
(And Providence denies it long repose)
O how laborious is their gaiety !
They scarce can swallow their ebullient spleen,

Scarce muster patience to support the farce,
And pump sad laughter till the curtain falls.
Scarce, did I say? some cannot sit it out;
Oft their own daring hands the curtain draw,
And show us what their joy, by their despair.

The clotted hair! gored breast! blaspheming eye!
Its impious fury still alive in death!
Shut, shut the shocking scene.—But heaven denies
A cover to such guilt; and so should man.
Look round, Lorenzo! see the reeking blade,
The invenom'd phial, and the fatal ball;
The strangling cord, and suffocating stream;
The loathsome rottenness, and foul decays
From raging riot (slower suicides!)
And pride in these, more execrable still!
How horrid all to thought!—But horrors, these,
That vouch the truth; and aid my feeble song.

From vice, sense, fancy, no man can be bless'd:
Bliss is too great to lodge within an hour:
When an immortal being aims at bliss,
Duration is essential to the name.
O for a joy from reason! Joy from that,
Which makes man *man*; and, exercised aright,
Will make him more: a bounteous joy! that gives,
And promises; that weaves, with art divine,
The richest prospect into present peace:
A joy ambitious! joy in common held
With thrones ethereal, and their greater far;
A joy high-privileged from chance, time, death!
A joy, which death shall double, judgment crown!
Crown'd higher, and still higher, at each stage,
Through bless'd eternity's long day; yet still,
Not more remote from sorrow, than from him,
Whose lavish hand, whose love stupendous pours
So much of deity on guilty dust.
There, O my Lucia!¹ may I meet thee there,
Where not thy presence can improve my bliss!

Affects not this the sages of the world?
Can nought affect them, but what fools them too?
Eternity, depending on an hour,
Makes serious thought man's wisdom, joy, and praise,
Nor need you blush (though sometimes your designs
May shun the light) at your designs on heaven:

¹ His departed wife.

Sole point ! where over-bashful is your blame.
Are you not wise ?—You know you are : yet hear
One truth amid your num'rous schemes, mislaid,
Or overlook'd, or thrown aside, if seen ;
“ Our schemes to plan by this world, or the next,
Is the sole difference between wise and fool.”
All worthy men will weigh you in this scale ;
What wonder then, if they pronounce you light ?
Is their esteem alone not worth your care ?
Accept my simple scheme of common sense :
Thus, save your fame, and make two worlds your own.

The world replies not ;—but the world persists ;
And puts the cause off to the longest day,
Planning evasions for the day of doom.
So far, at that re-hearing, from redress,
They then turn witnesses against themselves,
Hear that, Lorenzo ! Nor be wise to-morrow.
Haste, haste ! a man, by nature, is in haste ;
For who shall answer for another hour ?
'Tis highly prudent, to make one sure friend ;
And that thou canst not do, this side the skies.

Ye sons of earth ! (nor willing to be more !)
Since verse you think from priestcraft somewhat free,
Thus, in an age so gay, the muse plain truths
(Truths, which, at church, you might have heard in prose)
Has ventured into light ; well pleased the verse
Should be forgot, if you the truths retain ;
And crown her with your welfare, not your praise.
But praise she need not fear : I see my fate ;
And headlong leap, like Curtius, down the gulf.
Since many an ample volume, mighty tome,
Must die, and die unwept ; O thou minute
Devoted page ! go forth among thy foes ;
Go, nobly proud of martyrdom for truth,
And die a double death : mankind incensed,
Denies thee long to live : nor shalt thou rest,
When thou art dead ; in Stygian shades arraign'd
By Lucifer, as traitor to his throne ;
And bold blasphemer of his friend,—the world ;
The world, whose legions cost him slender pay,
And volunteers, around his banner swarm ;
Prudent, as Prussia, in her zeal for Gaul.

“ Are all, then, fools ?” Lorenzo cries.—Yes, all,
But such as hold this doctrine (new to thee) ;

"The mother of true wisdom is the will ;"
 The noblest intellect, a fool without it.
 World-wisdom much has done, and more may do,
 In arts and sciences, in wars, in peace ;
 But art and science, like thy wealth, will leave thee.
 And make thee twice a beggar at thy death.
 This is the most indulgence can afford ;—
 "Thy wisdom all can do, but—make thee wise."
 Nor think this censure is severe on thee ;
 Satan, thy master, I dare call a dunce.

NIGHT IX. AND LAST.

THE CONSOLATION.

CONTAINING, AMONG OTHER THINGS—

I. A MORAL SURVEY OF THE NOCTURNAL HEAVENS.

II. A NIGHT ADDRESS TO THE DEITY.

INSCRIBED TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

——— *Fatis contraria fata rependens.*—VIRG.

As when a traveller, a long day past
 In painful search of what he cannot find,
 At night's approach, content with the next cot,
 There ruminates, a while, his labour lost ;
 Then cheers his heart with what his fate affords,
 And chants his sonnet to deceive the time,
 Till the due season calls him to repose :
 Thus I, long-travell'd in the ways of men,
 And dancing, with the rest, the giddy maze,
 Where disappointment smiles at hope's career ;
 Warn'd by the languor of life's evening ray,
 At length have housed me in an humble shed
 Where, future wandering banish'd from my thought,
 And waiting, patient, the sweet hour of rest,
 I chase the moments with a serious song.
 Song soothes our pains ; and age has pains to soothe.

When age, care, crime, and friends embraced at heart.
 Torn from my bleeding breast, and death's dark shade,
 Which hovers o'er me, quench the ethereal fire :
 Canst thou, O night ! indulge one labour more ?
 One labour more indulge ! then sleep, my strain !
 Till, haply, waked by Raphael's golden lyre,
 Where night, death, age, care, crime, and sorrow, cease ;

To bear a part in everlasting lays ;
Though far, far higher set, in aim, I trust,
Symphonious to this humble prelude here.

Has not the muse asserted pleasures pure,
Like those above ; exploding other joys ?
Weigh what was urged, Lorenzo ! fairly weigh ;
And tell me, hast thou cause to triumph still ?
I think, thou wilt forbear a boast so bold.
But if, beneath the favour of mistake,
Thy smile's sincere ; not more sincere can be
Lorenzo's smile, than my compassion for him.
The sick in body call for aid ; the sick
In mind are covetous of more disease ;
And when at worst, they dream themselves quite well.
To know ourselves diseased, is half our cure.
When nature's blush by custom is wiped off,
And conscience, deaden'd by repeated strokes,
Has into manners naturalised our crimes ;
The curse of curses is, our curse to love ;
To triumph in the blackness of our guilt
(As Indians glory in the deepest jet),
And throw aside our senses with our peace.

But grant no guilt, no shame, no least alloy ;
Grant joy and glory quite unsullied shone ;
Yet, still, it ill deserves Lorenzo's heart.
No joy, no glory, glitters in thy sight,
But, through the thin partition of an hour,
I see its sables wove by destiny ;
And that in sorrow buried ; this, in shame ;
While howling furies ring the doleful knell ;
And conscience, now so soft thou scarce canst hear
Her whisper, echoes her eternal peal.

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene ;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their plume ?
How many sleep, who kept the world awake
With lustre, and with noise ! has death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his sated lance on high ?
'Tis brandish'd still ; nor shall the present year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought ;
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality ;
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.

What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint, or marble,
The well stain'd canvas, or the featured stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt, the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

"Professed diversions! cannot these escape?"—
Far from it: these present us with a shroud;
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers, for buried wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime; from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: how like gods
We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed generous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deploring, to forget our own!

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives,
But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil,
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms, shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate?

Lorenzo! such the glories of the world!
What is the world itself? Thy world—a grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole buried towns support the dancer's heel.
The moist of human frame the sun exhales;
Winds scatter through the mighty void the dry;
Earth repossesses part of what she gave,
And the freed spirit mounts on wings of fire;
Each element partakes our scatter'd spoils;
As nature, wide, our ruins spread: man's death
Inhabits all things, but the thought of man.

Nor man alone; his breathing bust expires,
His tomb is mortal; empires die: where, now,
The Roman? Greek? They stalk, an empty name!
Yet few regard them in this useful light;
Though half our learning is their epitaph.
When down thy vale, unlock'd by midnight thought,

That loves to wander in thy sunless realms,
O death ! I stretch my view : what visions rise !
What triumphs ! toils imperial ! arts divine !
In wither'd laurels glide before my sight !
What lengths of far-famed ages, billow'd high
With human agitation, roll along
In unsubstantial images of air !
The melancholy ghosts of dead renown,
Whispering faint echoes of the world's applause,
With penitential aspect, as they pass,
All point at earth, and hiss at human pride,
The wisdom of the wise, and prancings of the great.

But, O Lorenzo ! far the rest above,
Of ghastly nature, and enormous size,
One form assaults my sight, and chills my blood,
And shakes my frame. Of one departed world
I see the mighty shadow : oozy wreath
And dismal sea-weed crown her ; o'er her urn
Reclined, she weeps her desolated realms,
And bloated sons ; and, weeping, prophesies
Another's dissolution, soon, in flames.
But, like Cassandra, prophesies in vain ;
In vain, to many ; not, I trust, to thee.

For, know'st thou not, or art thou loth to know
The great decree, the counsel of the skies ?
Deluge and conflagration, dreadful powers !
Prime ministers of vengeance ! chained in caves
Distinct, apart the giant furies roar ;
Apart ; or, such their horrid rage for ruin,
In mutual conflict would they rise, and wage
Eternal war, till one was quite devoured.
But not for this, ordained their boundless rage ;
When heaven's inferior instruments of wrath,
War, famine, pestilence, are found too weak
To scourge a world for her enormous crimes,
These are let loose, alternate : down they rush,
Swift and tempestuous, from the eternal throne,
With irresistible commission armed,
The world, in vain corrected, to destroy,
And ease creation of the shocking scene.

Seest thou, Lorenzo ! what depends *on* man ?
The fate of nature ; as *for* man, her birth.
Earth's actors change earth's transitory scenes
And make creation groan with human guilt.

How must it groan, in a new deluge whelmed,
But not of waters ! At the destined hour,
By the loud trumpet summoned to the charge,—
See, all the formidable sons of fire,
Eruptions, earthquakes, comets, lightnings, play
Their various engines ; all at once disgorge
Their blazing magazines ; and take, by storm,
This poor terrestrial citadel of man.

Amazing period ! when each mountain-height
Out-burns Vesuvius ; rocks eternal pour
Their melted mass, as rivers once they poured ;
Stars rush ; and final ruin fiercely drives
Her ploughshare o'er creation !—while aloft,
More than astonishment ! if more can be !
Far other firmament than e'er was seen,
Than e'er was thought by man ! far other stars !
Stars animate, that govern these of fire ;
Far other sun !—A sun, O how unlike
The Babe at Bethlem ! how unlike the man,
That groaned on Calvary !—Yet he it is ;
That man of sorrows ! O how changed ! what pomp !
In grandeur terrible, all heaven descends !
And gods, ambitious, triumph in his train.
A swift archangel, with his golden wing,
As blots and clouds, that darken and disgrace
The scene divine, sweeps stars and suns aside.
And now, all dross removed, heaven's own pure day,
Full on the confines of our ether, flames.
While (dreadful contrast !) far, how far beneath !
Hell, bursting, belches forth her blazing seas,
And storms sulphureous ; her voracious jaws
Expanding wide, and roaring for her prey.

Lorenzo ! welcome to this scene ; the last
In nature's course ; the first in wisdom's thought.
This strikes, if aught can strike thee ; this awakes
The most supine ; this snatches man from death.
Rouse, rouse, Lorenzo, then, and follow me,
Where truth, the most momentous man can hear,
Loud calls my soul, and ardour wings her flight.
I find my inspiration in my theme ;
The grandeur of my subject is my muse.

At midnight, when mankind is wrapt in peace,
And worldly fancy feeds on golden dreams ;
To give more dread to man's most dreadful hour,

At midnight, 'tis presumed, this pomp will burst
From tenfold darkness ; sudden as the spark
From smitten steel ; from nitrous grain, the blaze.
Man, starting from his couch, shall sleep no more !
The day is broke, which never more shall close !
Above, around, beneath, amazement all !
Terror and glory joined in their extremes !
Our God in grandeur, and our world on fire !
All nature struggling in the pangs of death !
Dost thou not hear her ? Dost thou not deplore
Her strong convulsions, and her final groan ?
Where are we now ? Ah me ! the ground is gone,
On which we stood ; Lorenzo ! while thou may'st,
Provide more firm support, or sink for ever !
Where ? how ? from whence ? vain hope ! it is too late !
Where, where, for shelter, shall the guilty fly,
When consternation turns the good man pale ? -

Great day ! for which all other days were made ;
For which earth rose from chaos, man from earth ;
And an eternity, the date of gods,
Descended on poor earth-created man !
Great day of dread, decision, and despair !
At thought of thee each sublunary wish
Lets go its eager grasp, and drops the world ;
And catches at each reed of hope in heaven.
At thought of thee !—and art thou absent then ?
Lorenzo ! no ; 'tis here ; it is begun ;—
Already is begun the grand assize,
In thee, in all : deputed conscience scales
The dread tribunal, and forestalls our doom ;
Forestalls ; and, by forestalling, proves it sure.
Why on himself should man void judgment pass ?
Is idle nature laughing at her sons ?
Who conscience sent, her sentence will support,
And God above assert that God in man.

Thrice happy they ! that enter now the court
Heav'n opens in their bosoms : but, how rare,
Ah me ! that magnanimity, how rare !
What hero, like the man who stands himself ;
Who dares to meet his naked heart alone ;
Who hears, intrepid, the full charge it brings,
Resolved to silence future murmurs there ?
The coward flies ; and, flying, is undone.
(Art thou a coward ? No :) The coward flies ;

Thinks, but thinks slightly ; asks, but fears to know ;
Asks, "What is truth ;" with Pilate ; and retires ;
Dissolves the court, and mingles with the throng ;
Asylum sad ! from reason, hope, and heaven !

Shall all, but man, look out with ardent eye,
For that great day, which was ordained for man ?
O day of consummation ! mark supreme
(If men are wise) of human thought ! nor least,
Or in the sight of angels, or their king !
Angels, whose radiant circles, height o'er height,
Order o'er order, rising, blaze o'er blaze,
As in a theatre, surround this scene,
Intent on man, and anxious for his fate.
Angels look out for thee ; for thee, their Lord,
To vindicate his glory ; and for thee,
Creation universal calls aloud,
To disinvolve the moral world, and give
To nature's renovation brighter charms.

Shall man alone, whose fate, whose final fate,
Hangs on that hour, exclude it from his thought ?
I think of nothing else ; I see ! I feel it !
All nature, like an earthquake, trembling round !
All deities, like summer's swarms, on wing !
All basking in the full meridian blaze !
I see the judge enthroned ! the flaming guard !
The volume open'd ! open'd ev'ry heart !
A sunbeam pointing out each secret thought !
No patron ! intercessor none ! now past
The sweet, the clement, mediatorial hour !
For guilt no plea ! to pain, no pause ! no bound !
Inexorable, all ! and all, extreme !

Nor man alone ; the foe of God and man,
From his dark den, blaspheming, drags his chain,
And rears his brazen front, with thunder scarr'd :
Receives his sentence, and begins his hell.
All vengeance past, now, seems abundant grace :
Like meteors in a stormy sky, how roll
His baleful eyes ! he curses whom he dreads ;
And deems it the first moment of his fall.
'Tis present to my thought !—and yet where is it ?
Angels can't tell me ; angels cannot guess
The period ; from created beings lock'd
In darkness. But the process, and the place,
Are less obscure ; for these may man inquire.

Say, thou great close of human hopes and fears !
Great key of hearts ! great finisher of fates !
Great end ! and great beginning ! say, where art thou ?
Art thou in time, or in eternity ?
Nor in eternity, nor time, I find thee.
These, as two monarchs, on their borders meet,
(Monarchs of all elapsed, or unarrived !)
As in debate, how best their powers allied,
May swell the grandeur, or discharge the wrath,
Of him, whom both their monarchies obey.

Time, this fast fabric for him built (and doom'd
With him to fall) now bursting o'er his head ;
His lamp, the sun, extinguish'd ; from beneath
The frown of hideous darkness, calls his sons
From their long slumber ; from earth's heaving womb,
To second birth ! contemporary throng !
Roused at one call, upstarted from one bed,
Press'd in one crowd, appall'd with one amaze,
He turns them o'er, eternity ! to thee.
Then (as a king deposed disdains to live)
He falls on his own scythe ; nor falls alone ;
His greatest foe falls with him ; time, and he
Who murder'd all time's offspring, death, expire.

Time was ! eternity now reigns alone
Awful eternity ! offended queen !
And her resentment to mankind, how just !
With kind intent, soliciting access,
How often has she knock'd at human hearts !
Rich to repay their hospitality,
How often call'd ! and with the voice of God !
Yet bore repulse, excluded as a cheat !
A dream ! while foulest foes found welcome there !
A dream, a cheat, now, all things, but her smile.

For, lo ! her twice ten thousand gates thrown wide,
As thrice from Indus to the frozen pole,
With banners streaming as the comet's blaze,
And clarions, louder than the deep in storms,
Sonorous as immortal breath can blow,
Pour forth their myriads, potentates, and powers,
Of light, of darkness ; in a middle field,
Wide, as creation ! populous, as wide !
A neutral region ! there to mark the event
Of that great drama, whose preceding scenes
Detain'd them close spectators, through a length

Of ages, ripening to this grand result ;
Ages, as yet unnumber'd, but by God ;
Who now, pronouncing sentence, vindicates
The rights of virtue, and his own renown.

Eternity, the various sentence past,
Assigns the sever'd throng distinct abodes,
Sulphureous, or ambrosial : what ensues ?
The deed predominant ! the deed of deeds !
Which makes a hell of hell, a heaven of heaven.
The goddess, with determined aspect, turns
Her adamantine key's enormous size
Through destiny's inextricable wards,
Deep driving every bolt, on both their fates.
Then, from the crystal battlements of heaven,
Down, down, she hurls it through the dark profound,
Ten thousand thousand fathom ; there to rust,
And ne'er unlock her resolution more.
The deep resounds, and hell, through all her glooms,
Returns, in groans, the melancholy roar.

O how unlike the chorus of the skies !
O how unlike those shouts of joy, that shake
The whole ethereal ! how the concave rings !
Nor strange ! when deities their voice exalt ;
And louder far, than when creation rose,
To see creation's god-like aim and end,
So well accomplish'd ! so divinely closed !
To see the mighty dramatist's last act
(As meet) in glory rising o'er the rest.
No fancied god, a God, indeed, descends,
To solve all knots ; to strike the moral home ;
To throw full day on darkest scenes of time ;
To clear, commend, exalt, and crown the whole.
Hence, in one peal of loud, eternal praise,
The charm'd spectators thunder their applause ;
And the vast void beyond, applause resounds.

What then am I ?—

Amidst applauding worlds,
And worlds celestial, is there found on earth,
A peevish, dissonant, rebellious string,
Which jars in the grand chorus, and complains ?
Censure on thee, Lorenzo ! I suspend,
And turn it on myself ; how greatly due !
All, all, is right : by God ordain'd or done ;
And who, but God, resumed the friends He gave

And have I been complaining, then, so long?
Complaining of his favours ; pain, and death ?
Who, without pain's advice, would e'er be good ?
Who, without death, but would be good in vain ?
Pain is to save from pain : all punishment,
To make for peace ; and death to save from death ;
And second death, to guard immortal life !
To rouse the careless, the presumptuous awe,
And turn the tide of souls another way ;
By the same tenderness divine ordain'd,
That planted Eden, and high-bloomed for man,
A fairer Eden, endless, in the skies.

Heaven gives us friends to bless the present scene ;
Resumes them, to prepare us for the next.

All evils natural are moral goods ;
All discipline, indulgence, on the whole.
None are unhappy : all have cause to smile,
But such as to themselves that cause deny.
Our faults are at the bottom of our pains ;
Error, in acts, or judgment, is the source
Of endless sighs : we sin, or we mistake ;
And nature tax, when false opinion stings.
Let impious grief be banish'd, joy indulged ;
But chiefly then, when grief puts in her claim.
Joy from the joyous, frequently betrays,
Oft lives in vanity, and dies in woe.
Joy, amidst ills, corroborates, exalts ;
'Tis joy and conquest ; joy, and virtue too.
A noble fortitude in ills, delights
Heaven, earth, ourselves ; 'tis duty, glory, peace.
Affliction is the good man's shining scene ;
Prosperity conceals his brightest ray ;
As night to stars, woe lustre gives to man.
Heroes in battle, pilots in the storm,
And virtue in calamities, admire.
The crown of manhood is a winter joy ;
An evergreen that stands the northern blast,
And blossoms in the rigour of our fate.

'Tis a prime part of happiness, to know
How much unhappiness must prove our lot ;
A part which few possess ! I'll pay life's tax,
Without one rebel murmur, from this hour,
Nor think it misery to be a man ;
Who thinks it is, shall never be a God.

Some ills we wish for, when we wish to live.

What spoke proud passion?—"Wish my *being* lost?"¹

Presumptuous! blasphemous! absurd! and false!

The triumph of my soul is,—that I am;

And therefore that I may be—what? Lorenzo!

Look inward, and look deep; and deeper still;

Unfathomably deep our treasure runs

In golden veins, through all eternity!

Ages and ages, and succeeding still

New ages, where the phantom of an hour,

Which courts each night, dull slumber, for repair,

Shall wake, and wonder, and exult, and praise,

And fly through infinite, and all unlock;

And (if deserved) by heaven's redundant love,

Made half-adorable itself, adore;

And find, in adoration, endless joy!

Where thou, not master of a moment here,

Frail as the flower, and fleeting as the gale,

May'st boast a whole eternity, enrich'd

With all a kind Omnipotence can pour.

Since Adam fell, no mortal, uninspired,

Has ever yet conceived, or ever shall,

How kind is God, how great (if good) is man.

No man too largely from heaven's love can hope,

If what is hoped he labours to secure.

Ills?—there are none; All-gracious! none from thee;

From man full many! numerous is the race

Of blackest ills, and those immortal too,

Begot by madness on fair liberty;

Heaven's daughter, hell debauch'd! her hand alone

Unlocks destruction to the sons of men,

Fast barr'd by thine: high-wall'd with adamant,

Guarded with terrors reaching to this world,

And cover'd with the thunders of thy law;

Whose threats are mercies, whose injunctions guides,

Assisting, not restraining, reason's choice;

Whose sanctions, unavoidable results

From nature's course, indulgently reveal'd;

If unreveal'd, more dangerous, nor less sure.

Thus, an indulgent father warns his sons,

"Do this; fly that"—nor always tells the cause;

Pleased to reward, as duty to his will,

A conduct needful to their own repose.

¹ Referring to the first Night.

Great God of wonders ! (if, thy love survey'd,
Aught else the name of wonderful retains)
What rocks are these, on which to build our trust !
Thy ways admit no blemish ; none I find ;
Or this alone—" That none is to be found."
Not one, to soften censure's hardy crime ;
Not one, to palliate peevish grief's complaint,
Who like a demon, murm'ring from the dust,
Dares into judgment call her judge.—Supreme !
For all I bless thee ; most, for the severe ;
Her death¹—my own at hand—the fiery gulf,
That flaming bound of wrath omnipotent !
It thunders ;—but it thunders to preserve ;
It strengthens what it strikes ; its wholesome dread
Averts the dreaded pain ; its hideous groans
Join heaven's sweet hallelujahs in thy praise,
Great source of good alone ! how kind in all !
In vengeance kind ! pain, death, gehenna, save.

Thus, in thy world material, mighty mind !
Not that alone which solaces, and shines,
The rough and gloomy, challenges our praise.
The winter is as needful as the spring ;
The thunder, as the sun ; a stagnate mass
Of vapours breeds a pestilential air :
Nor more propitious the Favonian breeze
To nature's health, than purifying storms ;
The dread volcano ministers to good.
Its smother'd flames might undermine the world.
Loud *Ætnas* fulminate in love to man ;
Comets good omens are, when duly scann'd ;
And, in their use, eclipses learn to shine.

Man is responsible for ills received ;
Those we call wretched are a chosen band,
Compell'd to refuge in the right, for peace.
Amid my list of blessings infinite,
Stand this the foremost, " That my heart has bled."
'Tis heaven's last effort of good-will to man ;
When pain can't bless, heaven quits us in despair.
Who fails to grieve, when just occasion calls,
Or grieves too much, deserves not to be bless'd ;
Inhuman, or effeminate, his heart ;
Reason absolves the grief, which reason ends.
May heaven ne'er trust my friend with happiness,

¹ Lucia.

Till it has taught him how to bear it well,
By previous pain ; and made it safe to smile !
Such smiles are mine, and such may they remain ;
Nor hazard their extinction, from excess.
My change of heart a change of style demands ;
The consolation cancels the complaint,
And makes a convert of my guilty song.

As when o'er-labour'd, and inclined to breathe,
A panting traveller, some rising ground,
Some small ascent, has gain'd, he turns him round,
And measures with his eye the various vales,
The fields, woods, meads, and rivers, he has pass'd ;
And, satiate of his journey, thinks of home,
Endear'd by distance, nor affects more toil ;
Thus I, though small, indeed, is that ascent
The muse has gain'd, review the paths she trod ;
Various, extensive, beaten but by few ;
And, conscious of her prudence in repose,
Pause ; and with pleasure meditate an end,
Though still remote ; so fruitful is my theme.
Through many a field of moral, and divine,
The muse has stray'd ; and much of sorrow seen
In human ways ; and much of false and vain ;
Which none who travel this bad road can miss.
O'er friends deceased full heartily she wept ;
Of love divine the wonders she display'd ;
Proved man immortal ; show'd the source of joy ;
The grand tribunal raised ; assign'd the bounds
Of human grief : in few, to close the whole,
The moral muse has shadow'd out a sketch,
Though not in form, nor with a Raphael-stroke,
Of most our weakness needs believe, or do,
In this our land of travel, and of hope,
For peace on earth, or prospect of the skies.

What then remains ? much ! much ! a mighty debt
To be discharged : these thoughts, O night ! are thine ;
From thee they came, like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So, Cynthia (poets feign)
In shadows veil'd, soft sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheer'd ; of her enamour'd less,
Than I of thee.—And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing ?
Immortal silence ! where shall I begin ?
Where end ? or how steal music from the spheres,

To soothe their goddess ?

O majestic Night !

Nature's great ancestor ! day's elder-born !

And fated to survive the transient sun !

By mortals, and immortals, seen with awe !

A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,

An azure zone thy waist ; clouds, in heaven's loom

Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,

In ample folds of drapery divine,

Thy flowing mantle form ; and, heaven throughout,

Voluminously pour thy pompous train.

Thy gloomy grandeurs (nature's most august,

Inspiring aspect !) claim a grateful verse ;

And, like a sable curtain starr'd with gold,

Drawn o'er my labours past, shall close the scene.

And what, O man ! so worthy to be sung ?

What more prepares us for the songs of heaven ?

Creation, of archangels is the theme !

What, to be sung, so needful ? What so well

Celestial joys prepare us to sustain ?

The soul of man, His face design'd to see,

Who gave these wonders to be seen by man,

Has here a previous scene of objects great,

On which to dwell ; to stretch to that expanse

Of thought, to rise to that exalted height

Of admiration, to contract that awe,

And give her whole capacities that strength,

Which best may qualify for final joy.

The more our spirits are enlarged on earth,

The deeper draught shall they receive of heaven.

Heaven's King ! whose face unveil'd consummates
bliss ;

Redundant bliss ! which fills that mighty void,

The whole creation leaves in human hearts !

Thou, who didst touch the lip of Jesse's son,

Rapt in sweet contemplation of these fires,

And set his harp in concert with the spheres ;

While of thy works material the supreme

I dare attempt, assist my daring song.

Loose me from earth's enclosure, from the sun's

Contracted circle set my heart at large ;

Eliminate my spirit, give it range

Through provinces of thought yet unexplored ;

Teach me, by this stupendous scaffolding,

Creation's golden steps, to climb to thee.
Teach me with art great nature to control,
And spread a lustre o'er the shades of night.
Feel I thy kind assent? and shall the sun
Be seen at midnight, rising in my song?

Lorenzo! come, and warm thee: thou, whose heart,
Whose little heart, is moor'd within a nook
Of this obscure terrestrial, anchor weigh.
Another ocean calls, a nobler port;
I am thy pilot, I thy prosp'rous gale.
Gainful thy voyage through yon azure main;
Main, without tempest, pirate, rock, or shore;
And whence thou mayst import eternal wealth;
And leave to beggar'd minds the pearl and gold.
Thy travels dost thou boast o'er foreign realms?
Thou stranger to the world! thy tour begin;
Thy tour through nature's universal orb.
Nature delineates her whole chart at large;
On soaring souls, that sail among the spheres;
And man how purblind, if unknown the whole!
Who circles spacious earth, then travels here,
Shall own, he never was from home before!
Come, my Prometheus,¹ from thy pointed rock
Of false ambition if unchain'd, we'll mount;
We'll, innocently, steal celestial fire,
And kindle our devotion at the stars;
A theft, that shall not chain, but set thee free.

Above our atmosphere's intestine wars,
Rain's fountain-head, the magazine of hail;
Above the northern nests of feather'd snows,
The brew of thunders, and the flaming forge
That forms the crooked lightning; 'bove the caves
Where infant tempests wait their growing wings,
And tune their tender voices to that roar,
Which soon, perhaps, shall shake a guilty world;
Above misconstrued omens of the sky,
Far-travell'd comets' calculated blaze;
E lance thy thought, and think of more than man.
Thy soul, till now, contracted, wither'd, shrunk,
Blighted by blasts of earth's unwholesome air,
Will blossom here; spread all her faculties
To these bright ardours; every power unfold,
And rise into sublimities of thought.

Stars teach, as well as shine. At nature's birth,
Thus their commission ran—"Be kind to man."
Where art thou, poor benighted traveller!
The stars will light thee; though the moon should fail.
Where art thou, more benighted! more astray!
In ways immoral? The stars call thee back;
And, if obey'd their counsel, set thee right.

This prospect vast, what is it?—Weigh'd aright,
'Tis nature's system of divinity,
And every student of the night inspires.
'Tis elder scripture, writ by God's own hand:
Scripture authentic! uncorrupt by man.
Lorenzo! with my radius (the rich gift
Of thought nocturnal!) I'll point out to thee
Its various lessons; some that may surprise
An unadept in mysteries of night;
Little, perhaps, expected in her school,
Nor thought to grow on planet, or on star.
Bulls, lions, scorpions, monsters here we feign;
Ourselves more monstrous, not to see what here
Exists indeed;—a lecture to mankind.

What read we here?—The existence of a God?
Yes; and of other beings, man above;
Natives of ether! Sons of higher climes!
And, what may move Lorenzo's wonder more,
Eternity is written in the skies.
And whose eternity?—Lorenzo! thine;
Mankind's eternity. Nor faith alone,
Virtue grows here; here springs the sov'reign cure
Of almost every vice; but chiefly thine;
Wrath, pride, ambition, and impure desire.

Lorenzo! thou canst wake at midnight too,
Though not on morals bent: ambition, pleasure!
Those tyrants I for thee so¹ lately fought,
Afford their harass'd slaves, but slender rest.
Thou, to whom midnight is immoral noon,
And the sun's noontide blaze, prime dawn of day;
Not by thy climate, but capricious crime,
Commencing one of our Antipodes!
In thy nocturnal rove, one moment halt,
'Twixt stage and stage, of riot, and cabal;
And lift thine eye (if bold an eye to lift,
If bold to meet the face of injured heaven)

To yonder stars : for other ends they shine,
Than to light revellers from shame to shame,
And, thus, be made accomplices in guilt.

Why from yon arch, that infinite of space,
With infinite of lucid orbs replete,
Which set the living firmament on fire,
At the first glance, in such an overwhelm
Of wonderful, on man's astonish'd sight.
Rushes Omnipotence !—To curb our pride ;
Our reason rouse, and lead it to that power,
Whose love lets down these silver chains of light ;
To draw up man's ambition to himself,
And bind our chaste affections to his throne.
Thus the three virtues, least alive on earth,
And welcomed on heaven's coast with most applause,
An humble, pure, and heavenly-minded heart,
Are here inspired :—and canst thou gaze too long ?

Nor stands thy wrath deprived of its reproof,
Or unupbraided by this radiant choir.
The planets of each system represent
Kind neighbours ; mutual amity prevails ;
Sweet interchange of rays, received, return'd ;
Enlight'ning, and enlighten'd ! All, at once,
Attracting, and attracted ! Patriot like,
None sins against the welfare of the whole ;
But their reciprocal, unselfish aid,
Affords an emblem of millennial love.
Nothing in nature, much less conscious being,
Was e'er created solely for itself :
Thus man his sov'reign duty learns in this
Material picture of benevolence.

And know, of all our supercilious race,
Thou most inflammable ! thou wasp of men !
Man's angry heart, inspected, would be found
As rightly set, as are the starry spheres ;
'Tis Nature's structure, broke by stubborn will,
Breeds all that uncelestial discord there.
Wilt thou not feel the bias nature gave ?
Canst thou descend from converse with the skies,
And seize thy brother's throat ?—For what—a clod,
An inch of earth ? the planets cry, " Forbear,"
They chase our double darkness ; Nature's gloom,
And (kinder still !) our intellectual night.

And see, day's amiable sister sends

Her invitation, in the softest rays
Of mitigated lustre ; courts thy sight,
Which suffers from her tyrant brother's blaze.
Night grants thee the full freedom of the skies,
Nor rudely reprimands thy lifted eye ;
With gain and joy she bribes thee to be wise.
Night opes the noblest scenes, and sheds an awe,
Which gives those venerable scenes full weight,
And deep reception, in the intendered heart ;
While light peeps through the darkness, like a spy ;
And darkness shows its grandeur by the light.
Nor is the profit greater than the joy,
If human hearts at glorious objects glow,
And admiration can inspire delight.

What speak I more, than I, this moment, feel ?
With pleasing stupor first the soul is struck ;
(Stupor ordained to make her truly wise !)
Then into transport starting from her trance,
With love, and admiration, how she glows !
This gorgeous apparatus ! this display !
This ostentation of creative power !
This theatre !—what eye can take it in ?
By what divine enchantment was it raised,
For minds of the first magnitude to launch
In endless speculation, and adore ?
One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine ;
And light us deep into the Deity ;
How boundless in magnificence and might !
O what a confluence of ethereal fires,
Form urns unnumbered, down the steep of heaven,
Streams to a point, and centres in my sight !
Nor tarries there ; I feel it at my heart.
My heart, at once it humbles and exalts ;
Lays it in dust, and calls it to the skies.
Who sees it unexalted ? or unawed ?
Who sees it, and can stop at what is seen ?
Material offspring of Omnipotence !
Inanimate, all animating birth !
Work worthy Him who made it ! worthy praise !
All praise : praise more than human ! nor denied
Thy praise divine !—But though man, drowned in sleep,
Withholds his homage, not alone I wake ;
Bright legions swarm unseen, and sing, unheard
By mortal ear, the glorious Architect,

In this his universal temple hung
With lustres, with innumerable lights,
That shed religion on the soul ; at once,
The temple, and the preacher ! O how loud
It calls devotion ! genuine growth of night !

Devotion ! daughter of astronomy !

An undevout astronomer is mad.

True ; all things speak a God ; but in the small,
Men trace out him ; in great, he seizes man ;
Seizes, and elevates, and wraps, and fills
With new inquiries, 'mid associates new.
Tell me, ye stars ! ye planets ! tell me, all
Ye starred and planeted inhabitants ! what is it ?
What are these sons of wonder ? say, proud arch,
(Within those azure palaces they dwell)
Built with divine ambition ! in disdain
Of limit built ! built in the taste of heaven !
Vast concave ! ample dome ! wast thou designed
A meet apartment for the Deity !—
Not so ; that thought alone thy state impairs,
Thy lofty sinks, and shallows thy profound,
And straitens thy diffusive ; dwarfs the whole,
And makes a universe an orrery.

But when I drop mine eye, and look on man,
Thy right regained, thy grandeur is restored,
O nature ! wide flies off the expanding round.
As when whole magazines, at once, are fired,
The smitten air is hollowed by the blow ;
The vast dislosion dissipates the clouds ;
Shock'd ether's billows dash the distant skies ;
Thus (but far more) the expanding round flies off,
And leaves a mighty void, a spacious womb,
Might teem with new creation ; rekindled
Thy luminaries triumph, and assume
Divinity themselves. Nor was it strange,
Matter high-wrought to such surprising pomp,
Such godlike glory, stole the style of gods,
From ages dark, obtuse, and steeped in sense ;
For, sure, to sense, they truly are divine,
And half absolved idolatry from guilt ;
Nay, turned it into virtue. Such it was
In those, who put forth all they had of man
Unlost, to lift their thought, nor mounted higher ;
But, weak of wing, on planets perched ; and thought

What was their highest, must be their adored.

But they how weak, who could no higher mount ?

And are there, then, Lorenzo ! those, to whom

Unseen, and unexistent, are the same ?

And if incomprehensible is joined,

Who dare pronounce it madness, to believe ?

Why has the mighty Builder thrown aside

All measure in his work ; stretched out his line

So far, and spread amazement o'er the whole ?

Then (as he took delight in wide extremes),

Deep in the bosom of his universe,

Dropt down that reasoning mite, that insect, man,

To crawl, and gaze, and wonder at the scene ?——

That man might ne'er presume to plead amazement

For disbelief of wonders in himself.

Shall God be less miraculous, than what

His hand has form'd ? Shall mysteries descend

From unmysterious ? Things more elevate,

Be more familiar ? uncreated lie

More obvious than created, to the grasp

Of human thought ? The more of wonderful

Is heard in him, the more we should assent.

Could we conceive him, God he could not be ;

Or he not God, or we could not be men.

A God alone can comprehend a God ;

Man's distance how immense ! On such a theme,

Know this, Lorenzo ! (seem it ne'er so strange)

Nothing can satisfy, but what confounds ;

Nothing, but what astonishes, is true.

The scene thou seest, attests the truth I sing,

And every star sheds light upon thy creed.

These stars, this furniture, this cost of heaven,

If but reported, thou hadst ne'er believed ;

But thine eye tells thee, the romance is true.

The grand of nature is the Almighty's oath,

In reason's court, to silence unbelief.

How my mind, opening at this scene, imbibes

The moral emanations of the skies,

While nought, perhaps, Lorenzo less admires !

Has the Great Sov'reign sent ten thousand worlds

To tell us, he resides above them all,

In glory's unapproachable recess ?

And dare earth's bold inhabitants deny

The sumptuous, the magnific embassy

A moment's audience ? Turn we, nor will hear
From whom they come, or what they would impart
For man's emolument ; sole cause that stoops
Their grandeur to man's eye ? Lorenzo ! rouse ;
Let thought, awaken'd, take the lightning's wing,
And glance from east to west, from pole to pole.
Who sees, but is confounded, or convinced !
Renounces reason, or a God adores ?
Mankind was sent into the world to see :
Sight gives the science needful to their peace ;
That obvious science asks small learning's aid.
Wouldst thou on metaphysic pinions soar ?
Or wound thy patience amid logic thorns ?
Or travel history's enormous round ?
Nature no such hard task enjoins : she gave
A make to man directive of his thought ;
A make set upright, pointing to the stars,
As who shall say, " Read thy chief lesson there."
Too late to read this manuscript of heaven,
When, like a parchment-scroll, shrunk up by flames,
It folds Lorenzo's lesson from his sight.

Lesson how various ! Not the God alone,
I see his ministers ; I see, diffused
In radiant orders, essences sublime,
Of various offices, of various plume,
In heavenly liveries, distinctly clad,
Azure, green, purple, pearl, or downy gold,
Or all commixed ; they stand, with wings outspread,
List'ning to catch the master's least command,
And fly through nature, ere the moment ends ;
Numbers innumerable !—Well conceived
By Pagan, and by Christian ! O'er each sphere
Presides an angel, to direct its course,
And feed, or fan, its flames ; or to discharge
Other high trusts unknown. For who can see
Such pomp of matter, and imagine, mind,
For which alone inanimate was made,
More sparingly dispensed ? That nobler son,
Far liker the great sire !—'tis thus the skies
Inform us of superiors numberless,
As much, in excellence, above mankind,
As above earth, in magnitude, the spheres.
These, as a cloud of witnesses, hang o'er us ;
In a throng'd theatre are all our deeds ;

Perhaps, a thousand demigods descend
On ev'ry beam we see, to walk with men.
Awful reflection ! Strong restraint from ill !
Yet here our virtue finds still stronger aid
From these ethereal glories sense surveys.
Something, like magic, strikes from this blue vault ;
With just attention is it view'd ! We feel
A sudden succour, unimplored, unthought ;
Nature herself does half the work of man.
Seas, rivers, mountains, forests, deserts, rocks,
The promontory's height, the depth profound
Of subterranean, excavated grotts,
Black brow'd, and vaulted high, and yawning wide
From nature's structure, or the scoop of time ;
If ample of dimension, vast of size,
Ev'n these an aggrandising impulse give ;
Of solemn thought enthusiastic heights
Ev'n these infuse.—But what of vast in these?
Nothing ;—or we must own the skies forgot.
Much less in art.—Vain art ! thou pigmy power !
How dost thou swell and strut, with human pride,
To show thy littleness ! What childish toys,
Thy watery columns squirted to the clouds !
Thy basin'd rivers, and imprison'd seas !
Thy mountains moulded into forms of men.
Thy hundred-gated capitals ! or those
Where three days' travel left us much to ride ;
Gazing on miracles by mortals wrought,
Arches triumphal, theatres immense,
Or nodding gardens pendent in mid-air !
Or temples proud to meet their gods half-way !
Yet these affect us in no common kind.
What then the force of such superior scenes ?
Enter a temple, it will strike an awe :
What awe from this the Deity has built ?
A good man seen, though silent, counsel gives :
The touch'd spectator wishes to be wise :
In a bright mirror his own hands have made,
Here we see something like the face of God.
Seems it not then enough, to say, Lorenzo !
To man abandon'd, “ Hast thou seen the skies ? ”
And yet, so thwarted nature's kind design
By daring man, he makes her sacred awe
(That guard from ill) his shelter, his temptation

To more than common guilt, and quite inverts
Celestial art's intent. The trembling stars
See crimes gigantic, stalking through the gloom
With front erect, that hide their head by day,
And making night still darker by their deeds.
Slumb'ring in covert, till the shades descend,
Rapine and murder, link'd, now prowl for prey.
The miser earths his treasure ; and the thief,
Watching the mole, half-beggars him ere morn.
Now plots, and foul conspiracies, awake ;
And, muffling up their horrors from the moon,
Havoc and devastation they prepare,
And kingdoms tott'ring in the field of blood.
Now sons of riot in mid-revel rage.
What shall I do ?—Suppress it ? or proclaim ?—
Why sleeps the thunder ? Now, Lorenzo ! now,
His best friend's couch the rank adulterer
Ascends secure ; and laughs at gods and men.
Prepost'rous madman, void of fear or shame,
Lay their crimes bare to these chaste eyes of heaven ;
Yet shrink, and shudder, at a mortal's sight.
Were moon and stars for villains only made ?
To guide, yet screen them, with tenebrious light ?
No ; they were made to fashion the sublime
Of human hearts, and wiser make the wise.

Those ends were answered once ; when mortals lived
Of stronger wing, of aquiline ascent
In theory sublime. O how unlike
Those vermin of the night, this moment sung,
Who crawl on earth, and on her venom feed !
Those ancient sages, human stars ! they met
Their brothers of the skies, at midnight hour ;
Their counsel ask'd ; and, what they ask'd, obey'd.
The Stagirite, and Plato, he who drank
The poison'd bowl, and he of Tusculum,
With him of Corduba (immortal names !)
In these unbounded and Elsyian walks,
An area fit for gods, and god-like men,
They took their nightly round, through radiant paths
By seraphs trod ; instructed, chiefly, thus,
To tread in their bright footsteps here below ;
To walk in worth still brighter than the skies.
There they contracted their contempt of earth ;
Of hopes eternal kindled, there, the fire ;

There, as in near approach, they glow'd, and grew
(Great visitants !) more intimate with God,
More worth to men, more joyous to themselves.
Through various virtues, they, with ardour, ran
The zodiac of their learn'd, illustrious lives.

In Christian hearts, O for a pagan zeal !
A needful, but opprobrious prayer ! As much
Our ardour less, as greater is our light.
How monstrous this in morals ! Scarce more strange
Would this phenomenon in nature strike,
A sun, that froze her, or a star, that warm'd.
What taught these heroes of the moral world ?
To these thou giv'st thy praise, give credit too.
These doctors ne'er were pension'd to deceive thee ;
And pagan tutors are thy taste.—They taught,
That, narrow views betray to misery :
That, wise it is to comprehend the whole :
That, virtue, rose from nature, ponder'd well,
The single base of virtue built to heaven :
That God, and nature, our attention claim :
That, nature is the glass reflecting God,
As, by the sea, reflected is the sun,
Too glorious to be gazed on in his sphere :
That, mind immortal loves immortal aims :
That, boundless mind affects a boundless space :
That vast surveys, and the sublime of things,
The soul assimilate, and make her great :
That, therefore, heaven her glories, as a fund
Of inspiration, thus spreads out to man.
Such are their doctrines ; such the night inspired.

And what more true ? What truth of greater weight ?
The soul of man was made to walk the skies ;
Delightful outlet of her prison here !
There, disencumber'd from her chains, the ties
Of toys terrestrial, she can rove at large,
There, freely can respire, dilate, extend,
In full proportion let loose all her powers ;
And, undeluded, grasp at something great.
Nor, as a stranger, does she wander there ;
But, wonderful herself, through wonders strays ;
Contemplating their grandeur, finds her own ;
Dives deep in their economy divine,
Sits high in judgment on their various laws,
And, like a master, judges not amiss.

Hence greatly pleased, and justly proud, the soul
Grows conscious of her birth celestial ; breathes
More life, more vigour, in her native air ;
And feels herself at home amongst the stars ;
And, feeling, emulates her country's praise.

What call we, then, the firmament, Lorenzo ?—
As earth the body, since, the skies sustain
The soul with food, that gives immortal life,
Call it, the noble pasture of the mind ;
Which there expatiates, strengthens, and exults,
And riots through the luxuries of thought.
Call it the garden of the Deity,
Blossom'd with stars, redundant in the growth
Of fruit ambrosial ; moral fruit to man.
Call it the breastplate of the true High Priest,
Ardent with gems oracular, that give,
In points of highest moment, right response ;
And ill neglected, if we prize our peace.

Thus, have we found a true astrology ;
Thus, have we found a new and noble sense,
In which alone stars govern human fates.
O that the stars (as some have feign'd) let fall
Bloodshed, and havoc, on embattled realms,
And rescued monarchs from so black a guilt !
Bourbon ! this wish how gen'rous in a foe !
Wouldst thou be great, wouldst thou become a god,
And stick thy deathless name among the stars,
For mighty conquests on a needle's point ?
Instead of forging chains for foreigners,
Bastile thy tutor : grandeur all thy aim ?
As yet thou know'st not what it is : how great,
How glorious, then, appears the mind of man,
When in it all the stars, and planets, roll !
And what it seems, it is : great objects make
Great minds, enlarging as their views enlarge ;
Those still more godlike, as these more divine.

And more divine than these, thou canst not see.
Dazzled, o'erpower'd, with the delicious draught
Of miscellaneous splendours, how I reel
From thought to thought, inebriate, without end !
An Eden, this ! a Paradise unlost !
I meet the Deity in ev'ry view,
And tremble at my nakedness before him !
O that I could but reach the tree of life !

For here it grows, unguarded from our taste ;
No flaming sword denies our entrance here ;
Would man but gather, he might live for ever.

Lorenzo ! much of moral hast thou seen.
Of curious arts art thou more fond ? Then mark
The mathematic glories of the skies,
In number, weight, and measure, all ordain'd.
Lorenzo's boasted builders, chance, and fate,
Are left to finish his aerial towers ;
Wisdom and choice, their well-known characters
Here deep impress ; and claim it for their own.
Though splendid all, no splendour void of use ;
Use rivals beauty ; art contends with power ;
No wanton waste, amid effuse expense ;
The great Economist adjusting all
To prudent pomp, magnificently wise.
How rich the prospect ! and for ever new !
And newest to the man that views it most ;
For newer still in infinite succeeds.
Then, these aerial racers, O how swift !
How the shaft loiters from the strongest string !
Spirit alone can distance the career.
Orb above orb ascending without end !
Circle in circle, without end, enclosed !
Wheel within wheel ; Ezekiel ! like to thine !
Like thine, it seems a vision or a dream ;
Though seen, we labour to believe it true !
What involution ! what extent ! what swarms
Of worlds, that laugh at earth ! immensely great !
Immensely distant from each other's spheres !
What, then, the wondrous space through which they
roll ?

At once it quite ingulfs all human thought ;
'Tis comprehension's absolute defeat.

Nor think thou seest a wild disorder here ;
Through this illustrious chaos to the sight,
Arrangement neat, and chastest order, reign.
The path prescribed, inviolably kept,
Upbraids the lawless sallies of mankind.
Worlds, ever thwarting, never interfere ;
What knots are tied ! how soon are they dissolved,
And set the seeming married planets free !
They rove for ever, without error rove ;
Confusion unconfused ! nor less admire

This tumult untumultuous ; all on wing !
In motion, all ! yet what profound repose !
What fervid action, yet no noise ! as awed
To silence, by the presence of their Lord ;
Or hush'd by His command, in love to man,
And bid let fall soft beams on human rest,
Restless themselves. On yon cerulean plain,
In exultation to their God, and thine,
They dance, they sing eternal jubilee,
Eternal celebration of His praise.

But, since their song arrives not at our ear,
Their dance perplex'd exhibits to the sight
Fair hieroglyphic of his peerless power.
Mark, how the labyrinthian turns they take,
The circles intricate, and mystic maze,
Weave the grand cypher of omnipotence ;
To gods, how great ! how legible to man !

Leaves so much wonder greater wonder still ?
Where are the pillars that support the skies ?
What more than Atlantean shoulder props
The incumbent load ? What magic, what strange art.
In fluid air these pond'rous orbs sustains ?
Who would not think them hung in golden chains ?—
And so they are ; in the high will of heaven
Which fixes all ; makes adamant of air,
Or air of adamant ; makes all of nought,
Or nought of all ; if such the dread decree.

Imagine from their deep foundations torn
The most gigantic sons of earth, the broad
And towering Alps, all toss'd into the sea ;
And, light as down, or volatile as air,
Their bulks enormous, dancing on the waves,
In time, and measure, exquisite ; while all
The winds, in emulation of the spheres,
Tune their sonorous instruments aloft ;
The concert swell, and animate the ball.
Would this appear amazing ? What, then, worlds,
In a far thinner element sustain'd,
And acting the same part, with greater skill,
More rapid movement, and for noblest ends ?

More obvious ends to pass, are not these stars
The seats majestic, proud imperial thrones,
On which angelic delegates of heaven,
At certain periods, as the Sov'reign nods,

Discharge high trusts of vengeance, or of love ;
To clothe, in outward grandeur, grand design,
And acts most solemn still more solemnise ?
Ye citizens of air ! what ardent thanks,
What full effusion of the grateful heart,
Is due from man indulged in such a sight !
A sight so noble ! and a sight so kind !
It drops new truths at every new survey !
Feels not Lorenzo something stir within,
That sweeps away all period ? As these spheres
Measure duration, they no less inspire
The godlike hope of ages without end.
The boundless space, through which these rovers take
Their restless roam, suggests the sister thought
Of boundless time. Thus, by kind nature's skill,
To man unlabour'd, that important guest,
Eternity, finds entrance at the sight :
And an eternity, for man ordain'd,
Or these his destined midnight counsellors
The stars, had never whisper'd it to man.
Nature informs, but ne'er insults, her sons.
Could she then kindle the most ardent wish
To disappoint it ?—that is blasphemy.
Thus, of thy creed a second article,
Momentous, as the existence of a God,
Is found (as I conceive) where rarely sought ;
And thou mayst read thy soul immortal, here.

Here, then, Lorenzo ! on these glories dwell,
Nor want the gilt, illuminated, roof,
That calls the wretched gay to dark delights.
Assemblies ?—this is one divinely bright ;
Here, unendanger'd in health, wealth, or fame,
Range through the fairest, and the sultan scorn,
He, wise as thou, no crescent holds so fair,
As that, which on his turban awes a world ;
And thinks the moon is proud to copy him.
Look on her, and gain more than worlds can give,
A mind superior to the charms of power.
Thou muffled in delusions of this life !
Can yonder moon turn ocean in his bed,
From side to side, in constant ebb, and flow,
And purify from stench his watery realms ?
And fails her moral influence ? wants she power
To turn Lorenzo's stubborn tide of thought

From stagnating on earth's infected shore,
And purge from nuisance his corrupted heart ?
Fails her attraction when it draws to heaven ?
Nay, and to what thou valu'st more, earth's joy ?
Minds elevate, and panting for unseen,
And defecate from sense, alone obtain
Full relish of existence undeflower'd,
The life of life, the zest of worldly bliss :
All else on earth amounts—to what ? to this :
“ Bad to be suffer'd ; blessings to be left : ”
Earth's richest inventory boasts no more.

Of higher scenes be, then, the call obey'd.
O let me gaze !—of gazing there's no end.
O let me think !—thought too is wilder'd here ;
In mid-way flight imagination tires ;
Yet soon re-prunes her wing to soar anew,
Her point unable to forbear, or gain ;
So great the pleasure, so profound the plan !
A banquet, this, where men, and angels, meet,
Eat the same manna, mingle earth and heaven.
How distant some of these nocturnal suns !
So distant (says the sage) 'twere not absurd
To doubt, if beams, set out at nature's birth,
Are yet arrived at this so foreign world ;
Though nothing half so rapid as their flight.
An eye of awe and wonder let me roll,
And roll for ever : who can satiate sight
In such a scene ? in such an ocean wide
Of deep astonishment ? where depth, height, breadth,
Are lost in their extremes ; and where to count
The thick-sown glories in this field of fire,
Perhaps a seraph's computation fails.
Now, go, ambition ! boast thy boundless might
In conquest, o'er the tenth part of a grain.

And yet Lorenzo calls for miracles,
To give his tott'ring faith a solid base.
Why call for less than is already thine ?
Thou art no novice in theology ;
What is a miracle ?—'Tis a reproach,
'Tis an implicit satire, on mankind ;
And while it satisfies, it censures too.
To common sense, great nature's course proclaims
A Deity : when mankind falls asleep,
A miracle is sent, as an alarm ;

To wake the world, and prove him o'er again,
By recent argument, but not more strong.
Say, which imports more plenitude of power,
Or nature's laws to fix, or to repeal?
To make a sun, or stop his mid career?
To countermand his orders, and send back
The flaming courier to the frightened east,
Warm'd, and astonish'd, at his ev'ning ray?
Or bid the moon, as with her journey tired,
In Ajalon's soft, flowery vale repose?
Great things are these; still greater, to create.
From Adam's bower look down through the whole train
Of miracles;—resistless is their power?
They do not, can not, more amaze the mind,
Than this, call'd unmiraculous survey,
If duly weigh'd, if rationally seen,
If seen with human eyes. The brute, indeed,
Sees nought but spangles here; the fool, no more.
Say'st thou, "The course of nature governs all?"
The course of nature is the art of God.
The miracles thou call'st for, this attest;
For say, could nature nature's course control?
But miracles apart, who sees him not,
Nature's controller, author, guide, and end?
Who turns his eye on nature's midnight face,
But must inquire—"What hand behind the scene,
What arm Almighty, put these wheeling globes
In motion, and wound up the vast machine?
Who rounded in his palm these spacious orbs?
Who bowl'd them flaming through the dark profound
Numerous as glittering gems of morning dew,
Or sparks from populous cities in a blaze,
And set the bosom of old night on fire?
Peopled her desert, and made horror smile?"
Or, if the military style delights thee,
(For stars have fought their battles, leagued with man)
"Who marshals this bright host? Enrolls their names?
Appoints their posts, their marches, and returns,
Punctual, at stated periods? who disbands
These veteran troops, their final duty done,
If e'er disbanded?"—He, whose potent word,
Like the loud trumpet, levied first their powers
In night's inglorious empire, where they slept
In beds of darkness: arm'd them with fierce flames

Arranged, and disciplined, and clothed in gold ;
And call'd them out of chaos to the field,
Where now they war with vice and unbelief.
O let us join this army ! joining these,
Will give us hearts intrepid, at that hour,
When brighter flames shall cut a darker night ;
When these strong demonstrations of a God
Shall hide their heads, or tumble from their spheres,
And one eternal curtain cover all !

Struck at that thought, as new awaked, I lift
A more enlighten'd eye, and read the stars
To man still more propitious ; and their aid
(Though guiltless of idolatry) implore ;
Nor longer rob them of their noblest name.
O ye dividers of my time ! Ye bright
Accountants of my days, and months, and years,
In your fair calendar distinctly mark'd !
Since that authentic, radiant register,
Though man inspects it not, stands good against him ;
Since you, and years, roll on, though man stands still ;
Teach me my days to number, and apply
My trembling heart to wisdom ; now beyond
All shadow of excuse for fooling on.
Age smooths our path to prudence ; sweeps aside
The snare's keen appetite and passion, spread
To catch stray souls ; and woe to that gray head,
Whose folly would undo what age has done ;
Aid then, aid, all ye stars !—Much rather, thou,
Great artist ! thou, whose finger set aright
This exquisite machine, with all its wheels,
Though intervolved, exact ; and pointing out
Life's rapid and irrevocable flight,
With such an index fair, as none can miss,
Who lifts an eye, nor sleeps till it is closed.
Open mine eye, dread Deity ! to read
The tacit doctrine of thy works ; to see
Things as they are, unalter'd through the glass
Of worldly wishes. Time, eternity !
('Tis these, mismeasured, ruin all mankind)
Set them before me ; let me lay them both
In equal scale, and learn their various weight.
Let time appear a moment, as it is ;
And let eternity's full orb, at once,
Turn on my soul, and strike it into heaven.

When shall I see far more than charms me now ?
Gaze on creation's model in thy breast
Unveil'd, nor wonder at the transcript more ?
When this vile, foreign dust, which smothers all
That travel earth's deep vale, shall I shake off ?
When shall my soul her incarnation quit,
And, re-adopted to thy bless'd embrace,
Obtain her apotheosis in thee ?

Dost think, Lorenzo, this is wand'ring wide ?
No, 'tis directly striking at the mark ;
To wake thy dead devotion¹ was my point ;
And how I bless night's consecrating shades,
Which to a temple turn a universe ;
Fill us with great ideas, full of heaven,
And antidote the pestilential earth !
In every storm, that either frowns or falls,
What an asylum has the soul in prayer !
And what a fane is this, in which to pray !
And what a God must dwell in such a fane !
O what a genius must inform the skies !
And is Lorenzo's salamander heart
Cold and untouch'd, amid these sacred fires ?
O ye nocturnal sparks ! ye glowing embers,
On heaven's broad hearth ! who burn, or burn no more,
Who blaze, or die, as great Jehovah's breath
Or blows you, or forbears ; assist my song ;
Pour your whole influence ; exorcise his heart,
So long possess'd ; and bring him back to man.

And is Lorenzo a demurrer still ?
Pride in thy parts provokes thee to contest
Truths, which, contested, put thy parts to shame.
Nor shame they more Lorenzo's head than heart,
A faithless heart, how despicably small !
Too strait aught great or gen'rous to receive ?
Fill'd with an atom ! fill'd and foul'd, with self !
And self mistaken ! Self, that lasts an hour !
Instincts and passions, of the nobler kind,
Lie suffocated there ; or they alone,
Reason apart, would wake high hope ; and open,
To ravish'd thought, that intellectual sphere,
Where order, wisdom, goodness, providence,
Their endless miracles of love display,
And promise all the truly great desire.

The mind that would be happy, must be great ;
Great, in its wishes ; great, in its surveys.
Extended views a narrow mind extend ;
Push out its corrugate, expansive make,
Which, ere long, more than planets shall embrace,
A man of compass makes a man of worth ;
Divine contemplate, and become divine.

As man was made for glory, and for bliss,
All littleness is in approach to woe ;
Open thy bosom, set thy wishes wide,
And let in manhood ; let in happiness ;
Admit the boundless theatre of thought
From nothing, up to God ; which makes a man.
Take God from nature, nothing great is left ;
Man's mind is in a pit, and nothing sees ;
Man's heart is in a jakes, and loves the mire.
Emerge from thy profound ; erect thine eye ;
See thy distress ! how close art thou besieged !
Besieged by nature, the proud sceptic's foe !
Enclosed by these innumerable worlds,
Sparkling conviction on the darkest mind,
As in a golden net of Providence.
How art thou caught, sure captive of belief !
From this thy blest captivity, what art,
What blasphemy to reason, sets thee free !
This scene is heaven's indulgent violence :
Canst thou bear up against this tide of glory ?
What is earth bosomed in these ambient orbs,
But faith in God imposed, and pressed on man ?
Darest thou still litigate thy desp'rate cause,
Spite of these num'rous, awful witnesses,
And doubt the deposition of the skies ?
O how laborious is thy way to ruin !

Laborious ! 'tis impracticable quite ;
To sink beyond a doubt, in this debate,
With all his weight of wisdom and of will,
And crime flagitious, I defy a fool.
Some wish they did ; but no man disbelieves.
God is a spirit ; spirit cannot strike
These gross, material organs ; God by man
As much is seen, as man a God can see,
In these astonishing exploits of power.
What order, beauty, motion, distance, size !
Concertion of design, how exquisite !

How complicate, in their divine police !
Apt means ! great ends ! consent to gen'ral good !—
Each attribute of these material gods,
So long (and that with specious pleas) adored,
A sep'rate conquest gains o'er rebel thought ;
And leads in triumph the whole mind of man.

Lorenzo ! this may seem harangue to thee ;
Such all is apt to seem, that thwarts our will.
And dost thou, then, demand a simple proof
Of this great master moral of the skies,
Unskilled, or disinclined, to read it there ?
Since 'tis the basis, and all drops without it,
Take it, in one compact, unbroken chain.
Such proof insists on an attentive ear ;
'Twill not make one amid a mob of thoughts,
And, for thy notice, struggle with the world.
Retire ;—the world shut out ;—thy thoughts call home ;—
Imagination's airy wing repress ;—
Lock up thy senses ;—let no passion stir ;—
Wake all to reason ;—let her reign alone ;
Then, in thy soul's deep silence, and the depth
Of Nature's silence, midnight, thus inquire,
As I have done ; and shall inquire no more.
In nature's channel, thus the questions run.

“What am I ? and from whence ?—I nothing know,
But that I am ; and, since I am, conclude
Something eternal : had there e'er been nought,
Nought still had been : eternal there must be.—
But what eternal ?—Why not human race ?
And Adam's ancestors without an end ?—
That's hard to be conceived ; since every link
Of that long-chained succession is so frail ;
Can every part depend, and not the whole ;
Yet grant it true ; new difficulties rise ;
I'm still quite out at sea ; nor see the shore.
Whence earth, and these bright orbs ?—Eternal too ?—
Grant matter was eternal ; still these orbs
Would want some other father ;—much design
Is seen in all their motions, all their makes ;
Design implies intelligence, and art ;
That can't be from themselves—or man ; that art
Man scarce can comprehend, could man bestow !
And nothing greater yet allowed than man.—
Who motion, foreign to the smallest grain,

Shot through vast masses of enormous weight?
Who bid brute matter's restive lump assume
Such various forms, and gave it wings to fly?
Has matter innate motion? then each atom,
Asserting its indisputable right
To dance, would form a universe of dust:
Has matter none; then whence these glorious forms
And boundless flights, from shapeless, and reposed?
Has matter more than motion? has it thought,
Judgment, and genius? is it deeply learned
In mathematics? has it framed such laws,
Which but to guess, a Newton made immortal?—
If so, how each sage atom laughs at me,
Who think a clod inferior to a man!
If art, to form; and counsel, to conduct;
And that with greater far, than human skill;
Resides not in each block;—a Godhead reigns.—
Grant, then, invisible, eternal mind;
That granted, all is solved.—But, granting that,
Draw I not o'er me a still darker cloud?
Grant I not that which I can ne'er conceive?
A being without origin, or end!—
Hail, human liberty! there is no God—
Yet, why? on either scheme that knot subsists;
Subsist it must, in God, or human race;
If in the last, how many knots beside,
Indissoluble all?—Why choose it there,
Where, chosen, still subsist ten thousand more?
Reject it, where, that chosen, all the rest
Dispersed, leave reason's whole horizon clear?
This is not reason's dictate; reason says,
Close with the side where one grain turns the scale;
What vast preponderance is here! can reason
With louder voice exclaim—Believe a God?
And reason heard, is the sole mark of man.
What things impossible must man think true
On any other system! and how strange
To disbelieve, through mere credulity!"

If, in this chain, Lorenzo finds no flaw,
Let it for ever bind him to belief.
And where the link, in which a flaw he finds?
And, if a God there is, that God how great?
How great that Power, whose providential care
Through these bright orbs' dark centres darts a ray!

Of nature universal threads the whole !
And hangs creation, like a precious gem,
Though little, on the footstool of his throne !
That little gem, how large ! a weight let fall
From a fix'd star, in ages can it reach
This distant earth ! say, then, Lorenzo ! where,
Where ends this mighty building ? where begin
The suburbs of creation ? where the wall
Whose battlements look o'er into the vale
Of non-existence ! Nothing's strange abode !
Say, at what point of space Jehovah dropped
His slackened line, and laid his balance by ;
Weighed worlds, and measured infinite, no more ?
Where, rears his terminating pillar high
Its extra-mundane head ? and says, to gods,
In characters illustrious as the sun,

“ I stand, the plan's proud period ; I pronounce
The work accomplished ; the creation closed :
Shout, all ye gods ! nor shout ye gods alone ;
Of all that lives, or, if devoid of life,
That rests, or rolls, ye heights, and depths resound !
Resound ! resound ! ye depths, and heights, resound ! ”
Hard are those questions !—Answer harder still.

Is this the sole exploit, the single birth,
The solitary son of power divine ?
Or has the Almighty Father, with a breath,
Impregnated the womb of distant space ?
Has he not bid, in various provinces,
Brother-creations the dark bowels burst
Of night primeval ; barren, now, no more ?
And he the central sun, transpiercing all
Those giant-generations, which disport
And dance, as motes, in his meridian ray ;
That ray withdrawn, benighted, or absorb'd,
In that abyss of horror, whence they sprung ;
While chaos triumphs, repossess'd of all
Rival creation ravish'd from his throne ?
Chaos ! of nature both the womb, and grave !

Think'st thou my scheme, Lorenzo, spreads too wide ?
Is this extravagant ?—No ; this is just ;
Just, in conjecture, though 'twere false in fact.
If 'tis an error, 'tis an error sprung
From noble root, high thought of the Most High.
But wherefore error ? who can prove it such ?—

He that can set Omnipotence a bound.
Can man conceive beyond what God can do?
Nothing, but quite impossible is hard.
He summons into being, with like ease,
A whole creation, and a single grain.
Speaks he the word? a thousand worlds are born!
A thousand worlds? there's space for millions more:
And in what space can his great fiat fail?
Condemn me not, cold critic! but indulge
The warm imagination: why condemn?
Why not indulge such thoughts, as swell our hearts
With fuller admiration of that power,
Who gives our hearts with such high thoughts to swell?
Why not indulge in his augmented praise?
Darts not his glory a still brighter ray,
The less is left to chaos, and the realms
Of hideous night, where fancy strays aghast:
And, though most talkative, makes no report?

Still seems my thought enormous? think again:—
Experience 'self shall aid thy lame belief.
Glasses (that revelation to the sight!)
Have they not led us in the deep disclose
Of fine-spun nature, exquisitely small,
And, though demonstrated, still ill-conceived?
If, then, on the reverse, the mind would mount
In magnitude, what mind can mount too far,
To keep the balance, and creation poise?
Defect alone can err on such a theme;
What is too great, if we the cause survey?
Stupendous Architect! thou, thou art all!
My soul flies up and down in thoughts of thee,
And finds herself but at the centre still!
I Am, thy name! existence, all thine own!
Creation's nothing; flatter'd much, if styled
"The thin, the fleeting atmosphere of God."

O for the voice—of what? of whom?—what voice
Can answer to my wants, in such ascent,
As dares to deem one universe too small?
Tell me, Lorenzo! (for now fancy glows,
Fired in the vortex of Almighty power)
Is not this home creation, in the map
Of universal nature, as a speck,
Like fair Britannia in our little ball;
Exceeding fair, and glorious, for its size,

But, elsewhere, far out-measured, far outshone?
In fancy (for the fact beyond us lies)
Canst thou not figure it, an isle, almost
Too small for notice, in the vast of being;
Sever'd by mighty seas of unbuilt space
From other realms; from ample continents
Of higher life, where nobler natives dwell;
Less northern, less remote from Deity,
Glowing beneath the line of the supreme;
Where souls in excellence make haste, put forth
Luxuriant growths; nor the late autumn wait
Of human worth, but ripen soon to gods?

Yet why drown fancy in such depths as these?
Return, presumptuous rover! and confess
The bounds of man; nor blame them, as too small
Enjoy we not full scope in what is seen?
Full ample the dominions of the sun!
Full glorious to behold! How far, how wide,
The matchless monarch, from his flaming throne,
Lavish of lustre, throws his beams about him,
Farther, and faster, than a thought can fly,
And feeds his planets with eternal fires!
This Heliopolis, by greater far,
Than the proud tyrant of the Nile, was built;
And he alone, who built it, can destroy.
Beyond this city, why strays human thought?
One wonderful, enough for man to know!
One infinite! enough for man to range!
One firmament, enough for man to read!
O what voluminous instruction here!
What page of wisdom is denied him? none;
If learning his chief lesson makes him wise.
Nor is instruction, here, our only gain;
There dwells a noble pathos in the skies,
Which warms our passions, proselytes our hearts.
How eloquently shines the glowing pole!
With what authority it gives its charge,
Remonstrating great truths in style sublime,
Though silent, loud! heard earth around; above
The planets heard; and not unheard in hell;
Hell has her wonder, though too proud to praise.
Is earth, then, more infernal? has she those,
Who neither praise (Lorenzo!) nor admire?
Lorenzo's admiration, pre-engaged,

Ne'er ask'd the moon one question ; never held
Least correspondence with a single star ;
Ne'er rear'd an altar to the Queen of Heaven
Walking in brightness ; or her train adored.
Their sublunary rivals have long since
Engross'd his whole devotion ; stars malign,
Which made the fond astronomer run mad ;
Darken his intellect, corrupt his heart ;
Cause him to sacrifice his fame and peace
To momentary madness, call'd delight.
Idolater, more gross than ever kiss'd
The lifted hand to Luna, or pour'd out
The blood to Jove !—O thou, to whom belongs
All sacrifice ! O thou Great Jove unfeign'd !
Divine instructor ! thy first volume, this,
For man's perusal ; all in capitals !
In moon, and stars (heaven's golden alphabet !)
Emblazed to seize the sight ; who runs, may read ;
Who reads, can understand. 'Tis unconfined
To Christian land, or Jewry ; fairly writ,
In language universal, to mankind :
A language, lofty to be learn'd : yet plain
To those that feed the flock, or guide the plough,
Or, from his husk, strike out the bounding grain.
A language, worthy the Great Mind, that speaks !
Preface, and comment, to the sacred page !
Which oft refers its reader to the skies,
As pre-supposing his first lesson there,
And scripture self a fragment, that unread.
Stupendous book of wisdom, to the wise !
Stupendous book ! and open'd, night ! by thee.
By thee much open'd, I confess, O night !
Yet more I wish ; but how shall I prevail ?
Say, gentle night ? whose modest, maiden beams
Give us a new creation, and present
The world's great picture soften'd to the sight ;
Nay, kinder far, far more indulgent still,
Say, thou, whose mild dominion's silver key
Unlocks our hemisphere, and sets to view
Worlds beyond number ; worlds conceal'd by day
Behind the proud, and envious star of noon !
Canst thou not draw a deeper scene ?—and show
The mighty potentate, to whom belong
These rich regalia pompously display'd

To kindle that high hope? Like him of Uz,
I gaze around ; I search on every side—
O for a glimpse of him my soul adores !
As the chased hart, amid the desert waste
Pants for the living streams ; for him who made her,
So pants the thirsty soul, amid the blank
Of sublunary joys. Say, goddess ! where ?
Where, blazes his bright court ? where burns his throne ?
Thou know'st ; for thou art near him ; by thee, round
His grand pavilion, sacred fame reports
The sable curtain drawn. If not, can none
Of thy fair daughter-train, so swift of wing,
Who travel far, discover where he dwells ?
A star his dwelling pointed out below.
Ye pleiades ! Arcturus ! Mazaroth !
And thou, Orion ! of still keener eye !
Say ye, who guide the wilder'd in the waves,
And bring them out of tempest into port !
On which hand must I bend my course to find him ?
These courtiers keep the secret of their king ;
I wake whole nights, in vain, to steal it from them.

I wake ; and, waking, climb night's radiant scale,
From sphere to sphere ; the steps by nature set
For man's ascent ; at once to tempt and aid ;
To tempt his eye, and aid his towering thought ;
Till it arrives at the great goal of all.

In ardent contemplation's rapid car,
From earth, as from my barrier, I set out.
How swift I mount ! diminish'd earth recedes ;
I pass the moon ; and, from her farther side,
Pierce heaven's blue curtain ; strike into remote ;
Where, with his lifted tube, the subtle sage
His artificial, airy journey takes,
And to celestial lengthens human sight.
I pause at ev'ry planet on my road,
And ask for him who gives their orbs to roll,
Their foreheads fair to shine. From Saturn's ring,
In which, of earths an army might be lost,
With the bold comet, take my bolder flight,
Amid those sovereign glories of the skies,
Of independent, native lustre, proud ;
The souls of systems ! and the lords of life,
Through their wide empires !—What behold I now ?
A wilderness of wonder burning round ;

Where larger suns inhabit higher spheres ;
 Perhaps the villas of descending gods ;
 Nor halt I here ; my toil is but begun ;
 'Tis but the threshold of the Deity ;
 Or, far beneath it, I am grovelling still.
 Nor is it strange ; I built on a mistake ;
 The grandeur of his works, whence folly sought
 For aid, to reason sets his glory higher ;
 Who built thus high for worms (mere worms to Him)
 O where, Lorenzo ! must the builder dwell !

Pause, then ; and, for a moment, here respire—
 If human thought can keep its station here.
 Where am I ?—where is earth ?—nay, where art thou,
 O sun ?—is the sun turn'd recluse ?—and are
 His boasted expeditions short to mine ?—
 To mine, how short ! On nature's Alps I stand,
 And see a thousand firmaments beneath !
 A thousand systems ! as a thousand grains !
 So much a stranger, and so late arrived,
 How can man's curious spirit not inquire,
 What are the natives of this world sublime,
 Of this so foreign, unterrestrial sphere,
 Where mortal, untranslated, never stray'd ?

“O ye, as distant from my little home,
 As swiftest sunbeams in an age can fly !
 Far from my native element I roam,
 In quest of new, and wonderful, to man.
 What province this, of his immense domain,
 Whom all obeys ? Or mortals here, or gods ?
 Ye bord'ers on the coasts of bliss ! what are you ?
 A colony from heaven ? or, only raised,
 By frequent visit from heaven's neighbouring realms,
 To secondary gods, and half divine !—
 Whate'er your nature, this is past dispute,
 Far other life you live, far other tongue
 You talk, far other thought, perhaps, you think,
 Than man. How various are the works of God !
 But say, what thought ? is reason here enthroned,
 And absolute ? or sense in arms against her ?
 Have you two lights ? or need you no reveal'd ?
 Enjoy your happy realms their golden age ?
 And had your Eden an abstemious Eve ?
 Our Eve's fair daughters prove their pedigree,
 And ask their Adams—‘ Who would not be wise ?’

Or, if your mother fell, are you redeem'd ?
And if redeem'd—is your Redeemer scorn'd ?
Is this your final residence ? if not,
Change you your scene, translated ? or by death ?
And if by death ; what death ?—Know you disease ?
Or horrid war ?—with war, this fatal hour,
Europa groans (so call we a small field,
Where kings run mad). In our world, death deposes
Intemperance to do the work of age ;
And hanging up the quiver nature gave him,
As slow of execution, for dispatch
Sends forth imperial butchers ; bids them slay
Their sheep (the silly sheep they fleeced before),
And toss him twice ten thousand at a meal.
Sit all your executioners on thrones ?
With you, can rage for plunder make a god ?
And bloodshed wash out ev'ry other stain !—
But you, perhaps, can't bleed : from matter gross
Your spirits clean, are delicately clad
In fine-spun ether, privileged to soar,
Unloaded, uninfected ; how unlike
The lot of man ! how few of human race
By their own mud unmurder'd ! How we wage
Self-war eternal !—Is your painful day
Of hardy conflict o'er ? or, are you still
Raw candidates at school ? and have you those
Who disaffect reversions, as with us ?—
But what are we ? you never heard of man ;
Or earth, the bedlam of the universe !
Where reason (undiseased with you) runs mad,
And nurses folly's children as her own ;
Fond of the foulest. In the sacred mount
Of holiness, where reason is pronounced
Infallible ; and thunders like a god ;
E'v'n there, by saints, the demons are outdone ;
What these think wrong, our saints refine to right ;
And kindly teach dull hell her own black arts ;
Satan, instructed, o'er their morals smiles.—
But this, how strange to you, who know not man !
Has the least rumour of our race arrived ?
Call'd here Elijah in his flaming car ?
Pass'd by you the good Enoch, on his road
To those fair fields, whence Lucifer was hurl'd ;
Who brush'd, perhaps, your sphere in his descent,

Stain'd your pure crystal ether, or let fall
 A short eclipse from his portentous shade?
 O! that the fiend had lodged on some broad orb
 Athwart his way; nor reach'd his present home,
 Then blacken'd earth with footsteps foul'd in hell,
 Nor wash'd in ocean, as from Rome he pass'd
 To Britain's isle; too, too, conspicuous there?"

But this is all digression: where is he,
 That o'er heaven's battlements the felon hurl'd
 To groans, and chains, and darkness? Where is he,
 Who sees creation's summit in a vale?
 He, whom, while man is man, he can't but seek;
 And if he finds, commences more than man?
 O for a telescope his throne to reach!
 Tell me, ye learn'd on earth! or bless'd above!
 Ye searching, ye Newtonian angels! tell,
 Where, your great Master's orb? his planets, where?
 Those conscious satellites, those morning stars,
 First-born of Deity! from central love,
 By veneration most profound, thrown off;
 By sweet attraction, no less strongly drawn;
 Awed, and yet raptur'd; raptur'd, yet serene;
 Past thought illustrious, but with borrow'd beams;
 In still approaching circles, still remote,
 Revolving round the sun's eternal sire?
 Or sent, in lines direct, on embassies
 To nations—in what latitude?—Beyond
 Terrestrial thought's horizon!—And on what
 High errands sent?—Here human effort ends;
 And leaves me still a stranger to his throne.

Full well it might! I quite mistook my road.
 Born in an age more curious than devout;
 More foud to fix the place of heaven, or hell,
 Than studious this to shun, or that secure.
 'Tis not the curious, but the pious path,
 That leads me to my point: Lorenzo! know,
 Without or star, or angel, for their guide,
 Who worship God, shall find him. Humble love,
 And not proud reason, keeps the door of heaven;
 Love finds admission, where proud science fails.
 Man's science is the culture of his heart;
 And not to lose his plummet in the depths
 Of nature, or the more profound of God.
Either to know, is an attempt that sets

The wisest on a level with the fool.
To fathom nature (ill-attempted here !)
Past doubt is deep philosophy above ;
Higher degrees in bliss archangels take,
As deeper learn'd ; the deepest, learning still.
For, what a thunder of omnipotence
(So might I dare to speak) is seen in all !
In man ! in earth ! in more amazing skies !
Teaching this lesson, pride is loth to learn——
“Not deeply to discern, not much to know,
Mankind was born to wonder and adore.”

And is there cause for higher wonder still,
Than that which struck us from our past surveys ?
Yes ; and for deeper adoration too.
From my late airy travel unconfined,
Have I learn'd nothing ?—Yes, Lorenzo ! this ;
Each of these stars is a religious house ;
I saw their altars smoke, their incense rise ;
And heard hosannas ring through every sphere,
A seminary fraught with future gods.
Nature all o'er is consecrated ground,
Teeming with growths immortal, and divine.
The great proprietor's all-bounteous hand
Leaves nothing waste ; but sows these fiery fields
With seeds of reason, which to virtues rise
Beneath his genial ray ; and, if escaped
The pestilential blasts of stubborn will,
When grown mature, are gather'd for the skies.
And is devotion thought too much on earth,
When beings so superior homage boast,
And triumph in prostrations to the throne ?

But wherefore more of planets, or of stars ?
Ethereal journeys, and, discover'd there,
Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand ways devout,
All nature sending incense to the throne,
Except the bold Lorenzos of our sphere ?
Opening the solemn sources of my soul,
Since I have pour'd, like feign'd Eridanus,
My flowing numbers o'er the flaming skies,
Nor see, of fancy, or of fact, what more
Invites the muse.—Here turn we, and review
Our past nocturnal landscape wide :—then say,
Say, then, Lorenzo ! with what burst of heart,
The whole, at once, revolving in his thought,

Must man exclaim, adoring, and aghast ?
 " O what a root ! O what a branch, is here !
 O what a father ! What a family !
 Worlds ! systems ! and creations !—And creations,
 In one agglomerated cluster, hung,
 Great Vine !¹ On Thee, on thee the cluster hangs ;
 The filial cluster ! infinitely spread
 In glowing globes, with various being fraught ;
 And drinks (nectareous draught !) immortal life.
 Or, shall I say (for who can say enough ?)
 A constellation of ten thousand gems,
 (And, O ! of what dimension ! of what weight !)
 Set in one signet, flames on the right hand
 Of majesty divine ! The blazing seal,
 That deeply stamps, on all created mind,
 Indelible, his sovereign attributes,
 Omnipotence, and love ! that, passing bound :
 And this, surpassing that. Nor stop we here,
 For want of power in God, but thought in man.
 Ev'n this acknowledged, leaves us still in debt :
 If greater aught, that greater all is thine,
 Dread sire !—Accept this miniature of thee ;
 And pardon an attempt from mortal thought,
 In which archangels might have fail'd, unblamed."

How such ideas of the Almighty's power,
 And such ideas of the Almighty's plan,
 (Ideas not absurd) distend the thought
 Of feeble mortals ! nor of them alone !
 The fulness of the deity breaks forth
 In inconceivables to men, and gods.
 Think, then, O think ; nor ever drop the thought ;
 How low must man descend, when gods adore !
 Have I not, then, accomplish'd my proud boast ?
 Did I not tell thee² " We would mount, Lorenzo !
 And kindle our devotion at the stars ?"

And have I fail'd ? and did I flatter thee ?
 And art all adamant ? and dost confute
 All urged, with one irrefragable smile ?
 Lorenzo ! mirth how miserable here !
 Swear by the stars, by him who made them, swear,
 Thy heart henceforth, shall be as pure as they :
 Then thou, like them, shalt shine ; like them, shalt rise
 From low to lofty ; from obscure to bright ;

¹ John xv. 1.² Page 187.

By due gradation, nature's sacred law.
The stars, from whence?—Ask chaos—he can tell.
These bright temptations to idolatry,
From darkness, and confusion, took their birth;
Sons of deformity! from fluid dregs
Tartarean, first they rose to masses rude;
And then, to spheres opaque; then dimly shown;
Then brighten'd; then blazed out in perfect day.
Nature delights in progress; in advance
From worse to better: but, when minds ascend,
Progress, in part, depends upon themselves.
Heaven aids exertion; greater makes the great;
The voluntary little lessens more.

O be a man! and thou shalt be a god!
And half self-made!—Ambition how divine!

O thou, ambitious of disgrace alone!
Still undevout? unkindled?—Though high-taught,
School'd by the skies, and pupil of the stars;
Rank coward to the fashionable world!
Art thou ashamed to bend thy knee to heaven?
Cursed fume of pride, exhaled from deepest hell!
Pride in religion is man's highest praise.
Bent on destruction! and in love with death!
Not all these luminaries, quench'd at once,
Were half so sad, as one benighted mind,
Which gropes for happiness, and meets despair.
How, like a widow in her weeds, the night,
Amid her glimm'ring tapers, silent sits!
How sorrowful, how desolate, she weeps
Perpetual dews, and saddens nature's scene!
A scene more sad sin makes the darken'd soul,
All comfort kills, nor leaves one spark alive.

Though blind of heart, still open is thine eye:
Why such magnificence in all thou seest?
Of matter's grandeur, know, one end is this,
To tell the rational, who gazes on it—
“Though that immensely great, still greater he,
Whose breast, capacious, can embrace, and lodge,
Unburden'd, nature's universal scheme;
Can grasp creation with a single thought;
Creation grasp; and not exclude its sire”—
To tell him farther—“It behoves him much
To guard the important, yet depending, fate
Of being, brighter than a thousand suns:

One single ray of thought outshines them all."—
And if man hears obedient, soon he'll soar
Superior heights, and on his purple wing,
His purple wing bedropp'd with eyes of gold,
Rising, where thought is now denied to rise,
Look down triumphant on these dazzling spheres.

Why then persist!—No mortal ever lived
But, dying, he pronounced (when words are true)
The whole that charms thee, absolutely vain;
Vain, and far worse?—Think thou, with dying men;
O condescend to think as angels think!
O tolerate a chance for happiness!
Our nature such, ill choice ensures ill fate;
And hell had been, though there had been no God.
Dost thou not know, my new astronomer!
Earth, turning from the sun, brings night to man?
Man, turning from his God, brings endless night;
Where thou canst read no morals, find no friend,
Amend no manners, and expect no peace.
How deep the darkness! and the groan, how loud!
And far, how far, from lambent are the flames!—
Such is Lorenzo's purchase! such his praise!
The proud, the politic, Lorenzo's praise!
Though in his ear, and levell'd at his heart,
I've half read o'er the volume of the skies.

For think not thou hast heard all this from me;
My song but echoes what great nature speaks.
What has she spoken? Thus the goddess spoke,
Thus speaks for ever:—"Place, at nature's head,
A sov'reign, which o'er all things rolls his eye,
Extends his wing, promulgates his commands,
But, above all, diffuses endless good;
To whom, for sure redress, the wrong'd may fly;
The vile, for mercy; and the pain'd, for peace;
By whom, the various tenants of these spheres,
Diversified in fortunes, place, and powers,
Raised in enjoyment, as in worth they rise,
Arrive at length (if worthy such approach)
At that blest fountain-head, from which they stream;
Where conflict past redoubles present joy;
And present joy looks forward on increase;
And that, on more; no period! every step
A double boon! a promise, and a bliss."
How easy sits this scheme on human hearts!

It suits their make ; it soothes their vast desires ;
Passion is pleased ; and reason asks no more ;
'Tis rational ! 'tis great !—But what is thine ?
It darkens ! shocks ! excruciates ! and confounds !
Leaves us quite naked, both of help, and hope,
Sinking from bad to worse ; few years, the sport
Of fortune ; then the morsel of despair.

Say, then, Lorenzo ! (for thou know'st it well)
What's vice ?—Mere want of compass in our thought.
Religion, what ?—The proof of common sense.
How art thou hooted, where the least prevails !
Is it my fault, if these truths call thee fool ?
And thou shalt never be miscall'd by me.
Can neither shame, nor terror, stand thy friend ;
And art thou still an insect in the mire ?
How, like thy guardian angel, have I flown !
Snatch'd thee from earth ; escorted thee through all
The ethereal armies ; walk'd thee, like a God,
Through splendours of first magnitude, arranged
On either hand ; clouds thrown beneath thy feet ;
Close-cruised on the bright paradise of God ;
And almost introduced thee to the throne !
And art thou still carousing, for delight,
Rank poison ; first, fermenting to mere froth,
And then subsiding into final gall ?
To beings of sublime, immortal make,
How shocking is all joy, whose end is sure !
Such joy, more shocking still, the more it charms !
And dost thou choose what ends are well-begun ;
And infamous, as short ? And dost thou choose
(Thou, to whose palate glory is so sweet)
To wade into perdition, through contempt,
Not of poor bigots only, but thy own ?
For I have peep'd into thy cover'd heart,
And seen it blush beneath a boastful brow ;
For, by strong guilt's most violent assault,
Conscience is but disabled, not destroy'd.

O thou most awful being ; and most vain !
Thy will, how frail ! how glorious is thy power !
Though dread eternity has sown her seeds
Of bliss, and woe, in thy despotic breast ;
Though heaven, and hell, depend upon thy choice ;
A butterfly comes cross, and both are fled.
Is this the picture of a rational ?

This horrid image, shall it be most just ?
Lorenzo ! no : it cannot,—shall not, be,
If there is force in reason ; or, in sounds
Chanted beneath the glimpses of the moon,
A magic, at this planetary hour,
When slumber locks the gen'ral lip, and dreams
Through senseless mazes hunt souls uninspired.
Attend—the sacred mysteries begin——
My solemn night-born adjuration hear ;
Hear, and I'll raise thy spirit from the dust ;
While the stars gaze on this enchantment new ;
Enchantment, not infernal, but divine !
“ By silence, death's peculiar attribute ;
By darkness, guilt's inevitable doom ;
By darkness, and by silence, sisters dread !
That draw the curtain round night's ebon throne,
And raise ideas, solemn as the scene !
By night, and all of awful, night presents
To thought, or sense (of awful much, to both,
The goddess brings) ! By these her trembling fires,
Like Vesta's, ever-burning ; and, like hers,
Sacred to thoughts immaculate, and pure !
By these bright orators, that prove, and praise,
And press thee to revere, the Deity ;
Perhaps, too, aid thee, when revered awhile,
To reach his throne ; as stages of the soul,
Through which, at different periods, she shall pass,
Refining gradual, for her final height,
And purging off some dross at every sphere !
By this dark pall thrown o'er the silent world !
By the world's kings, and kingdoms, most renown'd,
From short ambition's zenith set for ever ;
Sad presage to vain boasters, now in bloom !
By the long list of swift mortality,
From Adam downward to this evening knell,
Which midnight waves in fancy's startled eye ;
And shocks her with a hundred centuries,
Round death's black banner throng'd, in human thought !
By thousands, now, resigning their last breath,
And calling thee—wert thou so wise to hear !
By tombs o'er tombs arising ; human earth
Ejected, to make room for—human earth ;
The monarch's terror ! and the sexton's trade !
By pompous obsequies that shun the day,

The torch funereal, and the nodding plume,
Which makes poor man's humiliation proud ;
Boast of our ruin ! triumph of our dust !
By the damp vault that weeps o'er royal bones ;
And the pale lamp that shows the ghastly dead,
More ghastly, through the thick incumbent gloom !
By visits (if there are) from darker scenes,
The gliding spectre ! and the groaning grave !
By groans, and graves, and miseries that groan
For the grave's shelter ! By desponding men,
Senseless to pains of death, from pangs of guilt !
By guilt's last audit ! By yon moon in blood,
The rocking firmament, the falling stars,
And thunder's last discharge, great nature's knell !
By second chaos ; and eternal night"—
Be wise—Nor let Philander blame my charm ;
But own not ill-discharged my double debt,
Love to the living ; duty to the dead.

For know I'm but executor ; he left
This moral legacy ; I make it o'er
By his command ; Philander hear in me ;
And heaven in both.—If deaf to these, oh ! hear
Florello's tender voice ; his weal depends
On thy resolve ; it trembles at thy choice ;
For his sake—love thyself : example strikes
All human hearts ; a bad example more ;
More still a father's ; that ensures his ruin.
As parent of his being, wouldst thou prove
The unnatural parent of his miseries,
And make him curse the being which thou gav'st ?
Is this the blessing of so fond a father ?
If careless of Lorenzo ! spare, oh ! spare
Florello's father, and Philander's friend !
Florello's father ruined, ruins him ;
And from Philander's friend the world expects
A conduct, no dishonour to the dead.
Let passion do, what nobler motive should ;
Let love, and emulation, rise in aid
To reason ; and persuade thee to be—blest.

This seems not a request to be denied ;
Yet (such the infatuation of mankind !)
'Tis the most hopeless, man can make to man.
Shall I then rise in argument and warmth ?
And urge Philander's posthumous advice,

From topics yet unbroached?—
 But oh! I faint! my spirits fail!—Nor strange!
 So long on wing, and in no middle clime!
 To which my great Creator's glory called:
 And calls—but, now, in vain. Sleep's dewy wand
 Has stroked my drooping lids, and promises
 My long arrear of rest; the downy god
 (Wont to return with our returning peace)
 Will pay, ere long, and bless me with repose.
 Haste, haste, sweet stranger! from the peasant's cot,
 The ship-boy's hammock, or the soldier's straw,
 Whence sorrow never chased thee; with thee bring,
 Not hideous visions, as of late; but draughts
 Delicious of well-tasted, cordial, rest;
 Man's rich restorative; his balmy bath,
 That supple, lubricates, and keeps in play
 The various movements of this nice machine,
 Which asks such frequent periods of repair.
 When tired with vain rotations of the day,
 Sleep winds us up for the succeeding dawn;
 Fresh we spin on, till sickness clogs our wheels,
 Or death quite breaks the spring, and motion ends.
 When will it end with me?

——“Thou only know'st,
 Thou, whose broad eye the future, and the past,
 Joins to the present; making one of three
 To mortal thought! Thou know'st, and thou alone,
 All-knowing!—all unknown!—and yet well-known!
 Near, though remote! and, though unfathom'd, felt!
 And, though invisible, for ever seen!
 And seen in all! the great and the minute:
 Each globe above, with its gigantic race,
 Each flower, each leaf, with its small people swarmed,
 (Those puny vouchers of Omnipotence!)
 To the first thought, that asks, 'From whence?' declare
 Their common source. Thou fountain, running o'er
 In rivers of communicated joy!
 Who gav'st us speech for far, far humbler themes!
 Say, by what name shall I presume to call
 Him I see burning in these countless suns,
 As Moses, in the bush? Illustrious mind!
 The whole creation, less, far less, to thee,
 Than that to the creation's ample round.
 How shall I name Thee?—How my labouring soul

Heaves underneath the thought, too big for birth !

“ Great system of perfections ! Mighty cause
Of causes mighty ! Cause uncaused ! Sole root
Of nature, that luxuriant growth of God !

First Father of effects ! that progeny
Of endless series ; where the golden chain’s
Last link admits a period, who can tell ?

Father of all that is or heard, or hears !

Father of all that is or seen, or sees !

Father of all that is, or shall arise !

Father of this immeasurable mass

Of matter multiform ; or dense, or rare ;

Opaque, or lucid ; rapid, or at rest ;

Minute, or passing bound ! in each extreme

Of like amaze, and mystery, to man.

Father of these bright millions of the night !

Of which the least full godhead had proclaimed,

And thrown the gazer on his knee—or, say,

Is appellation higher still, thy choice ?

Father of matter’s temporary lords !

Father of spirits ! nobler offspring ! sparks

Of high paternal glory ; rich endowed

With various measures, and with various modes

Of instinct, reason, intuition ; beams

More pale, or bright from day divine, to break

The dark of matter organized (the ware

Of all created spirit) ; beams, that rise

Each over other in superior light,

Till the last ripens into lustre strong,

Of next approach to godhead. Father fond

(Far fonder than e’er bore that name on earth)

Of intellectual beings ! beings blest

With powers to please thee ; not of passive ply

To laws they know not ; beings lodged in seats

Of well-adapted joys, in different domes

Of this imperial palace for thy sons ;

Of this proud, populace, well-policed,

Though boundless habitation, planned by thee :

Whose several clans their several climates suit ;

And transposition, doubtless, would destroy.

Or, oh ! indulge, immortal King, indulge

A title, less august indeed, but more

Endearing ; ah ! how sweet in human ears !

Sweet in our ears, and triumph in our hearts !

Father of immortality to man !
A theme that¹ lately set my soul on fire—
And thou the next ! yet equal ! thou, by whom
That blessing was conveyed ; far more ! was bought ;
Ineffable the price ! by whom all worlds
Were made ; and one redeemed ! illustrious light
From light illustrious ! Thou, whose regal power
Finite in time, but infinite in space,
On more than adamantine basis fix'd,
O'er more, far more, than diadems, and thrones,
Inviolably reigns ; the dread of gods !
And oh ! the friend of man ! beneath whose foot,
And by the mandate of whose awful nod,
All regions, revolutions, fortunes, fates,
Of high, of low, of mind, and matter, roll
Through the short channels of expiring time,
Or shoreless ocean of eternity,
Calm, or tempestuous (as thy spirit breathes),
In absolute subjection !—And, O thou
The glorious Third ! Distinct, not separate !
Beaming from both ! with both incorporate ;
And (strange to tell !) incorporate with dust !
By condescension, as thy glory, great,
Enshrined in man ! Of human hearts, if pure,
Divine inhabitant ! The tie divine
Of heaven with distant earth ! by whom, I trust,
(If not inspired) uncensured this address
To thee, to them—to whom ?—Mysterious power !
Reveal'd—yet unreveal'd ! Darkness in light ;
Number in unity ! our joy ! our dread !
The triple bolt that lays all wrong in ruin !
That animates all right, the triple sun !
Sun of the soul ! her never-setting sun !
Triune, unutterable, unconceived,
Absconding, yet demonstrable, great God !
Greater than greatest ! better than the best !
Kinder than kindest ! with soft pity's eye,
Or (stronger still to speak it) with thine own,
From thy bright home, from that high firmament,
Where thou, from all eternity, hast dwelt ;
Beyond archangel's unassisted ken ;
From far above what mortals highest call
From elevation's pinnacle ; look down,

Through—what! Confounding interval! Through all
And more than lab'ring fancy can conceive;
Through radiant ranks of essences unknown:
Through hierarchies from hierarchies detach'd
Round various banners of Omnipotence,
With endless change of rapturous duties fired;
Through wondrous beings interposing swarms,
All clustering at the call, to dwell in thee;
Through this wide waste of worlds! this vista vast,
All sanded o'er with suns; suns turn'd to night
Before thy feeblest beam—look down—down—down,
On a poor breathing particle in dust,
Or, lower, an immortal in his crimes.
His crimes forgive! forgive his virtues, too!
Those smaller faults, half-converts to the right.
Nor let me close these eyes, which never more
May see the sun (though night's descending scale
Now weighs up morn), unpitied, and unblest!
In thy displeasure dwells eternal pain;
Pain, our aversion; pain, which strikes me now;
And, since all pain is terrible to man,
Though transient, terrible; at thy good hour,
Gently, ah gently, lay me in my bed,
My clay-cold bed! by nature, now, so near;
By nature, near; still nearer by disease!
Till then, be this, an emblem of my grave:
Let it out-preach the preacher; every night
Let it out-cry the boy at Philip's ear;
That tongue of death! that herald of the tomb!
And when (the shelter of thy wing implored)
My senses, soothed, shall sink in soft repose,
O sink this truth still deeper in my soul,
Suggested by my pillow, sign'd by fate,
First, in fate's volume, at the page of man—
Man's sickly soul, though turn'd and toss'd for ever,
From side to side, can rest on nought but thee:
Here, in full trust, hereafter, in full joy;
On thee, the promised, sure, eternal down
Of spirits, toil'd in travel through this vale.
Nor of that pillow shall my soul despond;
For—love almighty! love almighty! (sing,
Exult, creation!) Love almighty reigns!
That death of death! that cordial of despair!
And loud eternity's triumphant song!

"Of whom, no more :—For, O thou patron God !
 Thou God and mortal ! thence more God to man !
 Man's theme eternal ! man's eternal theme !
 Thou canst not 'scape uninjured from our praise.
 Uninjured from our praise can he escape,
 Who, disembosom'd from the father, bows
 The heaven of heavens, to kiss the distant earth !
 Breathes out in agonies a sinless soul !
 Against the cross, death's iron sceptre breaks !
 From famish'd ruin plucks her human prey !
 Throws wide the gates celestial to his foes !
 Their gratitude, for such a boundless debt,
 Deputes their suff'ring brothers to receive !
 And, if deep human guilt in payment fails ;
 As deeper guilt prohibits our despair !
 Enjoins it, as our duty, to rejoice !
 And (to close all) omnipotently kind,
 Takes his delights among the sons of men."

What words are these—And did they come from heaven ?
 And were they spoke to man ? to guilty man ?
 What are all mysteries to love like this ?
 The songs of angels, all the melodies
 Of choral gods, are wafted in the sound ;
 Heal and exhilarate the broken heart ;
 Though plunged, before, in horrors dark as night :
 Rich prelibation of consummate joy !
 Nor wait we dissolution to be blest.

This final effort of the moral muse,
 How justly titled ? Nor for me alone :
 For all that read ; what spirit of support,
 What heights of consolation, crown my song !

Then farewell night ! Of darkness, now, no more :
 Joy breaks—shines—triumphs ; 'tis eternal day.
 Shall that which rises out of nought complain
 Of a few evils, paid with endless joys ?
 My soul ! henceforth, in sweetest union join
 The two supports of human happiness,
 Which some, erroneous, think can never meet ;
 True taste of life, and constant thought of death !
 The thought of death, sole victor of its dread !
 Hope, be thy joy ; and probity thy skill ;
 Thy patron he, whose diadem has dropp'd
 Yon gems of heaven ; eternity, thy prize :
 And leave the racers of the world their own,

Their feather, and their froth, for endless toils :
They part with all for that which is not bread ;
They mortify, they starve, on wealth, fame, power ;
And laugh to scorn the fools that aim at more.
How must a spirit, late escaped from earth,
Suppose Philander's, Lucia's or Narcissa's,
The truth of things new-blazing in its eye,
Look back, astonished, on the ways of men,
Whose lives' whole drift is to forget their graves !
And when our present privilege is past,
To scourge us with due sense of its abuse,
The same astonishment will seize us all.
What then must pain us, would preserve us now.
Lorenzo ! 'tis not yet too late ; Lorenzo !
Seize wisdom, ere 'tis torment to be wise ; -
That is, seize wisdom, ere she seizes thee.
For what, my small philosopher ! is hell ?
'Tis nothing but full knowledge of the truth,
When truth, resisted long, is sworn our foe ;
And calls eternity to do her right.

Thus, darkness aiding intellectual light,
And sacred silence whisp'ring truths divine,
And truths divine converting pain to peace,
My song the midnight raven has outwinged,
And shot, ambitious of unbounded scenes,
Beyond the flaming limits of the world,
Her gloomy flight. But what avails the flight
Of fancy, when our hearts remain below ?
Virtue abounds in flatterers, and foes ;
'Tis pride to praise her ; penance, to perform.
To more than words, to more than worth of tongue,
Lorenzo ! rise, at this auspicious hour ;
An hour, when heaven's most intimate with man ;
When, like a fallen star, the ray divine
Glides swift into the bosom of the just ;
And just are all, determined to reclaim ;
Which sets that title high within thy reach.
Awake, then : thy Philander calls : awake !
Thou, who shalt wake, when the creation sleeps ;
When, like a taper, all these suns expire ;
When time, like him of Gaza in his wrath,
Plucking the pillars that support the world,
In nature's ample ruins lies entombed ;
And midnight, universal midnight ! reigns.

A POEM

ON

THE LAST DAY.

IN THREE BOOKS.

Venit summa dies.—VIRG.

BOOK I.

Ipse pater, media nimborum in nocte, corusca
Fulmina molitur dextra. Quo maxima motu
Terra tremit: fugere feræ! et mortalia corda
Per gentes humilis stravit pavor. VIRG.

WHILE others sing the fortune of the great ;
 Empire and arms, and all the pomp of state ;
 With Britain's hero¹ set their souls on fire,
 And grow immortal as his deeds inspire ;
 I draw a deeper scene : a scene that yields
 A louder trumpet, and more dreadful fields ;
 The world alarmed, both earth and heaven o'erthrown,
 And gasping nature's last tremendous groan ;
 Death's ancient sceptre broke, the teeming tomb,
 The righteous Judge, and man's eternal doom.
 'Twixt joy and pain I view the bold design,
 And ask my anxious heart, if it be mine.
 Whatever great or dreadful has been done
 Within the sight of conscious stars or sun,
 Is far beneath my daring : I look down
 On all the splendours of the British crown.
 This globe is for my verse a narrow bound ;
 Attend me, all the glorious worlds around !
 O ! all ye angels, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
 Of every various order, place, and kind,
 Hear, and assist, a feeble mortal's lays ;
 'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise.
 But chiefly thou, great Ruler ! Lord of all !
 Before whose throne archangels prostrate fall ;

¹ The Duke of Marlborough.

If at thy nod, from discord, and from night,
Sprang beauty, and yon sparkling worlds of light,
Exalt e'en me ; all inward tumults quell ;
The clouds and darkness of my mind dispel ;
To my great subject thou my breast inspire,
And raise my lab'ring soul with equal fire.

Man, bear thy brow aloft, view every grace
In God's great offspring, beauteous nature's face :
See spring's day bloom ; see golden autumn's store ;
See how earth smiles, and hear old ocean roar.
Leviathans but heave their cumbrous mail,
It makes a tide, and wind-bound navies sail.
Here, forests rise, the mountain's awful pride ;
Here, rivers measure climes, and worlds divide ;
There, valleys fraught with gold's resplendent seeds,
Hold kings, and kingdoms' fortunes, in their beds ;
There, to the skies, aspiring hills ascend,
And into distant lands their shades extend.
View cities, armies, fleets ; of fleets the pride,
See Europe's law, in Albion's channel ride.
View the whole earth's vast landscape unconfined,
Or view in Britain all her glories joined.

Then let the firmament thy wonder raise ;
'Twill raise thy wonder, but transcend thy praise.
How far from east to west ? the lab'ring eye
Can scarce the distant azure bounds descry :
Wide theatre ! where tempests play at large,
And God's right hand can all its wrath discharge.
Mark how those radiant lamps inflame the pole,
Call forth the seasons, and the year control :
They shine through time, with an unalter'd ray :
See this grand period rise, and that decay :
So vast, this world's a grain ; yet myriads grace,
With golden pomp, the throng'd ethereal space ;
So bright, with such a wealth of glory stored,
'Twere sin in heathens not to have adored.

How great, how firm, how sacred, all appears !
How worthy an immortal round of years !
Yet all must drop, as autumn's sickliest grain,
And earth and firmament be sought in vain :
The tract forgot where constellations shone,
Or where the Stuarts fill'd an awful throne :
Time shall be slain, all nature be destroy'd,
Nor leave an atom in the mighty void.

Sooner, or later, in some future date,
(A dreadful secret in the book of fate !)
This hour, for aught all human wisdom knows,
Or when ten thousand harvests more have rose ;
When scenes are changed on this revolving earth,
Old empires fall, and give new empires birth ;
While other Bourbons rule in other lands,
And (if man's sin forbids not) other Annes ;
While the still busy world is treading o'er
The paths they trod five thousand years before,
Thoughtless as those who now life's mazes run,
Of earth dissolved, or an extinguish'd sun ;
(Ye sublunary worlds, awake, awake !
Ye rulers of the nation, hear, and shake !)
Thick clouds of darkness shall arise on day ;
In sudden night all earth's dominions lay ;
Impetuous winds the scatter'd forests rend ;
Eternal mountains, like their cedars, bend ;
The valleys yawn, the troubled ocean roar,
And break the bondage of his wonted shore ;
A sanguine stain the silver moon o'erspread ;
Darkness the circle of the sun invade ;
From inmost heaven incessant thunders roll,
And the strong echo bound from pole to pole.

When, lo, a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note ; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball ;
The extended circuit of creation shake,
The living die with fear, the dead awake.

Oh powerful blast ! to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frightened ear of nature wound,
Though rival clarions have been strain'd on high,
And kindled wars immortal through the sky,
Though God's whole enginery discharged, and all
The rebel angels bellow'd in their fall.

Have angels sinn'd ? and shall not man beware ?
How shall a son of earth decline the snare ?
Not folded arms, and slackness of the mind,
Can promise for the safety of mankind :
None are supinely good : through care and pain
And various arts, the steep ascent we gain.
This is the scene of combat, not of rest,
Man's is laborious happiness at best ;

On this side death his dangers never cease,
His joys are joys of conquest, not of peace.

If then, obsequious to the will of fate,
And bending to the terms of human state,
When guilty joys invite us to their arms,
When beauty smiles, or grandeur spreads her charms,
The conscious soul would this great scene display,
Call down the immortal hosts in dread array,
The trumpet sound, the Christian banner spread,
And raise from silent graves the trembling dead ;
Such deep impression would the picture make,
No power on earth her firm resolve could shake ;
Engaged with angels she would greatly stand,
And look regardless down on sea and land ;
Not proffer'd worlds her ardour could restrain,
And death might shake his threat'ning lance in vain !
Her certain conquest would endear the fight,
And danger serve but to exalt delight.

Instructed thus to shun the fatal spring,
Whence flow the terrors of that day I sing ;
More boldly we our labours may pursue,
And all the dreadful image set to view.

The sparkling eye, the sleek and painted breast,
The burnish'd scale, curl'd train, and rising crest,
All that is lovely in the noxious snake,
Provokes our fear, and bids us flee the brake :
The sting once drawn, his guiltless beauties rise
In pleasing lustre, and detain our eyes ;
We view with joy, what once did horror move,
And strong aversion softens into love.

Say then, my muse, whom dismal scenes delight,
Frequent at tombs, and in the realms of night ;
Say, melancholy maid, if bold to dare
The last extremes of terror and despair ;
Oh say, what change on earth, what heart in man,
This blackest moment since the world began.

Ah, mournful turn ! the blissful earth, who late
At leisure on her axle roll'd in state ;
While thousand golden planets knew no rest,
Still onward in their circling journey press'd ;
A grateful change of seasons some to bring,
And sweet vicissitude of fall and spring :
Some through vast oceans to conduct the keel,
And some those watery worlds to siuk, or swell :

Around her some their splendours to display,
And gild her globe with tributary day:
This world so great, of joy the bright abode,
Heaven's darling child, and fav'rite of her God,
Now looks an exile from her father's care,
Deliver'd o'er to darkness and despair.
No sun in radiant glory shines on high;
No light, but from the terrors of the sky:
Fallen are her mountains, her famed rivers lost,
And all into a second chaos toss'd;
One universal ruin spreads abroad;
Nothing is safe beneath the throne of God.

Such, earth, thy fate: what then canst thou afford
To comfort and support thy guilty lord?
Man, haughty lord of all beneath the moon,
How must he bend his soul's ambition down?
Prostrate, the reptile own, and disavow
His boasted stature, and assuming brow?
Claim kindred with the clay, and curse his form,
That speaks distinction from his sister worm?
What dreadful pangs the trembling heart invade?
Lord, why dost thou forsake whom thou hast made?
Who can sustain thy anger? who can stand
Beneath the terrors of thy lifted hand?
It flies the reach of thought; oh, save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!
Thou who beneath the frown of fate hast stood,
And in thy dreadful agony sweat blood;
Thou, who for me, through every throbbing vein,
Hast felt the keenest edge of mortal pain;
Whom death led captive through the realms below,
And taught those horrid mysteries of woe;
Defend me, O my God! oh, save me, Power
Of powers supreme, in that tremendous hour!

From east to west they fly, from pole to line,
Imploring shelter from the wrath divine;
Beg flames to wrap, or whelming seas to sweep,
Or rocks to yawn, compassionately deep:
Seas cast the monster forth to meet his doom,
And rocks but prison up for wrath to come.

So fares a traitor to an earthly crown;
While death sits threat'ning, in his prince's frown,
His heart's dismay'd; and now his fears command,
To change his native for a distant land:

Swift orders fly, the king's severe decree
Stands in the channel, and locks up the sea ;
The port he seeks, obedient to her lord,
Hurls back the rebel to his lifted sword.

But why this idle toil to paint that day ?
This time elaborately thrown away ?
Words all in vain pant after the distress,
The height of eloquence would make it less ;
Heavens ! how the good man trembles !—

And is there a last day ? and must there come
A sure, a fix'd, inexorable doom ?
Ambition swell, and, thy proud sails to show,
Take all the winds that vanity can blow ;
Wealth on a golden mountain blazing stand,
And reach an India forth in either hand ;
Spread all thy purple clusters, tempting vine,
And thou, more dreaded foe, bright beauty, shine ;
Shine all ; in all your charms together rise ;
That all, in all your charms, I may despise,
While I mount upward on a strong desire,
Borne, like Elijah, in a car of fire.

In hopes of glory to be quite involved !
To smile at death ! to long to be dissolved !
From our decays a pleasure to receive !
And kindle into transport at a grave !
What equals this ? And shall the victor now
Boast the proud laurels on his loaded brow ?
Religion ! oh, thou cherub, heavenly bright !
Oh, joys unmix'd, and fathomless delight !
Thou, thou art all ; nor find I in the whole
Creation aught, but God and my own soul.

For ever, then, my soul, thy God adore,
Nor let the brute creation praise him more.
Shall things inanimate my conduct blame,
And flush my conscious cheek with spreading shame ?
They all for him pursue, or quit, their end ;
The mounting flames their burning power suspend ;
In solid heaps the unfrozen billows stand,
To rest and silence awed by his command :
Nay, the dire monsters that infest the flood,
By nature dreadful, and athirst for blood,
His will can calm, their savage tempers bind,
And turn to mild protectors of mankind.
Did not the prophet this great truth maintain

In the deep chambers of the gloomy main ;
When darkness round him all her horrors spread,
And the loud ocean bellow'd o'er his head ?

When now the thunder roars, the lightning flies,
And all the warring winds tumultuous rise ;
When now the foaming surges, toss'd on high,
Disclose the sands beneath, and touch the sky ;
When death draws near, the mariners aghast,
Look back with terror on their actions past,
Their courage sickens into deep dismay,
Their hearts, through fear and anguish, melt away ;
Nor tears, nor prayers, the tempest can appease ;
Now they devote their treasure to the seas ;
Unload their shatter'd barque, though richly fraught,
And think the hopes of life are cheaply bought
With gems and gold ; but oh, the storm so high !
Nor gems nor gold the hopes of life can buy.

The trembling prophet then, themselves to save,
They headlong plunge into the briny wave ;
Down he descends, and, booming o'er his head,
The billows close ; he's number'd with the dead.
(Hear, O ye just ! attend, ye virtuous few !
And the bright path of piety pursue)
Lo ! the great Ruler of the world, from high,
Looks smiling down with a propitious eye,
Covers his servant with his gracious hand,
And bids tempestuous nature silent stand ;
Commands the peaceful waters to give place,
Or kindly fold him in a soft embrace :
He bridles in the monsters of the deep :
The bridled monsters awful distance keep :
Forget their hunger, while they view their prey :
And guiltless gaze, and round the stranger play.

But still arise new wonders ; nature's Lord
Sends forth into the deep his powerful word,
And calls the great leviathan : the great
Leviathan attends in all his state ;
Exults for joy, and, with a mighty bound,
Makes the sea shake, and heaven and earth resound ;
Blackens the waters with the rising sand
And drives vast billows to the distant land.

As yawns an earthquake, when imprison'd air,
Struggles for vent, and lays the centre bare,
The whale expands his jaws' enormous size ;

The prophet views the cavern with surprise ;
 Measures his monstrous teeth, afar descried,
 And rolls his wond'ring eyes from side to side :
 Then takes possession of the spacious seat,
 And sails secure within the dark retreat.

Now is he pleased the northern blast to hear,
 And hangs on liquid mountains, void of fear ;
 Or falls immersed into the depths below,
 Where the dead silent waters never flow ;
 To the foundations of the hills convey'd,
 Dwells in the shelving mountain's dreadful shade :
 Where plummet never reach'd, he draws his breath,
 And glides serenely through the paths of death.

Two wond'rous days and nights through coral groves,
 Through labyrinths of rocks and sands, he roves :
 When the third morning with its level rays
 The mountains gilds, and on the billows plays,
 It sees the king of waters rise and pour
 His sacred guest uninjured on the shore :
 A type of that great blessing, which the muse
 In her next labour ardently pursues.

BOOK II.

———'Εκ γαίης ἐλπίζομεν ἐς φάος ἐλθεῖν.

Λείψαν ἀποιχομένων· ὀπίσω δὲ Θεοὶ τελέθονται.

PHOCYL.

———We hope that the departed will rise again from the dust: after which, like the gods, they will be immortal.

Now man awakes, and from his silent bed,
 Where he has slept for ages, lifts his head ;
 Shakes off the slumber of ten thousand years,
 And on the borders of new worlds appears.
 Whate'er the bold, the rash, adventure cost,
 In wide eternity I dare be lost.
 The muse is wont in narrow bounds to sing,
 To teach the swain, or celebrate the king.
 I grasp the whole, no more to parts confined,
 I lift my voice, and sing to human kind :
 I sing to men and angels ; angels join,
 While such the theme, their sacred songs with mine.

Again the trumpet's intermitted sound
 Rolls the wide circuit of creation round,
 A universal concourse to prepare

Of all that ever breathed the vital air :
In some wide field, which active whirlwinds sweep,
Drive cities, forests, mountains, to the deep,
To smooth and lengthen out the unbounded space,
And spread an area for all human race.

Now monuments prove faithful to their trust,
And render back their long committed dust.
Now charnels rattle ; scatter'd limbs, and all
The various bones, obsequious to the call,
Self-moved, advance ; the neck perhaps to meet
The distant head ; the distant legs the feet.
Dreadful to view, see through the dusky sky
Fragments of bodies in confusion fly,
To distant regions journeying, there to claim
Deserted members, and complete the frame,

When the world bow'd to Rome's almighty sword,
Rome bow'd to Pompey, and confess'd her lord.

Yet one day lost, this deity below

Became the scorn and pity of his foe.

His blood a traitor's sacrifice was made,

And smoked indignant on a ruffian's blade.

No trumpet's sound, no gasping army's yell,

Bid, with due horror, his great soul farewell.

Obscure his fall ! all welt'ring in his gore,

His trunk was cast to perish on the shore !

While Julius frown'd the bloody monster dead.

Who brought the world in his great rival's head.

This severed head and trunk shall join once more,

Though realms now rise between, and oceans roar.

The trumpet's sound each fragrant note shall hear,

Or fix'd in earth, or if afloat in air,

Obeys the signal wafted in the wind,

And not one sleeping atom lag behind.

So swarming bees, that on a summer's day

In airy rings, and wild meanders play,

Charm'd with the brazen sound, their wand'rings end,

And, gently circling, on a bough descend.

The body thus renew'd, the conscious soul,

Which has perhaps been flutt'ring near the pole,

Or midst the burning planets wond'ring stray'd,

Or hover'd o'er where her pale corpse was laid ;

Or rather coasted on her final state,

And fear'd or wish'd for, her appointed fate :

This soul, returning with a constant flame,

Now weds for ever her immortal frame.
Life, which ran down before, so high is wound,
The springs maintain an everlasting round.

Thus a frail model of the work design'd
First takes a copy of the builder's mind,
Before the structure firm with lasting oak,
And marbled bowels of the solid rock,
Turns the strong arch, and bids the columns rise,
And bear the lofty palace to the skies ;
The wrongs of time enabled to surpass,
With bars of adamant, and ribs of brass.

That ancient, sacred, and illustrious dome,¹
Where soon or late fair Albion's heroes come,
From camps, and courts, though great, or wise, or just,
To feed the worm, and moulder into dust ;
That solemn mansion of the royal dead,
Where passing slaves o'er sleeping monarchs tread,
Now populous o'erflows : a num'rous race
Of rising kings fill all the extended space :
A life well spent, not the victorious sword,
Awards the crown, and styles the greater lord.

Nor monuments alone, and burial earth,
Labours with man to this his second birth ;
But where gay palaces in pomp arise,
And gilded theatres invade the skies,
Nations shall wake, whose unrespected bones
Support the pride of their luxurious sons.
The most magnificent and costly dome
Is but an upper chamber to a tomb.
No spot on earth but has supplied a grave,
And human skulls the spacious ocean pave.
All's full of man ; and at this dreadful turn,
The swarm shall issue, and the hive shall burn.

Not all at once, nor in like manner, rise :
Some lift with pain their slow unwilling eyes :
Shrink backward from the terror of the light,
And bless the grave, and call for lasting night.
Others whose long-attempted virtue stood
Fix'd as a rock, and broke the rushing flood,
Whose firm resolve, nor beauty could melt down,
Nor raging tyrants from their posture frown ;
Such, in this day of horrors, shall be seen
To face the thunders with a godlike mien ;

¹ Westminster Abbey.

The planets drop, their thoughts are fix'd above ;
 The centre shakes, their hearts disdain to move :
 An earth dissolving, and a heaven thrown wide,
 A yawning gulf, and fiends on every side,
 Serene they view, impatient of delay,
 And bless the dawn of everlasting day.

Here, greatness prostrate falls ; there, strength gives place ;

Here, lazars smile ; there, beauty hides her face.
 Christians, and Jews, and Turks, and Pagans stand,
 A blended throng, one undistinguish'd band.
 Some who, perhaps, by mutual wounds expired,
 With zeal for their distinct persuasions fired,
 In mutual friendship their long slumber break,
 And hand in hand their Saviour's love partake.

But none are flush'd with brighter joy, or, warm
 With juster confidence, enjoy the storm,
 Than those, whose pious bounties, unconfined,
 Have made them public fathers of mankind.
 In that illustrious rank, what shining light
 With such distinguish'd glory fills my sight ?
 Bend down, my grateful muse, that homage show
 Which to such worthies thou art proud to owe.
 Wickham ! Fox ! Chicheley ! hail, illustrious names,¹
 Who to far distant times dispense your beams ;
 Beneath your shades, and near your crystal springs,
 I first presumed to touch the trembling strings.
 All hail, thrice honour'd ! 'Twas your great renown
 To bless a people, and oblige a crown.
 And now you rise, eternally to shine,
 Eternally to drink the rays divine.

Indulgent God ! oh how shall mortal raise
 His soul to due returns of grateful praise,
 For bounty so profuse to human kind,
 Thy wondrous gift of an eternal mind ?
 Shall I, who, some few years ago, was less
 Than worm, or mite, or shadow can express,
 Was nothing ; shall I live, when every fire
 And every star shall languish and expire ?
 When earth's no more, shall I survive above,
 And through the radiant files of angels move ?
 Or, as before the throne of God I stand,

¹ Founders of New College, Corpus Christi, and All Souls, in Oxford ; of all which the author was a member.

See new worlds rolling from his spacious hand,
Where our adventures shall perhaps be taught,
As we now tell how Michael sung or fought ?
All that has being in full concert join,
And celebrate the depths of love divine !

But, oh ! before this blissful state, before
The aspiring soul this wondrous height can soar,
The Judge, descending, thunders from afar,
And all mankind is summon'd to the bar.

This mighty scene I next presume to draw :
Attend, great Anne, with religious awe.
Expect not here the known successful arts
To win attention, and command our hearts :
Fiction, be far away ; let no machine
Descending here, no fabled god, be seen ;
Behold the God of gods indeed descend,
And worlds unnumber'd his approach attend !

Lo ! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At heaven's all-powerful edict is prepared,
And fenced around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below :
And every age and nation pours along,
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng :
Adam salutes his youngest son ; no sign,
Of all those ages, which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart !
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been spent,
To fix a hero's birth-day, or descent !
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days !
To greet those worthies who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood !
Alas ! a nearer care your soul demands,
Cæsar unnoted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse ! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore,
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above :
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, fall ; another, stand :
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking dawn

Roused the broad front, and call'd the battle on :
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fates' decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, famed Ramillia's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost :
Their millions swell to be discerned in vain,
Lost as a billow in the unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air,
For judgment, judgment, sons of men prepare !
Earth shakes anew ; I hear her groans profound ;
And hell through all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest power of earth,
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth ;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord ;
Who, on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine :
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas ! my muse,
How art thou lost ! what numbers canst thou choose ?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly ;
Lo ! far within, and far above all height,
Where heaven's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds of light,
Whence nature he informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey,
Creates, supports, confounds ! Where, time and place,
Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod ;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball
(Speck of creation) : if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light !)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely raised, heaven's everlasting Son ;
Crown'd with that majesty, which form'd the world,
And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,

Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene, he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradise :
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, knowledge shines in purest light ;
On one, the sword of justice fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed ;
Now tell the scourged impostor he shall bleed !

Thus glorious through the courts of heaven, the source
Of life and death eternal bends his course ;
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings play ;
The angelic host is ranged in bright array :
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding shell,
And mingling voices in rich concert swell ;
Voices seraphic ; blest with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of Glory ! Soul of bliss !
What a stupendous turn of fate is this !
O ! whither art thou raised above the scorn
And indigence of him in Beth'lem born ;
A needless, helpless, unaccounted guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast !
How changed from him, who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsafed to wash the feet himself had made !
From him who was betrayed, forsook, denied,
Wept, languished, prayed, bled, thirsted, groaned, and
died ;

Hung pierced and bare, insulted by the foe,
All heaven in tears above, earth unconcerned below !

And was 't enough to bid the sun retire ?
Why did not nature at thy groan expire ?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine ;
The world is vanished,—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas ! Ah ! which blasphemed ;
Thou, or thy pris'ner ? which shall be condemned ?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well exclaim ;
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame !
But God is good ! 'Tis wondrous all ! Even he
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, died for thee.

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.

There all the clouds condensed, two columns raise
Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze.
One fixed on earth, and one in sea, and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the columns fly.
Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthroned the eternal Judge is placed,
With all the grandeur of his godhead graced :
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff of wondrous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies :
The cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain,
Where'er it floats, on earth, and air, and main ;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dyed ocean into blood.

Oh formidable glory ! dreadful bright !
Refulgent torture to the guilty sight.
Ah turn, unwary muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the sun shrink in his beam),
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream ;
Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoiled of his eternal sway.
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah, how ! but by repentance, by a mind
Quick, and severe its own offence to find ?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of prayer ?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before the eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its lord, a narrow bound.

“ O thou ! whose balance does the mountains weigh,
Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
Whose breath can turn those watery worlds to flame,
That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame ;

Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

“Oh ! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
To scatter wide, or bury in the deep :
Thy power, my weakness, may I ever see,
And wholly dedicate my soul to thee :
Reign o'er my will ; my passions ebb and flow
At thy command, nor human motive know !
If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
And sin the graceful indignation raise.
My love be warm to succour the distressed,
And lift the burden from the soul oppressed.
Oh may my understanding ever read
This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made !
Who decks the maiden spring with flow'ry pride ?
Who calls forth summer, like a sparkling bride ?
Who joys the mother autumn's bed to crown ?
And bids old winter lay her honours down ?
Not the great Ottoman, or greater Czar,
Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.
May sea and land, and earth and heaven be joined
To bring the eternal Author to my mind !
When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll,
May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my soul !
When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
Adore, my heart, the majesty divine !

“Through every scene of life, or peace, or war,
Plenty, or want, thy glory be my care !
Shine we in arms ? or sing beneath our vine !
Thine is the vintage, and the conquest thine :
Thy pleasure points the shaft, and bends the bow ;
The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow :
'Tis thou that lead'st our powerful armies forth,
And givest great Anne thy sceptre o'er the north.

“Grant I may ever, at the morning ray,
Open with prayer the consecrated day ;
Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
And with the mounting sun ascend the skies :
As that advances, let my zeal improve,
And glow with ardour of consummate love ;
Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
My endless worship shall be still begun.

“And, oh ! permit the gloom of solemn night
To sacred thought may forcibly invite.

When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
 Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies ;
 Compose our souls with a less dazzling sight,
 And show all nature in a milder light ;
 How every boisterous thought in calm subsides !
 How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides !
 O how divine ! to tread the milky way,
 To the bright palace of the lord of day ;
 His court admire, or for his favour sue,
 Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew ;
 Pleased to look down, and see the world asleep,
 While I long vigils to its founder keep !

“ Canst thou not shake the centre ? Oh ! control,
 Subdue by force, the rebel in my soul :
 Thou, who canst still the raging of the flood,
 Restrain the various tumults of my blood ;
 Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
 Alluring pleasure, and assaulting pain.
 O may I pant for thee in each desire !
 And with strong faith foment the holy fire !
 Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize,
 Which in eternity's deep bosom lies !
 At the great day of recompense behold,
 Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold !
 Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
 From age to age, my grateful song repeat ;
 My light, my life, my God, my Saviour see,
 And rival angels in the praise of thee.”

BOOK III.

*Esse quoque in fatis reminiscitur, affore tempus,
 Quo mare, quo tellus, correptaque regia cæli
 Ardeat ; et mundi moles operosa laboret.—OVID. MET.*

THE book unfolding ; the resplendent seat
 Of saints and angels ; the tremendous fate
 Of guilty souls ; the gloomy realms of woe ;
 And all the horrors of the world below ;
 I next presume to sing : what yet remains
 Demands my last, but most exalted strains.
 And let the muse or now affect the sky,
 Or in inglorious shades for ever lie.
 She kindles, she's inflamed so near the goal ;
 She mounts, she gains upon the starry pole ;
 The world grows less as she pursues her flight,

And the sun darkens to her distant sight.
Heaven op'ning, all its sacred pomp displays,
And overwhelms her with the rushing blaze !
The triumph rings ! archangels shout around !
And echoing nature lengthens out the sound !
Ten thousand trumpets now at once advance ;
Now deepest silence lulls the vast expanse :
So deep the silence, and so strong the blast,
As nature died, when she had groan'd her last.
Nor man, nor angel, moves ; the Judge on high
Looks round, and with his glory fills the sky :
Then on the fatal book his hand he lays,
Which high to view supporting seraphs raise ;
In solemn form the rituals are prepared,
The seal is broken, and a groan is heard.
And thou, my soul, (oh, fall to sudden prayer,
And let the thought sink deep !) shalt thou be there ?

See on the left (for by the great command
The throng divided falls on either hand ;)
How weak, how pale, how haggard, how obscene,
What more than death in ev'ry face and mien !
With what distress, and glarings of afright,
They shock the heart, and turn away the sight !
In gloomy orbs their trembling eye-balls roll,
And tell the horrid secrets of the soul.
Each gesture mourns, each look is black with care,
And ev'ry groan is laden with despair.
Reader, if guilty, spare the muse, and find
A truer image pictured in thy mind.

Shouldst thou behold thy brother, father, wife,
And all the soft companions of thy life,
Whose blended int'rests levell'd at one aim,
Whose mix'd desires sent up one common flame,
Divided far ; thy wretched self alone
Cast on the left, of all whom thou hast known ;
How would it wound ! What millions wouldst thou give
For one more trial, one day more to live !
Flung back in time an hour, a moment's space,
To grasp with eagerness the means of grace ;
Contend for mercy with a pious rage,
And in that moment to redeem an age ?
Drive back the tide, suspend a storm in air,
Arrest the sun !—but still of this despair.

Mark, on the right, how amiable a grace !

Their Maker's image fresh in ev'ry face !
What purple bloom my ravish'd soul admires,
And their eyes sparkling with immortal fires.
Triumphant beauty ! charms that rise above
This world, and in blest angels kindle love !
To the great Judge with holy pride they turn,
And dare behold the Almighty's anger burn ;
Its flash sustain, against its terror rise,
And on the dread tribunal fix their eyes.
Are these the forms that moulder'd in the dust ?
Oh the transcendent glory of the just !
Yet still some thin remains of fear and doubt,
The infected brightness of their joy pollute.

Thus the chaste bridegroom, when the priest draws
nigh,
Beholds his blessing with a trembling eye,
Feels doubtful passions throb in every vein,
And in his cheeks are mingled joy and pain,
Lest still some intervening chance should rise,
Leap forth at once, and snatch the golden prize ;
Inflame his woe, by bringing it so late,
And stab him in the crisis of his fate.

Since Adam's family, from first to last,
Now into one distinct survey is cast ;
Look round, vain-glorious muse, and you whoe'er
Devote yourselves to fame, and think her fair ;
Look round, and seek the lights of human race,
Whose shining acts time's brightest annals grace ;
Who founded sects ; crowns conquer'd, or resigned ;
Gave names to nations ; or famed empires join'd ;
Who raised the vale, and laid the mountain low ;
And taught obedient rivers where to flow ;
Who with vast fleets, as with a mighty chain,
Could bind the madness of the roaring main :
All lost ? all undistinguish'd ? nowhere found ?
How will this truth in Bourbon's palace sound ?

That hour, on which the Almighty King on high
From all eternity has fix'd his eye,
Whether his right hand favour'd, or annoy'd,
Continued, alter'd, threaten'd, or destroy'd ;
Southern or eastern sceptre downward hurl'd,
Gave north or west dominion o'er the world ;
The point of time, for which the world was built,
For which the blood of God himself was spilt,

That dreadful moment is arrived.

Aloft, the seats of bliss their pomp display
Brighter than brightness, this distinguish'd day ;
Less glorious, when of old the eternal Son
From realms of night return'd with trophies won :
Through heaven's high gates, when he triumphant rode,
And shouting angels hail'd the victor God.
Horrors, beneath, darkness in darkness, hell
Of hell, where torments behind torments dwell ;
A furnace formidable, deep, and wide,
O'erboiling with a mad sulphureous tide,
Expands his jaws, most dreadful to survey,¹
And roars outrageous for the destined prey.
The sons of light scarce unappall'd look down,
And nearer press heaven's everlasting throne.

Such is the scene ; and one short moment's space
Concludes the hopes and fears of human race.
Proceed who dares !—I tremble as I write,
The whole creation swims before my sight ;
I see, I see, the Judge's frowning brow ;
Say not, 'tis distant ; I behold it now ;
I faint, my tardy blood forgets to flow,
My soul recoils at the stupendous woe ;
That woe, those pangs, which from the guilty breast,
In these, or words like these, shall be express'd.

“ Who burst the barriers of my peaceful grave ?
Ah ! cruel death, that would no longer save,
But grudged me e'en that narrow dark abode,
And cast me out into the wrath of God ;
Where shrieks, the roaring flame, the rattling chain,
And all the dreadful eloquence of pain,
Our only song ; black fire's malignant light,
The sole refreshment of the blasted sight.
Must all those powers, heaven gave me to supply
My soul with pleasure, and bring in my joy,
Rise up in arms against me, join the foe,
Sense, reason, memory, increase my woe ?
And shall my voice, ordain'd on hymns to dwell,
Corrupt to groans, and blow the fires of hell ?
Oh ! must I look with terror on my gain,
And with existence only measure pain ?
What ! no reprieve, no least indulgence given,
No beam of hope, from any point of heaven !
Ah mercy ! mercy ! art thou dead above ?

Is love extinguish'd in the source of love ?

“ Bold that I am, did heaven stoop down to hell ?

The expiring Lord of life my ransom seal ?

Have I not been industrious to provoke ?

From his embraces obstinately broke ?

Pursued and panted for his mortal hate,

Earn'd my destruction, labour'd out my fate ?

And dare I on extinguish'd love exclaim ?

Take, take full vengeance, rouse the slack'ning flame ;

Just is my lot—but oh ! must it transcend

The reach of time, despair a distant end ?

With dreadful growth shoot forward, and arise,

Where thought can't follow, and bold fancy dies ?

“ Never ! where falls the soul at that dread sound ?

Down an abyss how dark, and how profound ?

Down, down, (I still am falling, horrid pain !)

Ten thousand thousand fathoms still remain ;

My plunge but still begun—And this for sin ?

Could I offend, if I had never been,

But still increased the senseless happy mass,

Flow'd in the stream, or shiver'd in the grass ?

“ Father of mercies ! why from silent earth

Didst thou awake, and curse me into birth ?

Tear me from quiet, ravish me from night,

And make a thankless present of thy light ?

Push into being a reverse of thee,

And animate a clod with misery ?

“ The beasts are happy ; they come forth, and keep

Short watch on earth, and then lie down to sleep.

Pain is for man ; and oh ! how vast a pain.

For crimes, which made the Godhead bleed in vain !

Annull'd his groans, as far as in them lay,

And flung his agonies, and death, away !

As our dire punishment for ever strong,

Our constitution too for ever young.

Cursed with returns of vigour, still the same

Powerful to bear, and satisfy the flame :

Still to be caught, and still to be pursued !

To perish still, and still to be renew'd !

“ And this, my help ! my God ! at thy decree ?

Nature is changed, and hell should succour me.

And canst thou then look down from perfect bliss,

And see me plunging in the dark abyss ?

Calling thee Father, in a sea of fire ?

Or pouring blasphemies at thy desire ?
With mortals' anguish wilt thou raise thy name,
And by my pangs omnipotence proclaim ?

“Thou, who canst toss the planets to and fro,
Contract not thy great vengeance to my woe ;
Crush worlds ; in hotter flames fallen angels lay ;
On me Almighty wrath is cast away.

Call back thy thunders, Lord, hold in thy rage,
Nor with a speck of wretchedness engage :

Forget me quite, nor stoop a worm to blame ;
But lose me in the greatness of thy name.

Thou art all love, all mercy, all divine,

And shall I make those glories cease to shine ?

Shall sinful man grow great by his offence,

And from its course turn back Omnipotence ?

“Forbid it ! and oh ! grant, great God, at least
This one, this slender, almost no request ;
When I have wept a thousand lives away,
When torment is grown weary of its prey,
When I have raved ten thousand years in fire,
Ten thousand thousand, let me then expire.”

Deep anguish ! but too late ; the hopeless soul
Bound to the bottom of the burning pool,
Though loth, and ever loud blaspheming, owns
He's justly doom'd to pour eternal groans ;
Enclosed with horrors, and transfix'd with pain,
Rolling in vengeance, struggling with his chain :
To talk to fiery tempests ; to implore
The raging flame to give its burnings o'er ;
To toss, to writhe, to pant beneath his load,
And bear the weight of an offended God.

The favour'd of their Judge, in triumph move
To take possession of their thrones above ;
Satan's accursed desertion to supply,
And fill the vacant stations of the sky ;
Again to kindle long-extinguish'd rays,
And with new lights dilate the heavenly blaze ;
To crop the roses of immortal youth,
And drink the fountain-head of sacred truth ;
To swim in seas of bliss, to strike the string,
And lift the voice to their Almighty King ;
To lose eternity in grateful lays,
And fill heaven's wide circumference with praise.

But I attempt the wondrous height in vain,

And leave unfinish'd the too lofty strain :
What boldly I begin, let others end ;
My strength exhausted, fainting I descend,
And choose a less, but no ignoble, theme,
Dissolving elements, and worlds, in flame.

The fatal period, the great hour, is come,
And nature shrinks at her approaching doom ;
Loud peals of thunder give the sign, and all
Heaven's terrors in array surround the ball ;
Sharp lightnings with the meteor's blaze conspire,
And, darted downward, set the world on fire ;
Black rising clouds the thicken'd ether choke,
And spiry flames dart through the rolling smoke,
With keen vibrations cut the sullen night,
And strike the darken'd sky with dreadful light ;
From heaven's four regions, with immortal force,
Angels drive on the wind's impetuous course,
T' enrage the flame : It spreads, it soars on high,
Swells in the storm, and billows through the sky :
Here winding pyramids of fire ascend,
Cities and deserts in one ruin blend ;
Here blazing volumes wafted, overwhelm
The spacious face of a far distant realm ;
There, undermin'd, down rush eternal hills,
The neighb'ring vales the vast destruction fills.

Hear'st thou that dreadful crack ? that sound which
broke

Like peals of thunder, and the centre shook ?
What wonders must that groan of nature tell ?
Olympus there, and mightier Atlas, fell ;
Which seem'd above the reach of fate to stand,
A tow'ring monument of God's right hand ;
Now dust and smoke, whose brow, so lately, spread
O'er shelter'd countries its diffusive shade.

Show me that celebrated spot, where all
The various rulers of the sever'd ball
Have humbly sought wealth, honour, and redress,
That land which heaven seem'd diligent to bless,
Once call'd Britannia : can her glories end ?
And can't surrounding seas her realms defend ?
Alas ! in flames behold surrounding seas !
Like oil, their waters but argument the blaze.

Some angel say, where ran proud Asia's bound ?
Or where with fruits was fair Europa crown'd ?

Where stretch'd waste Lybia ? Where did India's store
Sparkle in diamonds, and her golden ore ?
Each lost in each, their mingling kingdoms glow,
And all dissolved, one fiery deluge flow :
Thus earth's contending monarchies are join'd,
And a full period of ambition find.

And now whate'er or swims, or walks, or flies,
Inhabitants of sea, or earth, or skies ;
All on whom Adam's wisdom fix'd a name,
All plunge, and perish in the conquering flame.

This globe alone would but defraud the fire,
Starve its devouring rage : the flakes aspire,
And catch the clouds, and make the heavens their prey ;
The sun, the moon, the stars, all melt away ;
All, all is lost ; no monument, no sign,
Where once so proudly blazed the gay machine.
So bubbles on the foaming stream expire,
So sparks that scatter from the kindling fire ;
The devastations of one dreadful hour
The great Creator's six days' work devour.
A mighty, mighty ruin ! yet one soul
Has more to boast, and far outweighs the whole ;
Exalted in superior excellence,
Cast down to nothing, such a vast expense.
Have you not seen the eternal mountains nod,
An earth dissolving, a descending God ?
What strange surprises through all nature ran ?
For whom these revolutions, but for man ?
For him, Omnipotence new measures takes,
For him, through all eternity, awakes ;
Pours on him gifts sufficient to supply
Heaven's loss, and with fresh glories fill the skies.

Think deeply then, O man, how great thou art ;
Pay thyself homage with a trembling heart ;
What angels guard, no longer dare neglect,
Slighting thyself, affront not God's respect.
Enter the sacred temple of thy breast,
And gaze, and wander there, a ravish'd guest ;
Gaze on those hidden treasures thou shalt find,
Wander through all the glories of thy mind.
Of perfect knowledge, see, the dawning light
Foretells a noon most exquisitely bright !
Here, springs of endless joy are breaking forth !
There, buds the promise of celestial worth !

Worth, which must ripen in a happier clime,
 And brighter sun, beyond the bounds of time.
 Thou, minor, canst not guess thy vast estate,
 What stores, on foreign coasts, thy landing wait :
 Lose not thy claim, let virtue's path be trod ;
 Thus glad all heaven, and please that bounteous God,
 Who, to light thee to pleasures, hung on high
 Yon radiant orb, proud regent of the sky :
 That service done, its beams shall fade away,
 And God shine forth in one eternal day.

THE FORCE OF RELIGION ; OR, VANQUISHED LOVE.

Gratior et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.—VIRG.

BOOK I.

———*Ad cœlum ardentia lumina tollens,
 Lumina ; nam teneras arcebant vincula palmas.*
 VIRG.

FROM lofty themes, from thoughts that soar'd on high,
 And open'd wondrous scenes above the sky,
 My muse descend : indulge my fond desire ;
 With softer thoughts my melting soul inspire,
 And smooth my numbers to a female's praise :
 A partial world will listen to my lays,
 While Anna reigns,¹ and sets a female name
 Unrival'd in the glorious lists of fame.

Hear, ye fair daughters of this happy land,
 Whose radiant eyes the vanquish'd world command,
 Virtue is beauty : but when charms of mind
 With elegance of outward form are join'd ;
 When youth makes such bright objects still more bright,
 And fortune sets them in the strongest light ;
 'Tis all of heaven that we below may view,
 And all, but adoration, is your due.

Famed female virtue did this isle adorn,
 Ere Ormond, or her glorious queen, was born :

¹ Queen Anne.

When now Maria's powerful arms prevail'd,
And haughty Dudley's bold ambition fail'd,
The beauteous daughter of great Suffolk's race,
In blooming youth adorn'd with every grace ;
Who gain'd a crown by treason not her own,
And innocently fill'd another's throne ;
Hurl'd from the summit of imperial state,
With equal mind sustain'd the stroke of fate.

But how will Guilford, her far dearer part,
With manly reason fortify his heart ?
At once she longs, and is afraid, to know :
Now swift she moves, and now advances slow,
To find her lord ; and, finding, passes by,
Silent with fear, nor dares she meet his eye ;
Lest that, unask'd, in speechless grief, disclose
The mournful secret of his inward woes.
Thus, after sickness, doubtful of her face,
The melancholy virgin shuns the glass.

At length, with troubled thought, but look serene,
And sorrow soften'd by her heavenly mien,
She clasps her lord, brave, beautiful, and young,
While tender accents melt upon her tongue ;
Gentle, and sweet, as vernal zephyr blows,
Fanning the lily, or the blooming rose.

" Grieve not, my lord ; a crown indeed is lost ;
What far outshines a crown, we still may boast ;
A mind composed ; a mind that can disdain
A fruitless sorrow for a loss so vain.
Nothing is loss that virtue can improve
To wealth eternal ; and return above ;
Above, where no distinction shall be known
"Twixt him whom storms have shaken from a throne,
And him, who, basking in the smiles of fate,
Shone forth in all the splendour of the great :
Nor can I find the difference here below ;
I lately was a queen ; I still am so,
While Guilford's wife: thee rather I obey,
Than o'er mankind extend imperial sway.
When we lie down in some obscure retreat,
Incensed Maria may her rage forget ;
And I to death my duty will improve,
And what you miss in empire, add in love—
Your godlike soul is opened in your look,
And I have faintly your great meaning spoke,

For this alone I'm pleased I wore the crown,
To find with what content we lay it down.
Heroes may win, but 'tis a heavenly race
Can quit a throne with a becoming grace."

Thus spoke the fairest of her sex, and cheered
Her drooping lord ; whose boding bosom feared
A darker cloud of ills would burst, and shed
Severer vengeance on her guiltless head :
Too just, alas, the terrors which he felt !
For, lo ! a guard !—Forgive him, if he melt—
How sharp her pangs, when severed from his side,
The most sincerely loved, and loving bride,
In space confined, the muse forbears to tell ;
Deep was her anguish, but she bore it well.
His pain was equal, but his virtue less ;
He thought in grief there could be no excess.
Pensive he sat, o'ercast with gloomy care,
And often fondly clasped his absent fair ;
Now, silent, wandered through his rooms of state,
And sickened at the pomp, and taxed his fate ;
Which thus adorned, in all her shining store,
A splendid wretch, magnificently poor.
Now on the bridal-bed his eyes were cast,
And anguish fed on his enjoyments past :
Each recollected pleasure made him smart,
And every transport stabbed him to the heart.

That happy moon, which summoned to delight,
That moon which shone on his dear nuptial night,
Now sees the transient blessing fleet away,
Empire and love ! the vision of a day.

Thus, in the British clime, a summer-storm
Will oft the smiling face of heaven deform ;
The winds with violence at once descend,
Sweep flowers and fruits, and make the forest bend ;
A sudden winter, while the sun is near,
O'ercomes the season, and inverts the year.

But whither is the captive born away,
The beauteous captive, from the cheerful day ?
The scene is changed indeed ; before her eyes
Ill boding looks and unknown horrors rise :
For pomp and splendour, for her guard and crown,
A gloomy dungeon, and a keeper's frown :
Black thoughts, each morn, invade the lover's breast,
Each night, a ruffian locks the queen to rest.

Ah mournful change, if judged by vulgar minds !
But Suffolk's daughter its advantage finds.
Religion's force divine is best displayed
In deep desertion of all human aid :
To succour in extremes, is her delight,
And cheer the heart, when terror strikes the sight.
We, disbelieving our own senses, gaze,
And wonder what a mortal's heart can raise
To triumph o'er misfortunes, smile in grief,
And comfort those who come to bring relief :
We gaze ; and as we gaze, wealth, fame, decay,
And all the world's vain glories fade away.

Against her cares she raised a dauntless mind,
And with an ardent heart, but most resigned,
Deep in the dreadful gloom, with pious heat,
Amid the silence of her dark retreat,
Addressed her God—"Almighty power divine !
'Tis thine to raise, and to depress, is thine ;
With honour to light up the name unknown,
Or to put out the lustre of a throne.
In my short span both fortunes I have proved,
And though with ill frail nature will be moved,
I'll bear it well : (O strengthen me to bear !)
And if my piety may claim thy care ;
If I remembered, in youth's giddy heat,
And tumult of a court, a future state ;
O favour, when thy mercy I implore
For one who never guilty sceptre bore !
'Twas I received the crown ; my lord is free ;
If it must fall, let vengeance fall on me.
Let him survive, his country's name to raise,
And in a guilty land to speak thy praise !
O may the indulgence of a father's love,
Poured forth on me, be doubled from above !
If these are safe, I'll think my prayers succeed,
And bless thy tender mercies, whilst I bleed."
'Twas now the mournful eve before that day
In which the queen to her full wrath gave way ;
Through rigid justice, rushed into offence,
And drank in zeal the blood of innocence :
The sun went down in clouds, and seemed to mourn
The sad necessity of his return ;
The hollow wind, and melancholy rain,
Or did, or was imagined, to complain :

The tapers cast an inauspicious light ;
Stars there were none, and doubly dark the night.

Sweet innocence in chains can take her rest ;
Soft slumber gently creeping through her breast,
She sinks ; and in her sleep is re-enthroned,
Mock'd by a gaudy dream, and vainly crowned.
She views her fleets and armies, seas and land,
And stretches wide her shadow of command :
With royal purple is her vision hung ;
By phantom hosts are shouts of conquest rung ;
Low at her feet the suppliant rival lies ;
Our prisoner mourns her fate, and bids her rise.

Now level beams upon the waters play'd,
Glanc'd on the hills, and westward cast the shade ;
The busy trades in city had began
To sound, and speak the painful life of man.
In tyrants' breasts the thoughts of vengeance rouse,
And the fond bridegroom turns him to his spouse.
At this first birth of light, while morning breaks,
Our spouseless bride, our widowed wife, awakes ;
Awakes, and smiles ; nor night's imposture blames ;
Her real pomps were little more than dreams ;
A short-lived blaze, a lightning quickly o'er,
That died in birth, that shone, and were no more :
She turns her side, and soon resumes a state
Of mind, well suited to her altered fate,
Serene, though serious ; when dread tidings come
(Ah wretched Guilford !) of her instant doom.
Sun, hide thy beams ; in clouds as black as night
Thy face involve ; be guiltless of the sight ;
Or haste more swiftly to the western main ;
Nor let her blood the conscious daylight stain !

Oh ! how severe ! to fall so new a bride,
Yet blushing from the priest, in youthful pride ;
When time had just matured each perfect grace,
And opened all the wonders of her face !
To leave her Guilford dead to all relief,
Fond of his woe, and obstinate in grief.
Unhappy fair ! whatever fancy drew,
(Vain promised blessings) vanish from her view ;
No train of cheerful days, endearing nights,
No sweet domestic joys, and chaste delights ;
Pleasures that blossom e'en from doubts and fears ;
And bliss and rapture rising out of cares :

No little Guilford, with paternal grace,
Lulled on her knee, or smiling in her face ;
Who, when her dearest father shall return,
From pouring tears on her untimely urn,
Might comfort to his silver hairs impart,
And fill her place in his indulgent heart :
As where fruits fall, quick rising blossoms smile,
And the blessed Indian of his care beguile.

In vain these various reasons jointly press,
To blacken death, and heighten her distress ;
She, through the encircling terrors darts her sight
To the blessed regions of eternal light,
And fills her soul with peace : to weeping friends
Her father, and her lord, she recommends ;
Unmoved herself : her foes her air survey,
And rage to see their malice thrown away.
She soars ; now nought on earth detains her care——
But Guilford ; who still struggles for his share.
Still will his form importunately rise,
Clog and retard her transport to the skies ;
As trembling flames now take a feeble flight,
Now catch the brand with a returning light,
Thus her soul onward from the seats above,
Falls fondly back, and kindles into love :
At length she conquers in the doubtful field ;
That heaven she seeks will be her Guilford's shield.
Now death is welcome ; his approach is slow ;
'Tis tedious longer to expect the blow.

Oh ! mortals, short of sight, who think the past
O'erblown misfortune still shall prove the last :
Alas ! misfortunes travel in a train,
And oft in life form one perpetual chain ;
Fear buries fear, and ills on ills attend,
Till life and sorrow meet one common end.

She thinks that she has nought but death to fear,
And death is conquered. Worse than death is near :
Her rigid trials are not yet complete ;
The news arrives of her great father's fate.
She sees his hoary head, all white with age,
A victim to the offended monarch's rage.
How great the mercy, had she breathed her last,
Ere the dire sentence on her father pass'd !

A fonder parent nature never knew ;
And as his age increased, his fondness grew.

A parent's love ne'er better was bestowed ;
The pious daughter in her heart o'erflowed.
And can she from all weakness still refrain ?
And still the firmness of her soul maintain ?
Impossible ! a sigh will force its way ;
One patient tear her mortal birth betray ;
She sighs and weeps ! but so she weeps and sighs,
As silent dew's descend, and vapours rise.

Celestial patience ! how dost thou defeat
The foe's proud menace, and elude his hate !
While passion takes his part, betrays our peace ;
To death and torture swells each slight disgrace ;
By not opposing, thou dost ill's destroy,
And wear thy conquer'd sorrows into joy.

Now she revolves within her anxious mind,
What woe still lingers in reserve behind.
Griefs rise on griefs, and she can see no bound,
While nature lasts, and can receive a wound.
The sword is drawn ; the queen to rage inclined,
By mercy, nor by piety, confined.
What mercy can the zealot's heart assuage,
Whose piety itself converts to rage ?
She thought, and sigh'd. And now the blood began
To leave her beauteous cheek all cold and wan.
New sorrow dimm'd the lustre of her eye,
And on her cheek the fading roses die.
Alas ! should Guilford too—when now she's brought
To that dire view, that precipice of thought,
While there she trembling stands, nor dares look down,
Nor can recede, till heaven's decrees are known ;
Cure of all ill's, till now, her lord appears—
But not to cheer her heart, and dry her tears !
Not now, as usual, like the rising day
To chase the shadows, and the damps away :
But, like a gloomy storm, at once to sweep
And plunge her to the bottom of the deep.
Black were his robes, dejected was his air,
His voice was frozen by his cold despair ;
Slow, like a ghost, he moved with solemn pace ;
A dying paleness sat upon his face.
Back she recoil'd, she smote her lovely breast,
Her eyes the anguish of her heart confess'd ;
Struck to the soul, she stagger'd with the wound,
And sunk, a breathless image, to the ground.

Thus the fair lily, when the skies o'ercast,
At first but shudders in the feeble blast ;
But when the winds and weighty rains descend,
The fair and upright stem is forced to bend ;
Till broke at length, its snowy leaves are shed,
And strew with dying sweets their native bed.

BOOK II.

Hic pietatis honos? sic nos in sceptris reponis?—VIRG.

HER Guilford clasps her, beautiful in death,
And with a kiss recalls her fleeting breath,
To tapers thus, which by a blast expire,
A lighted taper, touch'd, restores the fire :
She rear'd her swimming eye, and-saw the light,
And Guilford too, or she had loath'd the sight :
Her father's death she bore, despised her own,
But now she must, she will, have leave to groan :
Ah ! Guilford, she began, and would have spoke ;
But sobs rush'd in, and ev'ry accent broke :
Reason itself, as gusts of passion blew,
Was ruffled in the tempest, and withdrew.

So the youth lost his image in the well,
When tears upon the yielding surface fell.
The scatter'd features slid into decay,
And spreading circles drove his face away.

To touch the soft affections, and control
The manly temper of the bravest soul,
What with afflicted beauty can compare,
And drops of love distilling from the fair ?
It melts us down ; our pains delight bestow ;
And we with fondness languish o'er our woe.

This Guilford proved ; and, with excess of pain,
And pleasure too, did to his bosom strain
The weeping fair : sunk deep in soft desire,
Indulged his love, and nursed the raging fire :
Then tore himself away ; and, standing wide,
As fearing a relapse of fondness, cried,
With ill-dissembled grief ; " My life, forbear !
You wound your Guilford with each cruel tear :
Did you not chide my grief ? repress your own ;
Nor want compassion for yourself alone :
Have you beheld, how, from the distant main,
The thronging waves roll on, a num'rous train,

And foam, and bellow, till they reach the shore ;
 There burst their noisy pride, and are no more ?
 Thus the successive flows of human race,
 Chased by the coming, the preceding, chase ;
 They sound, and swell, their haughty heads they rear ;
 Then fall, and flatten, break, and disappear.
 Life is a forfeit we must shortly pay ;
 And where's the mighty lucre of a day ?
 Why should you mourn my fate ? 'tis most unkind ;
 Your own you bore with an unshaken mind :
 And which, can you imagine, was the dart
 That drank most blood, sunk deepest in my heart ?
 I cannot live without you ; and my doom
 I meet with joy, to share one common tomb.—
 And are again your tears profusely spilt !
 Oh ! then, my kindness blackens to my guilt ;
 It foils itself, if it recall your pain ;—
 Life of my life, I beg you to refrain !
 The load which fate imposes, you increase ;
 And help Maria to destroy my peace."

But, oh ! against himself his labour turn'd ;
 The more he comforted, the more she mourn'd :
 Compassion swells our grief ; words soft and kind
 But soothe our weakness, and dissolve the mind :
 Her sorrow flow'd in streams ; nor hers alone,
 While that he blamed, he yielded to his own.
 Where are the smiles she wore, when she, so late,
 Hail'd him great partner of the regal state ;
 When orient gems around her temples blazed,
 And bending nations on the glory gazed ?

'Tis now the queen's command, they both retreat,
 To weep with dignity, and mourn in state :
 She forms the decent misery with joy,
 And loads with pomp the wretch she would destroy.
 A spacious hall is hung with black ; all light
 Shut out, and noon-day darken'd into night.
 From the mid-roof a lamp depends on high,
 Like a dim crescent in a clouded sky :
 It sheds a quiv'ring melancholy gloom,
 Which only shows the darkness of the room.
 A shining axe is on the table laid ;
 A dreadful sight ! and glitters through the shade.

In this sad scene the lovers are confined ;
 A scene of terrors, to a guilty mind !

A scene, that would have damp'd with rising cares,
And quite extinguish'd every love but theirs.
What can they do? They fix their mournful eyes——
Then Guilford, thus abruptly; "I despise
An empire lost; I fling away the crown;
Numbers have laid that bright delusion down;
But where's the Charles, or Dioclesian where,
Could quit the blooming, wedded, weeping fair?
Oh! to dwell ever on thy lip! to stand
In full possession of thy snowy hand!
And, through the unclouded crystal of thine eye,
The heavenly treasures of thy mind to spy!
Till rapture reason happily destroys,
And my soul wanders through immortal joys!
Give me the world, and ask me, where's my bliss?
I clasp thee to my breast, and answer, this.
And shall the grave"—He groans, and can no more;
But all her charms in silence traces o'er;
Her lip, her cheek, and eye, to wonder wrought;
And, wond'ring, sees, in sad presaging thought,
From that fair neck, that world of beauty fall,
And roll along the dust, a ghastly ball!

Oh! let those tremble, who are greatly bless'd!
For who, but Guilford, could be thus distress'd?
Come hither, all you happy, all you great,
From flowery meadows, and from rooms of state;
Nor think I call, your pleasures to destroy,
But to refine, and to exalt your joy:
Weep not; but, smiling, fix your ardent care
On nobler titles than the brave or fair.

Was ever such a mournful, moving, sight?
See, if you can, by that dull, trembling, light:
Now they embrace; and, mix'd with bitter woe,
Like Isis and her Thames, one stream they flow:
Now they start wide; fix'd in benumbing care,
They stiffen into statues of despair:
Now, tenderly severe, and fiercely kind,
They rush at once; they fling their cares behind,
And clasp, as if to death; new vows repeat;
And, quite wrapp'd up in love, forget their fate.
A short delusion! for the raging pain
Returns; and their poor hearts must bleed again.

Mean time, the queen new cruelty decreed;
But, ill content that they should only bleed,

A priest is sent ; who, with insidious art,
Instills his poison into Suffolk's heart ;
And Guilford drank it : hanging on the breast,
He from his childhood was with Rome possess'd.
When now the ministers of death draw nigh,
And in her dearest lord she first must die,
The subtle priest, who long had watch'd to find
The most unguarded passes of her mind,
Bespoke her thus : " Grieve not ; 'tis in your power
Your lord to rescue from this fatal hour."
Her bosom pants ; she draws her breath with pain ;
A sudden horror thrills through every vein ;
Life seems suspended, on his words intent ;
And her soul trembles for the great event.

The priest proceeds : " Embrace the faith of Rome,
And ward your own, your lord's, and father's doom."
Ye blessed spirits ! now your charge sustain ;
The past was ease ; now first she suffers pain.
Must she pronounce her father's death ? must she
Bid Guilford bleed ?—It must not, cannot, be.
It cannot be ! But 'tis the Christian's praise,
Above impossibilities to raise
The weakness of our nature ; and deride
Of vain philosophy the boasted pride.
What though our feeble sinews scarce impart
A moment's swiftness to the feather'd dart ;
Though tainted air our vig'rous youth can break,
And a chill blast the hardy warrior shake,
Yet are we strong : hear the loud tempest roar
From east to west, and call us weak no more ;
The lightning's unresisted force proclaims
Our might ; and thunders raise our humble names ;
'Tis our Jehovah fills the heavens ; as long
As he shall reign Almighty, we are strong :
We, by devotion, borrow from his throne ;
And almost make omnipotence our own :
We force the gates of heaven, by fervent prayer ;
And call forth triumph out of man's despair.

Our lovely mourner, kneeling, lifts her eyes
And bleeding heart, in silence, to the skies,
Devoutly sad—then, bright'ning, like the day,
When sudden winds sweep scatter'd clouds away
Shining in majesty, till now unknown,
And breathing life and spirit scarce her own ;

She, rising, speaks : " If these the terms——"

Here, Guilford, cruel Guilford, (barb'rous man !
Is this thy love ?) as swift as lightning ran ;
O'erwhelmed her with tempestuous sorrow fraught,
And stifled, in its birth, the mighty thought ;
Then bursting fresh into a flood of tears,
Fierce, resolute, delirious with his fears ;
His fears for her alone : he beat his breast,
And thus the fervour of his soul express'd :
" O ! let thy thought o'er our past converse rove,
And show one moment uninflamed with love !
Oh ! if thy kindness can no longer last,
In pity to thyself, forget the past !
Else wilt thou never, void of shame and fear,
Pronounce his doom, whom thou hast held so dear :
Thou who hast took me to thy arms, and swore
Empires were vile, and fate could give no more ;
That to continue, was its utmost power,
And make the future like the present hour.
Now call a ruffian ; bid his cruel sword
Lay wide the bosom of thy worthless lord ;
Transfix his heart (since you its love disclaim),
And stain his honour with a traitor's name.
This might perhaps be borne without remorse ;
But sure a father's pangs will have their force !
Shall his good age, so near its journey's end,
Through cruel torment to the grave descend ?
His shallow blood all issue at a wound,
Wash a slave's feet, and smoke upon the ground ?
But he to you has ever been severe ;
Then take your vengeance"—Suffolk now drew near ;
Bending beneath the burden of his care ;
His robes neglected, and his head was bare :
Decrepid winter, in the yearly ring,
Thus slowly creeps, to meet the blooming spring :
Downward he cast a melancholy look ;
Thrice turn'd, to hide his grief ; then faintly spoke :
" Now deep in years, and forward in decay,
That axe can only rob me of a day ;
For thee, my soul's desire ! I can't refrain ;
And shall my tears, my last tears, flow in vain ?
When you shall know a mother's tender name,
My heart's distress no longer will you blame."
At this, afar his bursting groans were heard ;

The tears ran trickling down his silver beard :
 He snatch'd her hand, which to his lips he press'd,
 And bid her plant a dagger in his breast ;
 Then, sinking, call'd her piety unjust,
 And soil'd his hoary temples in the dust.

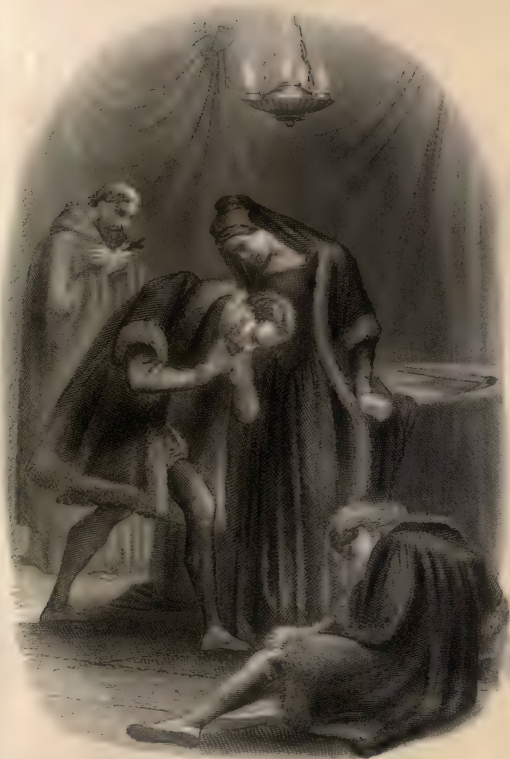
Hard-hearted men ! will you no mercy know ?
 Has the queen bribed you to distress her foe ?
 O weak deserters to misfortune's part,
 By false affection thus to pierce her heart !
 When she has soared, to let your arrows fly,
 And fetch her bleeding from the middle sky !
 And can her virtue, springing from the ground,
 Her flight recover, and disdain the wound,
 When cleaving love, and human interest, bind
 The broken force of her aspiring mind ;
 As round the gen'rous eagle, which in vain
 Exerts her strength, the serpent wreaths his train,
 Her struggling wings entangles, curling plies
 His pois'nous tail, and stings her as she flies !

While yet the blow's first dreadful weight she feels,
 And with its force her resolution reels ;
 Large doors, unfolding with a mournful sound,
 To view discover, weltring on the ground,
 Three headless trunks, of those whose arms maintain'd,
 And in her wars immortal glory gain'd :
 The lifted axe assured her ready doom,
 And silent mourners sadden'd all the room.
 Shall I proceed ; or here break off my tale ;
 Nor truths, to stagger human faith, reveal ?

She met this utmost malice of her fate
 With Christian dignity, and pious state :
 The beating storm's propitious rage she blest,
 And all the martyr triumph'd in her breast :
 Her lord and father, for a moment's space,
 She strictly folded in her soft embrace !
 Then thus she spoke, while angels heard on high
 And sudden gladness smiled along the sky :

“ Your over fondness has not moved my hate ;
 I am well pleased you make my death so great ;
 I joy I cannot save you ; and have given
 Two lives, much dearer than my own, to heaven,
 If so the queen decrees :¹—But I have cause
 To hope my blood will satisfy the laws ;

¹ Here she embraces them.



Hard-hearted men! will you so easily know
that the woman who has been her life
'weak deserts to mistress's part
by those afflictions that to pierce her heart

And there is mercy still, for you, in store :
With me the bitterness of death is o'er.
He shot his sting in that farewell embrace ;
And all, that is to come, is joy and peace.
Then let mistaken sorrow be suppress'd,
Nor seem to envy my approaching rest."
Then, turning to the ministers of fate,
She, smiling, says, " My victory complete :
And tell your queen, I thank her for the blow,
And grieve my gratitude I cannot show :
A poor return I leave in England's crown,
For everlasting pleasure, and renown :
Her guilt alone allays this happy hour ;
Her guilt,—the only vengeance in her power."
Not Rome, untouch'd with sorrow, heard her fate ;
And fierce Maria pitied her too late.

LOVE OF FAME, THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.

IN SEVEN CHARACTERISTICAL SATIRES.

— *Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru.*
Non minus ignotos generosis.—HOR.

PREFACE.

THESE satires have been favourably received at home and abroad. I am not conscious of the least malevolence to any particular person through all the characters; though some persons may be so selfish, as to engross a general application to themselves. A writer in polite letters should be content with reputation; the private amusement he finds in his compositions; the good influence they have on his severer studies; that admission they give him to his superiors; and the possible good effect they may have on the public; or else he should join to his politeness some more lucrative qualification.

But it is possible, that satire may not do much good: men may rise in their affections to their follies, as they do to their friends, when they are abused by others: it is much to be feared, that misconduct will never be chased out of the world by satire; all therefore that is to be said for it, is, that misconduct will certainly be never chased out of the world by satire, if no satires are written: nor is that term unapplicable to graver compositions. Ethics, heathen and Christian, and the Scriptures themselves, are, in a great measure, a satire on the weakness and iniquity of men; and some part of that satire is in verse too: nay, in the first ages, philosophy and poetry were the same thing; wisdom wore no other dress: so that, I hope, these satires will be the more easily pardoned that misfortune by the severe. Nay, historians themselves may be considered as satirists, and satirists most severe; since such are most human actions, that to relate, is to expose them.

No man can converse much in the world, but, at what he meets with, he must either be insensible, or grieve, or be angry, or smile. Some passion (if we are not impassive) must be moved; for the general conduct of mankind is by no means a thing indifferent to a reasonable and virtuous man. Now to smile at it, and turn it into ridicule, I think most eligible; as it hurts ourselves least, and gives vice and folly the greatest offence: and that for this reason; because what men aim at by them, is, generally, public opinion and esteem; which truth is the subject of the following satires; and joins them together, as several branches from the same root: a unity of design, which has not, I think, in a set of satires, been attempted before.

Laughing at the misconduct of the world, will, in a great measure, ease us of any more disagreeable passion about it. One passion is more effectually driven out by another, than by reason; whatever some may teach: for to reason we owe our passions: had we not reason, we should not be offended at what we find amiss: and the cause seems not to be the natural cure of any effect.

Moreover, laughing satire bids the fairest for success: the world is too proud to be fond of a serious tutor; and when an author is in a passion, the laugh, generally, as in conversation, turns against him. This

kind of satire only has any delicacy in it. Of this delicacy Horace is the best master: he appears in good humour while he censures; and therefore his censure has the more weight, as supposed to proceed from judgment, not from passion. Juvenal is ever in a passion: he has little valuable but his eloquence and morality: the last of which I have had in my eye; but rather for emulation, than imitation, through my whole work.

But though I comparatively condemn Juvenal, in part of the sixth satire (where the occasion most required it), I endeavoured to touch on his manner; but was forced to quit it soon, as disagreeable to the writer, and reader too. Boileau has joined both the Roman satirists with great success; but has too much of Juvenal in his very serious satire on woman, which should have been the gayest of all. An excellent critic of our own commends Boileau's closeness, or, as he calls it, pressness, particularly; whereas, it appears to me, that repetition is his fault, if any fault should be imputed to him.

There are some prose satirists of the greatest delicacy and wit; the last of which can never, or should never, succeed without the former. An author without it, betrays too great a contempt for mankind, and opinion of himself, which are bad advocates for reputation and success. What a difference is there between the merit, if not the wit, of Cervantes and Rabelais? The last has a particular art of throwing a great deal of genius and learning into frolic and jest; but the genius and the scholar is all you can admire; you want the gentleman to converse with in him: he is like a criminal who receives his life for some services; you commend, but you pardon too. Indecency offends our pride, as men; and our unaffected taste, as judges of composition: nature has wisely formed us with an aversion to it; and he that succeeds in spite of it, is, *aliena venia, quam sua providentia tutor*.¹

Such wits, like false oracles of old (which were wits and cheats), should set up for reputation among the weak, in some Bœotia, which was the land of oracles; for the wise will hold them in contempt. Some wits, too, like oracles, deal in ambiguities; but not with equal success: for though ambiguities are the first excellence of an impostor, they are the last of a wit.

Some satirical wits and humourists, like their father Lucian, laugh at everything indiscriminately; which betrays such a poverty of wit, as cannot afford to part with anything; and such a want of virtue, as to postpone it to a jest. Such writers encourage vice and folly, which they pretend to combat, by setting them on an equal foot with better things: and while they labour to bring everything into contempt, how can they expect their own parts should escape? Some French writers particularly, are guilty of this in matters of the last consequence; and some of our own. They that are for lessening the true dignity of mankind are not sure of being successful, but with regard to one individual in it. It is this conduct that justly makes a wit a term of reproach.

Which puts me in mind of Plato's fable of the birth of love; one of the prettiest fables of all antiquity; which will hold likewise with regard to modern poetry. Love, says he, is the son of the goddess poverty, and the god of riches: he has from his father his daring genius; his elevation of thought; his building castles in the air; his prodigality; his neglect of things serious and useful; his vain opinion of his own merit; and his affectation of preference and distinction: from his mother he

¹ Valer. Maximus.

inherits his indigence, which makes him a constant beggar of favours; that importunity with which he begs; his flattery; his servility; his fear of being despised, which is inseparable from him. This addition may be made; viz., that poetry, like love, is a little subject to blindness, which makes her mistake her way to preferments and honours; that she has her satirical quiver; and, lastly, that she retains a dutiful admiration of her father's family; but divides her favours, and generally lives with her mother's relations.

However, this is not necessity, but choice: were wisdom her governess, she might have much more of the father than the mother; especially in such an age as this, which shows a due passion for her charms.

SATIRE I.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF DORSET.

— *Tanto major famæ sitis est, quam*
Virtutis. JUV. SAT. X.

My verse is satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
 And patronise a muse you cannot fear.
 To poets sacred is a Dorset's name:
 Their wonted passport through the gates of fame:
 It bribes the partial reader into praise,
 And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays:
 The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
 And gives applause to Blackmore, or to me.
 But you decline the mistress we pursue;
 Others are fond of fame, but fame of you.

Instructive satire, true to virtue's cause!
 Thou shining supplement of public laws!
 When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
 Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
 When purchased follies, from each distant land,
 Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
 When the law shows her teeth, but dares not bite,
 And South Sea treasures are not brought to light;
 When churchmen scripture for the classics quit,
 Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
 When men grow great from their revenue spent,
 And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
 To chafe our spleen, when themes like these increase,
 Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease?

Shall poesy, like law, turn wrong to right,
 And dedications wash an Æthiop white,
 Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
 On whom praise shines, as trophies on a post?
 Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours spread,

And scatter roses on the wealthy dead ?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirise with nothing—but their praise ?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain ?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester, are dead,
And guilt's chief foe, in Addisen, is fled ;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels, fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal, while others run,
He will not write ; and (more provoking still !)
Ye gods ! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly distress'd, what author shall we find
Discreetly daring, and severely kind,
The courtly Roman's¹ shining path to tread,
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead ?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill ?
Though vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise,
What will not men attempt for sacred praise ?

The love of praise, howe'er concealed by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows, in ev'ry heart :
The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure ;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes, and sceptres, now on thrones it swells ;
Now, trims the midnight lamp in college cells :
'Tis Tory, Whig ; it plots, prays, preaches, pleads,
Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades.
Here, to Steele's humour makes a bold pretence ;
There, bolder, aims at Pulteney's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead ;
Nor ends with life ; but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went :
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods, but would have mortals hear ;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture towards a book ;
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull sots to wretched wine.

¹ Horace.

If at his title Trapp had dropp'd his quill,
Trapp might have pass'd for a great genius still.
But Trapp alas ! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.
Imperious some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's deposed, and B with pomp restored.

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning dote,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patch-work learn'd quotations are allied ;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

On glass how witty is a noble peer !
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear ?

Polite diseases make some idiots vain
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see ;
And (stranger still !) of blockheads' flattery ;
Whose praise defames ; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean.

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with pride,
Her power is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform ? The love of fame
Made bold Alphonsus his Creator blame :
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep :
And (stronger still !) made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed,
Though her loved lord has four half months been dead.

This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspired (O ne'er to be forgot !)
Some lords have learn'd to spell, and some to knot.
It makes Globose a speaker in the house ;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes dear self on wellbred tongues prevail,
And I the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the love of fame, what throngs pour in,
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin !
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.

Aid me, great Homer ! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.
Satire ! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line ;

Though for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last, all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace ?
To quality belongs the highest place.
My lord comes forward ; forward let him come !
Ye vulgar ! at your peril, give him room :
He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry proved valiant or discreet.
With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise !
If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave.
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chase ;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph ! What can be more great ?
Nothing—but merit in a low estate.

To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, though descended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high, or base,
Slight, or important, only by their place ?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise ;
The fool, or knave, that wears a title, lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone ;
Mean sons of earth, who, on a South-Sea tide
Of full success, swarm into wealth and pride ;
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to show their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils, cause !
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

Belus with solid glory will be crown'd ;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound ;
But builds himself a name ; and, to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate !
In cost and grandeur, Chandos he'll outdo ;
And Burlington, thy taste is not so true.
The pile is finish'd ! ev'ry toil is past ;
And full perfection is arrived at last ;

When, lo ! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to pay,
Provides a home from which to run away.
In Britain, what is many a lordly seat,
But a discharge in full for an estate ?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame ;
Not domes, but antique statues, are his flame :
Not Fountaine's self more Parian charms has known,
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men profanely bold !)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.

" No, sirs," he cries ; " I'll sooner rot in jail ;
Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail ?"
Such heads might make their very busto's laugh :
His daughter starves ; but Cleopatra's¹ safe.

Men, overloaded with a large estate,
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit :
The rich may be polite ; but, oh ! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear your mad.
By your revenue measure your expense ;
And to your funds and acres join your sense.
No man is bless'd by accident or guess ;
True wisdom is the price of happiness :
Yet few without long discipline are sage ;
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.
But how, my muse, canst thou resist so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme ? The court affords
Much food for satire ;—it abounds in lords.

" What lords are those saluting with a grin ?"
One is just out, and one as lately in.

" How comes it then to pass we see preside
On both their brows an equal share of pride ?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns through all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall.

As in its home it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd sight :
Some lords it bids resign ; and turn their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown ; and boast,

¹ A famous statue.

With pride inverted, of their honours lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin,
To boast of merely being out, or in.

What numbers here, through odd ambition strive,
To seem the most transported things alive !
As if by joy, desert was understood ;
And all the fortunate were wise and good.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by Monteuil,¹ and grimace,
They take their birth-day suit, and public face :
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night, with Lady Bristol's hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad ?
With anxious care they labour to be glad.

What numbers, here, would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit, in the coxcomb's dance ;
The tavern ! park ! assembly ! mask ! and play !
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day !
That wheel of fops ! that saunter of the town !
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down.
Fools grin on fools, and, stoic-like, support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
Courts can give nothing, to the wise and good
But scorn of pomp, and love of solitude.
High stations tumult, but not bliss, create :
None think the great unhappy, but the great :
Fools gaze, and envy ; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show ;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods ! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene ;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, there :
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest ;
The sense is ravished, and the soul is blest ;
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows ;
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.
But some, untaught, o'erhear the whispering rill.
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still ;
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing-room.

¹ A famous tailor.

The squire is proud to see his coursers strain,
 Or well-breathed beagles sweep along the plain.
 Say, dear Hippolitus (whose drink is ale,
 Whose erudition is a Christmas tale,
 Whose mistress is saluted with a smack,
 And friend received with thumps upon the back),
 When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
 And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
 Is that thy praise? Let Ringwood's fame alone;
 Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own;
 Nor envies, when a gipsy you commit,
 And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
 When you the dullest of dull things have said,
 And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Here breathe, my muse! and then thy task renew:
 Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
 Fewer lay-atheists made by church debates;
 Fewer great beggars famed for large estates;
 Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
 Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind;
 Fewer grave lords, to Scrope¹ discreetly bend;
 And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
 Who lulls the town in winter with his strain,
 At Bath, in summer, chants the reigning lass,
 And sweetly whistles, as the waters pass?
 Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
 That runs for ages without winding up?
 Is there, whom his tenth epic mounts to fame?
 Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme:
 Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
 For who can write so fast as men run mad?

SATIRE II.

MY muse, proceed, and reach thy destined end;
 Though toils and danger the bold task attend.
 Heroes and gods make other poems fine;
 Plain satire calls for sense in every line:
 Then, to what swarms thy faults I dare expose!
 All friends to vice and folly are thy foes.
 When such the foe, a war eternal wage;
 'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage:
 And if these strains some nobler muse excite,

¹ A money-lender.

I'll glory in the verse I did not write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betrayed,
Almighty vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light, on drops of rain.
For every soul finds reasons to be proud,
Though hissed and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes, and renown,
Hippolitus¹ demands the sylvan crown;
But Florio's fame, the product of a shower,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flower!
Why teems the earth? Why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? To make Paul Diack² rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wondered how the gods could be so good;
What shape! what hue! was ever nymph so fair!
He dotes! he dies! he too is rooted there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy,
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.
In fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! See thy fair sister's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mentioned, all;
Beware, O florist, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulged this noble flame;
A quaker served him, Adam was his name!
To one loved tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came, and missed it, one ill-fated hour:
He raged! he roared! "What demon cropped my flower?"
Serene, quoth Adam, "Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy knee."

But all men want amusement; and what crime
In such a paradise to fool their time?
None: but why proud of this? to fame they soar;
We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamoured of a toy;
But are those wiser whom we most admire,

¹ This refers to the first satire.

² The name of a tulip.

Survey with envy, and pursue with fire ?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or power ?
Another Florio doting on a flower ;
A short-lived flower ; and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus ! is thy fancy smit ?
The flower of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gaudy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect bean.
How fit for thee ! bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view !
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchased by the yard ;
And Tonson, turned upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room.

If not to some peculiar end designed,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind ;
Or is at best a secondary aim,
A chase for sport alone, and not for game.
If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduced his rent ;
His farms were flown ; when, lo ! a sale comes on,
A choice collection ! what is to be done ?
He sells his last ; for he the whole will buy ;
Sells even his house ; nay, wants whereon to lie :
So high the gen'rous ardour of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
When terms were drawn, and brought him by the clerk,
Lorenzo signed the bargain—with his mark.
Unlearned men of books assume the care,
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his authors' liveries alone
Is Codrus' erudite ambition shown :
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought ;
And to this cost another must succeed
To pay a sage, who says that he can read ;
Who titles knows, and indexes has seen ;
But leaves to Chesterfield what lies between ;
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expense,
And humbly is contented with their sense.

O Dorset, whose accomplishments make good

The promise of a long illustrious blood,
In arts and manners eminently graced,
The strictest honour ! and the finest taste !
Accept this verse ; if satire can agree
With so consummate a humanity.

By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who, with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are comprised in wit !
But time his fervent petulance may cool ;
For though he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to use, not waste, his sense ;
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
He spares nor friend, nor foe ; but calls to mind,
Like doomsday, all the faults of all mankind.

What though wit tickles ? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart ?

Parts may be praised, good nature is adored ;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword ;
And never on the weak ; or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set :
Their want of edge from their offence is seen ;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The fame men give is for the joy they find ;
Dull is the jester, when the joke's unkind.

Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment, what place so fit ?
His most facetious letters¹ came to hand,
Which my first satire sweetly reprimand :
If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou, a fool, or knave ?
For all but such with caution I forbore ;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before :
I know thee now, both what thou art, and who ;
No mask so good, but Marcus must shine through :
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell ;
Thy best concealment had been writing well :
But thou a brave neglect of fame has shown,
Of others' fame, great genius ! and thy own.

¹ Letters sent to the author, signed Marcus.

Write on unheeded ; and this maxim know,
The man who pardons, disappoints his foe.

In malice to proud wits, some proudly lull
Their peevish reason ; vain of being dull ;
When some home joke has stung their solemn souls,
In vengeance they determine to be fools ;
Through spleen, that little nature gave, make less,
Quite zealous in the way of heaviness ;
To lumps inanimate a fondness take ;
And disinherit sons that are awake.

These, when their utmost venom they would spit,
Most barbarously tell you—" He's a wit."
Poor negroes, thus, to show their burning spite
To cacodemons, say, they're merely *white*.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child ; but triumphs in the rest.
How just his grief ! one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead ;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a justice of the peace.
The dunghill breed of men a diamond scorn,
And feel a passion for a grain of corn ;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from white,
Who with much pains, exerting all his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.

The booby father craves a booby son ;
And by heaven's blessing thinks himself undone.

Wants of all kinds are made to fame a plea ;
One learns to lisp ; another not to see :
Miss Duncombe, tottering, catches at your hand :
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand ?
Whilst these, what nature gave, disown, through pride,
Others affect what nature has denied ;
What nature has denied, fools will pursue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.

Crassus, a grateful sage, our awe and sport !
Supports grave forms ; for forms the sage support.
He hems ; and cries, with an important air,
" If yonder clouds withdraw it will be fair :"
Then quotes the stagyrite, to prove it true ;
And adds, " The learn'd delight in something new."
Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he wisely look, and gravely plead ?

As far a formalist from wisdom sits,
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.

These subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Though satire couch them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off nonsense with a better grace :
As pedlers with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark ! where pins are to be sold.
What 's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclined ?
The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can artifice disdain ;
As men of wealth may venture to go plain ;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.

I find the fool, when I behold the screen ;
For 'tis the wise man's interest to be seen.

Hence, Dodington, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor mimic art ;
Hence (manly praise !) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend, in thee.

With generous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of court and town the noontide masquerade ;
Where swarms of knaves the vizer quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a naked face ?
Where nature's end of language is declined,
And men talk only to conceal the mind ;
Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run,
And he who trusts a brother, is undone ?

These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame ; for fame alone, the beau.
Of late at White's was young Florello seen !
How blank his look ! how discomposed his mien !
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign !
Sunk were his spirits ; for his coat was plain.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace ;
His health was mended with a silver lace.
A curious artist, long inured to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,
Whether by chance, or by some god inspired,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fired.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame ;
His sumptuous watch-case, though conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.

He only thinks himself (so far from vain !)
Stanhope in wit, in breeding Deloraine.
Whene'er, by seeming chance, he throws his eye
On mirrors that reflect his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart !
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures, brought from France, he wheels,
And triumphs, conscious of his learned heels.

So have I seen, on some bright summer's day
A calf of geniùs, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspired by fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surprised
In linen clean, or peruke undisguised.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear ;
Valued, like leopards, as their spots appear.
A famed surtout he wears, which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe ;
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim ?)
Levell'd her barb'rous needle at his fame :
But open force was vain ; by night she went,
And while he slept, surprised the darling rent :
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt ;
And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out.¹

He scorns Florello, and Florello him ;
This hates the filthy creature ; that, the prim :
Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes ;
Their methods various, but alike their aim ;
The sloven and the fopling are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories ! thus it fares with you,
When party rage too warmly you pursue ;
Then both club nonsense, and impetuous pride,
And folly joins whom sentiments divide.
You vent your spleen, as monkeys, when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic monkey in the glass ;
While both are one : and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

"But who art thou ?" methinks Florello cries ;
"Of all thy species art thou only wise ?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shalt be ;

¹ Milton.

I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.
O thou myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home:
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, fame and fortune both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in this verse, than the last:
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.

And what so foolish as the chance of fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born, and forgot, ten thousand in an hour?

SATIRE III.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE MR DODINGTON.

LONG, Dodington, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see;
Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three:
For whose the present glory, or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Though prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But, more to raise my verse, conceal your own.

An ill-timed modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her learning, and her genius too, decays,
And dark and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live on alms of ages past.
Men still are men; and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold despair;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who run in debt for their disgrace:

Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New cast with care, and in no borrow'd mould ;
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse ;
And from sour critics vindicate the muse.

"Your work is long," the critics cry. 'Tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you :
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame ;
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game ;
As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile,
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feast !) the critic's rage,
And with the fell destroyer feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame,
Than those who thunder in the critic's name ?
Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in this,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his sable cloak,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as boding, cries,
"Ten thousand worlds for the three unities !"
Ye doctors sage, who through Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges as the weather dictates ; right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night :
Another judges by a surer gage,
An author's principles, or parentage ;
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem doubtless must be written well.
Another judges by the writer's look ;
Another judges, for he bought the book ;
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep ;
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.

Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, nor give the writer, fame.
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state ;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink, and die.

Rail on, my friends ! what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown ?

Not all on books their criticism waste :

The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame ; with anxious thought
The salmon is refused, the turbot bought.
Impatient art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May ;
Their various cares in one great point combine
The business of their lives, that is—to dine.
Half of their precious day they give the feast ;
And to a kind digestion spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare ;
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed.
If man by feeding well commences great,
Much more the worm to whom that man is meat.

To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame :
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks ;
They know a thousand lords, behind their backs.
Cottil is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer ;
And Harvey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen.
Niger adopts stray libels ; wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own.
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name ;
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.
Thus vain, not knowing what adorns, or blots,
Men forge the patents, that create them sots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous through love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardour rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise ?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, and all men laugh at all.

Nor can ev'n satire blame them ; for, 'tis true,
They have most ample cause for what they do.

O fruitful Britain ! doubtless thou wast meant
 A nurse of fools, to stock the continent.
 Though Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
 Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow.
 The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
 Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill ;
 A Welsh descent, which well-paid heralds damn ;
 Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.
 When, cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
 In comes a coxcomb, and I write again.

See Tityrus, with merriment possess'd,
 Is burst with laughter, ere he hears the jest :
 What need he stay ! for when the joke is o'er,
 His teeth will be no whiter than before.
 Is there of these, ye fair ! so great a dearth,
 That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth ?

Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire ;
 Of houses some ; nay, houses that they hire ;
 Some (perfect wisdom !) of a beauteous wife ;
 And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, through pride, the sexes change their
 airs ;

My lord has vapours, and my lady swears ;
 Then, stranger still ! on turning of the wind,
 My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind.

To show the strength, and infamy of pride,
 By all 'tis follow'd, and by all denied.
 What numbers are there, which at once pursue
 Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too !
 Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
 And therefore lays a stratagem for fame ;
 Makes his approach in modesty's disguise,
 To win applause ; and takes it by surprise.
 " To err," says he, " in small things is my fate."
 You know your answer, he's exact in great.
 " My style," says he, " is rude and full of faults."
 But oh ! what sense ! what energy of thoughts !
 That he wants algebra, he must confess ;
 But not a soul to give our arms success.
 " Ah ; that's a hit indeed," Vincenna cries ;
 " But who in heat of blood was ever wise ?
 I own, 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me back
 To make that hopeless, ill-advised, attack ;
 All say, 'twas madness ; nor dare I deny ;

Sure never fool so well deserved to die."
Could this deceive in others, to be free,
It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in thee ;
Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue,
So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.
Thou on one sleeve wilt thy revenues wear :
And haunt the court, without a prospect there.
Are these expedients for renown? Confess
Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wise, Vincenna, and the court forsake ;
Our fortunes there, nor thou, nor I, shall make.
Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,
In hardy service make a long campaign ;
Most manfully besiege their patron's gate,
And oft repulsed, as oft attack the great
With painful art, and application warm,
And take, at last, some little place by storm :
Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
And starve upon discreetly, in Sheer Lane.
Already this thy fortune can afford ;
Then starve without the favour of my lord.
'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer ;
But often, ev'n in doing right, they err :
From caprice, not from choice, their favours come ;
They give, but think it toil to know to whom :
The man that's nearest, yawning, they advance :
'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.
If merit sues, and greatness is so loth
To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court, Philander, at his need,
(Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
Of every charm and virtue she's possess'd :
Philander ! thou art exquisitely blest ;
The public envy ! Now then, 'tis allow'd,
The man is found, who may be justly proud :
But, see ! how sickly his ambition's taste !
Ambition feeds on trash, and loathes a feast ;
For, lo ! Philander, of reproach afraid,
In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.

Some nymphs sell reputation ; others buy ;
And love a market where the rates run high :
Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear ;
Their vanity is tickled, not their ear :
Their tastes would lessen, if the prices fell,

And Shakespeare's wretched stuff do quite as well ;
Away the disenchanted fair would throng,
And own that English is their mother tongue.

To show how much our northern tastes refine,
Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine ;
While tradesmen starve, these Philomels are gay ;
For generous lords had rather give than pay.

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene !
The legislature join'd with Drury Lane !
When Britain calls, the embroider'd patriots run,
And serve their country—if the dance is done.
“Are we not then allow'd to be polite?”

Yes, doubtless ; but first set your notions right.
Worth, of politeness is the needful ground ;
Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
Triflers not e'en in trifles can excel ;
'Tis solid bodies only polish well.

Great, chosen prophet ! For these latter days,
To turn a willing world from righteous ways !
Well, Heydegger, dost thou thy master serve ;
Well has he seen his servant should not starve.
Thou to his name hast splendid temples raised ;
In various forms of worship seen him praised,
Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown.
Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
Are duly paid, in fiddles, cards, and dice ;
Thy sacrifice supreme, a hundred maids !
That solemn rite of midnight masquerades !
Thou smilest, well pleased with the converted land,
To see the fifty churches at a stand.
And that thy minister may never fail,
But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
Of minor prophets a succession sure
The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
In solemn council met, and deep debate !
What godlike enterprise is taking birth ?
What wonder opens on the expecting earth ?
'Tis done ! with loud applause the council rings !
Fix'd is the fate of apes and fiddle-strings !

Though bold these truths, thou, muse, with truths
like these,
Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please :

Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
How terrible it were to common sense,
To write a satire, which gave none offence !
And, since from life I take the draughts you see,
If men dislike them, do they censure me ?
The fool, and knave, 'tis glorious to offend,
And godlike an attempt the world to mend ;
The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
Knaves know the game, and honest men pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price !
A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
If blest with pliant, though but slender, sense,
Feign'd modesty, and real impudence :
A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
A curse within, a smile upon his face ;
A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
Are prizes in the lottery of life ;
Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
To merit, is but to provide a pain
For men's refusing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
Whom my presaging thoughts already view
By Walpole's conduct fired, and friendship graced,
Still higher in your prince's favour placed ;
And lending, here, those awful councils aid,
Which you abroad, with such success obey'd :
Bear this from one, who holds your friendship dear ;
What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

SATIRE IV.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR SPENCER COMPTON.

ROUND some fair tree the ambitious woodbine grows,
And breathes her sweets on the supporting boughs ;
So sweet the verse, the ambitious verse, should be,
(O ! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee ;
Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide ;
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms' fates, without ambition, weigh ;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's asserter, and the people's friend :

Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the muse ;
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire,
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.
Vex'd at a public fame, so justly won,
The jealous Chremès is with spleen undone ;
Chremès, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown ;
All schemes he knows, and, knowing, all improves,
Though Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves :
But patriots differ ; some may shed their blood,
He drinks his coffee, for the public good ;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms, or sunshine, Providence decrees ;
Knows, for each day, the weather of our fate ;
A quid nunc is an almanac of state.

You smile, and think this statesman void of use :
Why may not time his secret worth produce ?
Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,
Since steeds of genius are expert at put ;
Since half the senate not content can say,
Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms, and counsel kings ?
An incapacity for smaller things :
Poor Chremès can't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenno leaves the realm to Chremès's skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still :
To raise a name, the ambitious boy has got,
At once, a Bible, and a shoulder-knot ;
Deep in the secret, he looks through the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul ;
To talk with rev'rence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his tender reason with the creed :
Howe'er well bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerage is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease ; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
And falling stocks quite cured an unbelief ?
While the sun shines, Bhunt talks with wondrous force ;
But thunder mars small beer, and weak discourse.
Such useful instruments the weather show,
Just as their mercury is high or low :

Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark ;
A fever argues better than a Clarke :
Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray ;
While Collins mourns, with an unfeignèd zeal,
The apostate youth, who reasoned once so well.

Collins, who makes so merry with the creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed ;
But only thinks so ; to give both their due,
Satan, and he, believe, and tremble too.
Of some for glory such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarean club disclaims ;
Nay, a free-mason, with some terror, names ;
Omits no duty ; nor can envy say,
He missed, these many years, the church, or play :
He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true ;
But pays his debts, and visit, when 'tis due ;
His character and gloves are ever clean,
And then, he can out-bow the bowing dean ;
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face,
For ornament, in ev'ry public place ;
As sure as cards, he to the assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms :
When ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, joined to two, he fails not—to make three :
Narcissus is the glory of his race ;
For who does nothing with a better grace ?

To deck my list, by nature were designed
Such shining expletives of human kind,
Who want, while through blank life they dream along,
Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are singular and odd ;
What other men dislike, is sure to please,
Of all mankind, these dear antipodes ;
Through pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And birthdays are their days of dressing ill.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and Foe a sage,
Sedly will fright you, E—— engage ;

By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
 Stones mount, and Sussex is the worst of friends ;
 They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
 And blush, if you surprise them in the right ;
 If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
 A swan is white, or Queensberry is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
 A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out,
 His passion for absurdity's so strong,
 He cannot bear a rival in the wrong ;
 Though wrong the mode, comply ; more sense is shown
 In wearing others' follies, than your own.
 If what is out of fashion most you prize,
 Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.
 But what in oddness can be more sublime
 Than Sloane, the foremost toyman of his time ?
 His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
 His daughter's portion a rich shell enhances,
 And Ashmole's baby-house, is, in his view,
 Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru !
 How his eyes languish ! how his thoughts adore
 That painted coat, which Joseph never wore !
 He shows, on holidays, a sacred pin,
 That touched the ruff, that touched Queen Bess's chin.

" Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
 Since that great plague that swept as many more,
 Was ever year unblest as this ? " he'll cry,
 " It has not brought us one new butterfly ! "
 In times that suffer such learned men as these,
 Unhappy Jersey ! how came you to please ?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game ;
 But, in effect, his chase is much the same ;
 Warm in pursuit, he levees all the great,
 Stanch to the foot of title and estate :
 Where'er their lordships go, they never find
 Or Lico, or their shadows, lag behind ;
 He sets them sure, where'er their lordships run,
 Close at their elbows, as a morning dun ;
 As if their grandeur, by contagion, wrought,
 And fame was, like a fever, to be caught :
 But after seven years' dance, from place to place
 The Dane¹ is more familiar with his grace.

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer ;

¹ A Danish dog of the Duke of Argyll.

Or living pendant dangling at his ear,
For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown
For months before, by trumpets, through the town?
Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
Still to reflect the temper of his face;
Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes it leave
Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
To loll, or thump it, for his better ease;
Or a vile butt, for noon, or night, bespoke,
When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke?
Who'd shake with laughter, though he could not find
His lordship's jest; or, if his nose broke wind,
For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
That can cry, chimney sweep, or drive a plough?
With terms like these, how mean the tribe that close!
Scarce meaner they, who terms like these, impose.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply?
The men of ink, or ancient authors lie;
The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold:
All men they flatter, but themselves the most,
With deathless fame, their everlasting boast:
For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
As her old constant spark, the bard profess'd.
"Boyle shines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
Pelham's magnificent; but I can write,
And what to my great soul like glory dear?"
Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
That fame's unwholesome taken without meat,
And life is best sustained by what is eat:
Grown lean, and wise, he curses what he writ,
And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
That his triumphant name adorns a post?
Or that his shining page (provoking fate!)
Defends sirloins, which sons of dulness eat?

What foe to verse without compassion hears,
What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears,
When the poor muse, for less than half a crown,
A prostitute on every bulk in town,
With other meanness done, though not in print,
Clubs credit for Geneva in the mint?
Ye bards! why will you sing, though uninspired?

Ye bards ! why will you starve, to be admired ?
Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
Why will your spectres haunt the frightened press ?
Bad metre, that excrescence of the head.
Like hair, will sprout, although the poet's dead.

All other trades demand, verse makers beg ;
A dedication is a wooden leg ;
A barren Labeo, the true mumper's fashion,
Exposes borrow'd brats to move compassion.
Though such myself, vile bards I discommend ;
Nay more, though gentle Damon is my friend.
" Is't then a crime to write ?"—If talent rare
Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear :
For some, though few, there are large-minded men,
Who watch unseen the labours of the pen ;
Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court,
Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support ;
Who serve, unask'd, the least pretence to wit ;
My sole excuse, alas ! for having writ.
Argyll true wit is studious to restore ;
And Dorset smiles, if Phœbus smiled before ;
Pembroke in years the long-loved arts admires,
And Henrietta like a muse inspires.

But, ah ! not inspiration can obtain
That fame, which poets languish for in vain.
How mad their aim, who thirst for glory, strive
To grasp, what no man can possess alive !
Fame's a reversion in which men take place
(O late reversion !) at their own decease.
This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
He starves his authors, that their works may sell.

That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry ;
That wealth is fame, another clan reply ;
Who know no guilt, no scandal, but in rags ;
And swell in just proportion to their bags.
Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
Think glory nothing but the beams of gold ;
The first young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
Shall match the veriest huncks in Lombard Street,
From rescued candles' ends, who raised a sum,
And starves to join a penny to a plumb.
A beardless miser ! 'tis a guilt unknown
To former times, a scandal all our own.

(Of ardent lovers, the true modern band

Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
 For love, young, noble, rich Castalio dies :
 Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
 Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down ;
 No rival can prevail,—but half a crown.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
 Not for the poor he has relieved, but made :
 Not such ambition his great fathers fired,
 When Harry conquer'd, and half France expired :
 He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog, for gain :
 Nay, a dull sheriff, for his golden chain.

“Who'd be a slave?” the gallant colonel cries,
 While love of glory sparkles from his eyes :
 To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—
 Just is his title,—for he will not fight :
 All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,
 As maids of honour beauty,—by their place :
 But, when indulging on the last campaign,
 His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain ;
 He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word,
 A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
 A soldier should be modest as a maid :
 Fame is a bubble the reserved enjoy ;
 Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy :
 'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree ;
 But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
 Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known
 Augustus' deeds ! if that ambiguous name
 Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
 Such is the prince's worth, of whom I speak,
 The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

SATIRE V. ON WOMEN.

O fairest of creation ! last and best
 Of all God's works ! Creature in whom excell'd
 Whatever can to sight, or thought, be form'd
 Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
 How art thou lost !—————

MILTON.

NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone ;
 Soft female hearts the rude invader own :
 But there, indeed, it deals in nicer things,
 Than routing armies, and dethroning kings :

Attend, and you discern it in the fair
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair ;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye ;
Or, in full joy, elaborate a sigh.

The sex we honour, though their faults we blame ;
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme :
A theme, fair Dorset ! doubly kind to me,
Since satirising those is praising thee ;
Who wouldst not bear, too modestly refined,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price ;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the sated sight :
As unreserved, and beauteous, as the sun,
Through every sign of vanity they run ;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
Lectures, and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, bedlams, executions, Smithfield scenes,
And fortune-tellers' caves, and lions' dens,
Taverns, exchanges, bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shows, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits, (and still stranger !) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for fame ;
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame ;
Warm gleams of hope she, now, dispenses ; then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds again :
With all her lustre, now, her lover warms ;
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms :
'Tis, next, her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain ;
Then, she starts up, all ecstasy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul ! just as sincere in this :
Oh how she rolls her charming eyes in spite !
And looks delightfully with all her might !
But, like our heroes, much more brave than wise,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.

Zara resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows ;
Without she freezes, and within she glows :
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspired,
From the vain converse of the world retired,
She reads the psalms and chapters for the day,
In—"Cleopatra," or the last new play.

Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in renown, is she,
Who, through good breeding, is ill company ;
Whose manners will not let her larum cease,
Who thinks you are unhappy, when at peace ;
To find you news, who racks her subtle head,
And vows—that her great-grandfather is dead.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear,
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear :
In that the skill of conversation lies ;
That shows, or makes, you both polite and wise.

Xantippe cries, " Let nymphs, who nought can say,
Be lost in silence, and resign the day ;
And let the guilty wife her guilt confess,
By tame behaviour, and a soft address ;"
Through virtue, she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity ;
Through wisdom, she refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit,
Then, her unblemish'd honour to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain :
But if, by chance, an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary lord,
Her darling china, in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may indeed excite the meekest dame ;
But keen Xantippe, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play,
O'er cooling gruel, and composing tea :
Nor rests by night, but, more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice :
Doubly, like echo, sound is her delight,
And the last word is her eternal right.
Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines, rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise ?

Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong :
What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our state !
What strokes we feel from fancy, and from fate !
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow ;
We make misfortunes ; suicides in woe.
Superfluous aid ! unnecessary skill !
Is nature backward to torment, or kill ?

How oft the noon, how oft the midnight, bell,
(That iron tongue of death !) with solemn knell,
On folly's errands, as we vainly roam,
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
home !

Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive, as dead.
Yet, as immortal, in our up-hill chase
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace ;
Our ardent labours for the toys we seek,
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week :
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire.

Now what reward for all this grief and toil ?
But one ; a female friend's endearing smile ;
A tender smile, our sorrows' only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye ;
Victorious tenderness ! it all o'ercame,
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame.

The sylvan race our active nymphs pursue ;
Man is not all the game they have in view :
In woods and fields their glory they complete ;
There Master Betty leaps a five barr'd gate ;
While fair Miss Charles to toilets is confined,
Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And volt from hunters to the managed steed ;
Command his prancings with a martial air,
And Foubert¹ has the forming of the fair.

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel ;
And as she guides it through the admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the silken thong !
Graceful as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains :
Sesostris like, such charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarchs, if they please :
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the belle-lettre lovely Daphne reigns ;
Again the god Apollo wears her chains :

¹ A riding master.

With legs toss'd high, 'on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits :
Of each performance she's the final test ;
One act read o'er, she prophesies the rest ;
And then, pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—she's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatessa's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease !
Some ladies' judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.

“ But hold,” she cries, “ lampooner ! have a care ;
Must I want common sense, because I'm fair ? ”
O no : see Stella ; her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right ;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire !
She seems inspired, and can herself inspire :
How then (if malice ruled not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear ?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is't a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia liked her man ; and well she might ;
The youth in person, and in parts, was bright ;
Possess'd of every virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart :
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And, in full rage of youthful ardour, burn'd ;
Large his possessions, and beyond her own ;
Their bliss the theme, and envy of the town :
The day was fixed, when, with one acre more,
In stepp'd deform'd, debauch'd, diseased, threescore.
The fatal sequel I, through shame, forbear :
Of pride and av'rice, who can cure the fair ?

Man's rich with little, were his judgment true ;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few ;
Those few wants answer'd, bring sincere delights ;
But fools create themselves new appetites :
Fancy and pride seek things at vast expense,
Which relish not to reason, nor to sense.
When surfeit, or unthankfulness, destroys,
In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Where nought but dreams, no real pleasures, grow ;
Like cats in air-pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick ; make haste ; the doctor call :
 He comes ; but where's his patient ? At the ball.
 The doctor stares ; her woman curtsies low,
 And cries, " My lady, sir, is always so :
 Diversions put her maladies to flight :
 True, she can't *stand*, but she can *dance* all night :
 I've known my lady (for she loves a tune)
 For fevers take an opera in June :
 And, though perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
 A midnight park is sov'reign for a cold :
 With cholics, breakfasts of green fruit agree ;
 With indigestions, supper just at three."
 A strange alternative, replies Sir Hans,
 Must women have a doctor, or a dance ?
 Though sick to death, abroad they safely roam,
 But droop and die, in perfect health, at home :
 For want—but not of health, are ladies ill ;
 And tickets cure beyond the doctor's pill.

Alas, my heart ! how languishingly fair
 Yon lady lolls ! with what a tender air !
 Pale as a young dramatic author, when,
 O'er darling lines, fell Cibber waves his pen.
 Is her lord angry, or has Veny¹ chid ?
 Dead is her father, or the mask forbid ?
 " Late sitting up has turn'd her roses white."
 Why went she not to bed ? " Because 'twas night."
 Did she then dance, or play ? " Nor this, nor that."
 Well night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
 " No, all alone, her prayers she rather chose ;
 Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose."
 Then lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
 Goes, with the fashionable owls, to bed :
 This her pride covets, this her health denies ;
 Her soul is silly, but her body's wise.

But one admirer has the painted lass ;
 Nor finds that one, but in her looking-glass :
 Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
 That all her art scarce makes her please us less.
 To deck the female cheek, he only knows,
 Who paints less fair the lily, and the rose.

How gay they smile ! Such blessings nature pours,
 O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores :
 In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,

¹ A lap-dog.

She rears her flowers, and spreads her velvet green :
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is nature then a niggard of her bliss ?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this ?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted art's depraved allurements choose.
Such Fulvia's passion for the town ; fresh air
(An odd effect !) gives vapours to the fair ;
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales are odious things ;
But smoke and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight ;
And to be press'd to death, transports her quite :
Where silver riv'lets play through flowery meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their shades,
Black kennels' absent odour she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets.

Is stormy life preferr'd to the serene ?
Or is the public to the private scene ?
Retired, we tread a smooth and open way ;
Through briers and brambles in the world we stray ;
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choke our passage, our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of our soul.
O sacred solitude ! divine retreat !
Choice of the prudent ! envy of the great !
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid :
The genuine offspring of her loved embrace,
(Strangers on earth !) are innocence and peace :
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar ;
There, bless'd with health, with business unperplex'd,
This life we relish, and ensure the next ;
There too the muses sport ; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury !¹ I owe to thee.

There sport the muses ; but not there alone :
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit ;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit ;
Both wits ! though miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wondrous days ! they lived in peace ;

¹ A country house.

With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On Durfey's poesy, and Bunyan's prose :
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce.

Phoebe, though she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness :
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys.
With what well-acted transport will she say,
" Well, sure, we were so happy yesterday !"
And then that charming party for to-morrow !"
Though, well she knows, 'twill languish into sorrow :
But she dares never boast the present hour ;
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her power :
For such is or our weakness, or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife, we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy ;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright, and coy ;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill,
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still :
If seized at last, compute your mighty gains ;
What is it, but rank poison in your veins ?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies ;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine :
Hence, if her lover yawns, all changed appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul !) in tears.

Men love a woman, as they love a feast ;
How grateful one to touch, and one to taste ?
Yet sure there is a certain time of day,
We wish our sweetheart, and our meat, away :
But soon the sated appetites return,
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn :
Eternal love let man, then, never swear ;
Let women never triumph, nor despair ;
Nor praise, nor blame, too much, the warm, or chill ;
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.

There is indeed a passion more refined,
For those few nymphs whose charms are of the mind :
But not of that unfashionable set
Is Phyllis ; Phyllis and her Damon met.

Eternal love exactly hits her taste ;
Phyllis demands eternal love at least.
Embracing Phyllis with soft smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies :
But say, my all, my mistress, and my friend !
What day next week the eternity shall end ?

Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love :
Elope from mortal man, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley¹ flies,
Where, in a box, the whole creation lies :
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance :
Of Desagulier she bespeaks fresh air ;
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.
What vain experiments Sophronia tries !
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But though to-day this rage of science reigns,
(O fickle sex !) soon end her learned pains.
Lo ! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a sot.

To —— turn ; she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right.
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzled learning blunders far behind,
Graceful to sight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquished, and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finished, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy ; and when gay, discreet ;
In glitt'ring scenes, o'er her own heart, severe ;
In crowds, collected ; and in courts, sincere ;
Sincere, and warm, with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good ;
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears ;
Of silks and china she's the last appeal ;
In these great points she leads the commonweal ;
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechlin the queen of lace, and colberteen,
'Tis doubt ! 'tis darkness ! till suspended fate
Assumes her nod, to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their dress ?

But, oh ! the nymph that mounts above the skies,

¹ A mathematical instrument maker.

And, gratis, clears religious mysteries,
Resolved the church's welfare to ensure,
And make her family a sinecure :
The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of Scripture at picquet ;
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would those be, who thus excel
In theologies, could they sew as well !
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue ?
Can she more decently the doctor woo ?
'Tis hard, too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, should be barred in that.

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knocked at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
O how his pious soul exults to find
Such love for holy men in womankind !
Charmed with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee !
Hums round about her, and with all his power
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flower !

The young and gay declining, Appia flies
At nobler game, the mighty and the wise :
By nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.

Can wealth give happiness ? look round, and see
What gay distress ! what splendid misery !
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour,
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat ; believe not what it says ;
Like any lord it promises—and pays.
How will the miser startle, to be told
Of such a wonder, as insolvent gold !
What nature wants has an intrinsic weight ;
All more, is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view ;
It charms us now ; anon we cast anew ;
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclined :
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair :
The fair, 'tis true, by genius should be won,



The young and gay declining Appia flies
At neller game, the mighty and the wise,
By nature more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.



As flowers unfold their beauties to the sun ;
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And wit must wear the willow and the bays.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy ;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his maid ;
For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms ;
And amply gives (though treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this,
If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight ;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She, by just stages, journeys round the room :
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan ! let others say, who laugh at toil ;
Fan ! hood ! glove ! scarf ! is her laconic style ;
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees, than hears the call :
The motion of her lips, and meaning eye,
Piece out the idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound !
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
— And help ! oh help ! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If, there, a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants ! she sinks away ! and is no more.
Let the robust, and the gigantic carve,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve :
But chew she must herself ; ah cruel fate !
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind heaven !) against the poison of their eyes.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien ;
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame ?
What nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,

And justly gives the jealous husband pain.
(Vain is the task to petticoats assigned,
If wanton language shows a naked mind.)
And now and then, to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark ! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain ;
She, on the Christian system, is profane.
But though the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deposes a lady in his stead ?
A lady ! pardon my mistaken pen,
A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Few to good breeding make a just pretence ;
Good breeding is the blossom of good sense ;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd.
A violated decency now reigns ;
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Chinese painters modern toasts agree,
The point they aim at is deformity :
They throw their persons with a hoyden air
Across the room, and toss into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners, have exchanged their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow measured pace,
For which her lovers died, her parents pray'd,
Are indecorums with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad ; but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer art and nature, to be rude.
Modern good breeding carry to its height,
And lady Dashwood's self will be polite.

Ye rising fair ! ye bloom of Britain's isle !
When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile,
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard, is, not to be well bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration ! give me something more,
Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore :
Nought treads so silent as the foot of time ;

Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime ;
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news, that we grow old.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a sweetheart warms,
Who looks through spectacles to see your charms !
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms enfold,
And nought of Lyce but herself is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love.
She grants, indeed, a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her is the sacred age
Of prudent Portia ! her gray hairs engage ;
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline :
Virtue's the paint that can with wrinkles shine.
That, and that only, can old age sustain ;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
Not num'rous are our joys, when life is new ;
And yearly some are falling of the few ;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace ; by nature some decay,
And some the blasts of fortune sweep away ;
Till-naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's Portia now ?—But Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipp'd in morning dew ?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to flee from ills to come ?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide ;
Fancy and passion toss it to and fro ;

Awhile torment, and then quite sink in woe.
 Ye beauteous orphans, since in silent dust
 Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
 Life swarms with ills ; the boldest are afraid ;
 Where then is safety for a tender maid ?
 Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes,
 And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes !
 When kind, most cruel ; when obliged the most,
 The least obliging ; and by favours lost.
 Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate ;
 And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
 If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
 'Twill ever stick, through malice of your own.
 Most hard ! in pleasing your chief glory lies ;
 And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise :
 Then please the best ; and know, for men of sense
 Your strongest charms are native innocence.
 Art on the mind, like paint upon the face,
 Fright him, that's worth your love, from your embrace.
 In simple manners all the secret lies ;
 Be kind and virtuous, you'll be bless'd and wise.
 Vain show and noise intoxicate the brain,
 Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.
 Affect not empty fame, and idle praise,
 Which, all those wretches I describe, betrays.
 Your sex's glory 'tis, to shine unknown ;
 Of all applause, be fondest of your own.
 Beware the fever of the mind ! that thirst
 With which the age is eminently cursed :
 To drink of pleasure, but inflames desire ;
 And abstinence alone can quench the fire ;
 Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb ;
 Give peace in hand ; and promise bliss to come.

SATIRE VI. ON WOMEN.

INSCRIBED TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE LADY ELIZABETH GERMAIN.

Interdum tamen et tollit comœdia vocem.—HOR.

I sought a patroness, but sought in vain.
 Apollo whisper'd in my ear—" Germain."—
 I know her not.—" Your reason's somewhat odd ;
 Who knows his patron, now ?" replied the god.
 " Men write, to me, and to the world, unknown ;
 Then steal great names, to shield them from the town.

Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd,
To covert flies, of praise itself afraid :
Should she refuse to patronise your lays,
In vengeance write a volume in her praise.
Nor think it hard so great a length to run ;
When such the theme, 'twill easily be done."

Ye fair ! to draw your excellence at length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength ;
You, here, in miniature your picture see ;
Nor hope from Zincks more justice than from me.
My portraits grace your mind, as his your side ;
His portraits will inflame, mine quench, your pride :
He's dear, you frugal ; choose my cheaper lay ;
And be your reformation all my pay.

Lavinia is polite, but not profane ;
To church as constant as to Drury Lane.
She decently, in form, pays heaven its due ;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which passes for a prayer :
Curtseys to curtsies, then, with grace, succeed ;
Not one the fair omits, but at the creed.
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to speak ;
Through dreadful silence the pent heart might break ;
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himself, and fondly think they pray.
But sweet their accent, and their air refined ;
For they're before their Maker—and mankind :
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well bred,
Drusa receives her visitants in bed ;
But, chaste as ice, this Vesta, will defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny.

Those charms are greatest which decline the sight,
That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no woman, where there's no reserve ;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.
But with a modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a nymph of spirit.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye ;
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
" Or if you take a lion by the beard,"¹

¹ Shakespeare.

Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,"
First make your will, and then converse with her.
This lady glories in profuse expense ;
And thinks distraction is magnificence.
To beggar her gallant, is some delight ;
To be more fatal still, is exquisite ;
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad ?
In duel fell two lovers ; one run mad.
Her foes their honest execrations pour ;
Her lovers only should detest her more.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint ;
Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint :
Her soul superior flies formality ;
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not over good—
Nor would they be mistaken, if they should.

Unmarried Abra puts on formal airs ;
Her cushion's threadbare with her constant prayers.
Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engaged in prayer and charity.
And this, to do her justice, must be said,
"Who would not think that Abra was a maid ?"

Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed ;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed ?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be wedded at threescore.
Then she submits to venture in the dark ;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state ;
She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.
The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,
Are but the ground of unmade happiness ;
The rude material : wisdom add to this,
Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss ;
She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of thin content can draw the subtle thread ;
But (no detracton to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold, 'tis better still.

If Tullia had been blest with half her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence :
But since she can make error shine so bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With understanding she is quite o'errun ;

And by too great accomplishments undone :
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most divinely in the wrong.

Naked in nothing should a woman be ;
But veil her very wit with modesty :
Let man discover, let not her display,
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves important, men must grieve.
Lesbia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends, the fop she laughs at, is adored.
In vain she's proud of secret innocence ;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with every charm to bless,
Has no design, but on her husband's peace :
He loved her much ; and greatly was he moved
At small inquietudes in her he loved.
" How charming this !" — The pleasure lasted long ;
Now every day the fits come thick and strong :
At last he found the charmer only feign'd ;
And was diverted when he should be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the gods in store ?
How tedious life, now she can plague no more !
She tries a thousand arts ; but none succeed :
She's forced a fever to procure indeed :
Thus strictly proved this virtuous, loving wife,
Her husband's pain was dearer than her life.

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due :
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore ;
Her majesty, to-morrow, calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As uncoil'd hinges, querulously shrill.
" You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false. " Not go ! that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame ;
And arrant contradictions are the same.
Her lover must be sad, to please her spleen ;
His mirth is an inexpressible sin :
For of all rivals that can pain her breast,
There's one, that wounds far deeper than the rest ;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair :

Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare !
How would Melania be surprised to hear
She's quite deform'd ! And yet the case is clear ;
What's female beauty, but an air divine,
Through which the mind's all gentle graces shine ?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between ;
The body charms because the soul is seen.
Hence, men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace :
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man can bear ;
Some, none resist, though not exceeding fair.

Aspasia's highly born, and nicely bred,
Of taste refined, in life and manners read ;
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be teased by her own excellence.
" Folks are so awkward ! things so unpolite !"
She's elegantly pain'd from morn till night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes ;
Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
Heaven by its favour has the fair distress'd,
And pour'd such blessings—that she can't be blest.

Ah ! why so vain, though blooming in thy spring,
Thou shining, frail, adored, and wretched thing ?
Old age will come ; disease may come before ;
Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore.
Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay :
But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes ;
Life, that supports them, in a moment breaks ;
Then wrought into the soul let virtues shine ;
The ground eternal, as the work divine.

Julia's a manager ; she's born for rule ;
And knows her wiser husband is a fool ;
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters dictate, or convey.
But if deprived of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem ;
Presides o'er trifles with a serious face ;
Important by the virtue of grimace.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign ;
By nature born to soothe, and entertain.
Their prudence in a share of folly lies :

Why will they be so weak, as to be wise?

Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And with a vengeance she commends, or blames,
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong ;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wise in actions great and rare ;
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Thus every hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because the occasion is beneath her aim,
Think nought a trifle, though it small appear ;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die, before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicia, there you'll see,
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree :
Unlaced her stays, her night-gown is untied,
And what she has of head-dress is aside.
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace ;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face ;
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd, she loves ;
And would draw on jack-boots, as soon as gloves.
Gloves by Queen Bess's maidens might be miss'd ;
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.
Lovers, beware ! to wound how can she fail
With scarlet finger, and long jetty nail ?
For Harvey the first wit she cannot be,
Nor, cruel Richmond, the first toast, for thee.
Since full each other station of renown,
Who would not be the greatest *trapes* in town ?
Women were made to give our eyes delight ;
A female sloven is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her dear self is her eternal theme ;
Through hopes of contradiction, oft she'll say,
" Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day !"
When most the world applauds you, most beware ;
'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
Distrust mankind ; with your own heart confer ;
And dread even there to find a flatterer.
The breath of others raises our renown ;
Our own as surely blows the pageant down.
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,

Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
 Who most deserve, can't always most engage.
 So far is worth from making glory sure,
 It often hinders what it should procure.
 Whom praise we most? The virtuous, brave, and wise?
 No; wretches, whom in secret we despise.
 And who so blind, as not to see the cause?
 No rivals raised by such discreet applause;
 And yet, of credit it lays in a store,
 By which our spleen may wound true worth the more.

Ladies there are who think one crime is all:
 Can women, then, no way but backward fall?
 So sweet is that one crime they don't pursue,
 To pay its loss, they think all others few.
 Who hold that crime so dear, must never claim
 Of injured modesty the sacred name.

But Clio thus: "What! railing without end?
 Mean task! how much more gen'rous to commend!"

Yes, to commend as you are wont to do,
 My kind instructor, and example too.
 "Daphnis," says Clio, "has a charming eye:
 What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry!
 Aspasia's shape indeed—But then her air—
 The man has parts who finds destruction there.
 Almeria's wit has something that's divine;
 And wit's enough—how few in all things shine!
 Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor—
 Who was it said Selina's near threescore?
 At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice;
 The world congratulates so wise a choice;
 His lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
 But mortgages will sap the best estate.
 In Sherley's form might cherubims appear;
 But then—she has a freckle on her ear."
 Without a but, Hortensia she commends,
 The first of women, and the best of friends;
 Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue, bright:
 But how comes this to pass?—She died last night.

Thus nymphs commend, who yet at satire rail:
 Indeed that's needless, if such praise prevail.
 And whence such praise? Our virulence is thrown
 On others' fame, through fondness for our own.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns;

For are not coronets akin to crowns ?
Her greedy eye, and her sublime address,
The height of avarice and pride confess.
You seek perfections worthy of her rank ;
Go, seek for her perfections at the bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
As fond of five-pence, as the veriest cit ;
And quite as much detested as a wit.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine ?
Can we dig peace, or wisdom, from the mine ?
Wisdom to gold prefer ; for 'tis much less
To make our fortune, than our happiness.
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree ;
Themselves unblest. The poor are only poor ;
But what are they who droop amid their store ?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state ;
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings ;
And those best satisfied with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expense.
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong,
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See how they beg an alms of flattery !
They languish ! oh support them with a lie !
A decent competence we fully taste ;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast :
More, we perceive by dint of thought alone ;
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance ; and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest ;
To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls ! and touch'd with warmth
divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.
All hoarded treasures they repute a load ;
Nor think their wealth their own, till well bestow'd.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Through secret streams diffusively they bless ;
And, while their bounties glide conceal'd from view,
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

But satire is my task ; and these destroy
 Her gloomy province, and malignant joy.
 Help me, ye misers ! help me to complain,
 And blast our common enemy, Germain :¹
 But our invectives must despair success :
 For next to praise, she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder, loosen'd from its frame ?
 Or is't Asturia ? that affected dame.

The brightest forms, through affectation, fade
 To strange new things, which nature never made.
 Frown not, ye fair ! so much your sex we prize,
 We hate those arts that take you from our eyes.
 In Albucinda's native grace is seen
 What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
 Short is the rule, and to be learn'd with ease,
 Retain your gentle selves, and you must please.
 Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
 And all the movements of the soft machine :
 Her two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
 To cool the Bohea, and inflame the beau :
 While one white finger, and a thumb, conspire
 To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

Tea ! how I tremble at thy fatal stream !
 As Lethe, dreadful to the love of fame.
 What devastations on thy banks are seen !
 What shades of mighty names which once have been !
 An hecatomb of characters supplies
 Thy painted altars' daily sacrifice.
 Hervey, Pierce, Blount, aspersed by thee, decay,
 As grains of finest sugars melt away,
 And recommend thee more to mortal taste :
 Scandal's the sweet'ner of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
 And thy revolting naiads call for wine ;
 Spirits no longer shall serve under thee ;
 But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea !
 Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh,
 And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie ?²

The ladies long at men of drink exclaimed,
 And what impair'd both health and virtue, blamed ;
 At length, to rescue man the generous lass

¹ Lady Germain.

² — Solem quis dicere falsum

Audeat ?

VIRG.

Stole from her consort the pernicious glass ;
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclined,
But every bolder vice of bold mankind.

O Juvenal ! for thy severer rage !
To lash the ranker follies of our age.

Are there, among the females of our isle,
Such faults, at which it is a fault to smile ?
There are. Vice, once by modest nature chain'd
And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd ;
Without thin decency held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
Our matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for none, but for their wives ;
Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man, to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis steadfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.

What foul eruptions, from a look most meek !
What thunders bursting, from a dimpled cheek !
Their passions bear it with a lofty hand !
But then, their reason is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life ?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife.
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask, what kindred is a spouse to them ?

What swarms of am'rous grandmothers I see !
And misses, ancient in iniquity !
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaiming !
What lying, drinking, bawling, swearing, gaming !
Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence ;
Such griping av'rice, such profuse expense ;
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes ;
Such licensed ill, such masquerading times ;
Such venal faith, such misapplied applause ;
Such flattered guilt, and such inverted laws ;
Such dissolution through the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-dressed belle
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of hell ;
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all,
Who listens less to Collins than St Paul.
Atheists have been but rare ; since nature's birth,

Till now, she-atheists ne'er appeared on earth.
 Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
 This daring character, in timorous things ?
 Who start at feathers, from an insect fly,
 A match for nothing—but the Deity.

But, not to wrong the fair, the muse must own
 In this pursuit they court not fame alone ;
 But join to that a more substantial view,
 " From thinking free, to be free agents too."

They strive with their own hearts, and keep them
 down,

In complaisance to all the fools in town.
 O how they tremble at the name of prude !
 And die with shame at thought of being good !
 For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
 What will the wits, that is, the coxcombs say ?
 They heaven defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave ;
 Through cowardice, most execrably brave.
 With our own judgments durst we to comply,
 In virtue should we live, in glory die.
 Rise then, my muse, in honest fury rise ;
 They dread a satire, who defy the skies.

Atheists are few : most nymphs a Godhead own ;
 And nothing but his attributes dethrone.
 From atheists far, they steadfastly believe
 God is, and is Almighty—to forgive.
 His other excellence they'll not dispute ;
 But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.
 Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
 A lady's soul in everlasting pain ?
 Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
 For now and then a sip of transient joy ?
 No, he's for ever in a smiling mood ;
 He's like themselves ; or how could he be good ?
 And they blaspheme, who blacker schemes suppose.—
 Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose,
 The pure ! the just ! and set up, in his stead,
 A deity, that's perfectly well bred.

" Dear Tillotson ! be sure the best of men ;
 Nor thought he more, than thought great Origen.
 Though once upon a time he misbehaved ;
 Poor Satan ! doubtless, he'll at length be saved.
 Let priests do something for their one in ten ;¹

It is their trade ; so far they're honest men.
Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
And dress their notions, like themselves, in black ;
Fright us with terrors of a world unknown,
From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee ;
But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.
Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show :
Did ever mortal write like Rochefoucault ?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And, pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain ;
Nature disjoins the beauteous and profane.
For what's true beauty, but fair virtue's face ?
Virtue made visible in outward grace ?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she charms, the more she shock's mankind.

But charms decline : the fair long vigils keep :
They sleep no more ! quadrille¹ has murdered sleep.
"Poor Kemp !" ²cries Livia ; "I have not been there
These two nights ; the poor creature will despair.
I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
And people of condition should bestow."
Convinced, o'ercome, to Kemp's grave matrons run ;
Now set a daughter, and now stake a son ;
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune, fly ;
And beggar half their race—through charity.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight :
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper storey to some tomb,
Methinks, we need not our short beings shun,
And, thought to fly, contend to be undone.
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills ;
With ceaseless storms the blackened soul it fills ;
Inveighs at heaven, neglects the ties of blood ;
Destroys the power and will of doing good ;
Kills health, pawns honour, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful—spoils your face.

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The scandal, and the ruin of our isle !

¹ Shakespeare.

² Keeper of an Assembly.

And see, (strange sight!) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand ;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which, loud as thunder, on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation shook,
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke,
From this small cavern a mixed tempest flies,
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies !
For men, I mean,—the fair discharges none ;
She (guiltless creature !) swears to heaven alone.

See her eyes start ! cheeks glow ! and muscles swell !
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell.
Thus that divine one her soft nights employs !
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys !
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aching head,
With the dear images her dreams are crowned,
The die spins lovely, or the cards go round ;
Imaginary ruin charms her still ;
Her happy lord is ruined by spadille.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair,
Why is the rich Atrides' splendid heir
Constrained to quit his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat ?
Why that drawn sword ? And whence that dismal cry ?
Why pale distraction through the family ?
See my lord threaten, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay son to distant regions sent ?
What fiends that daughter's destined match prevent ?
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid ?
O nothing, but last night—my lady played.

But wanders not my satire from her theme ?
Is this too owing to the love of fame ?
Though now your hearts on lucre are bestowed,
'Twas first a vain devotion to the mode ;
Nor cease we here, since 'tis a voice so strong,
The torrent sweeps all womankind along ;
This may be said, in honour of our times,
That none now stand distinguished by their crimes.

If sin you must, take nature for your guide :
Love has some soft excuse to soothe your pride :
Ye fair apostates from love's ancient power !
Can nothing ravish, but a golden shower ?

Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize ;
Must Cupid learn to punt, ere he can please ?
When you 're enamoured of a lift or cast,
What can the preacher more, to make us chaste ?
Why must strong youths unmarried pine away ?
They find no woman disengaged——from play.
Why pine the married—O severer fate !
They find from play no disengaged—estate.
Flavia, at lovers false, untouched and hard,
Turns pale, and trembles at a cruel card.
Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age ;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page.
While death stands by, but till the game is done,
To sweep that stake, in justice, long his own ;
Like old cards tinged with sulphur, she takes fire ;
Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods ! with new delights inspire the fair ;
Or give us sons, and save us from despair.

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen, close
In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose :
Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you'll proceed :
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.
I hear you cry, " This fellow 's very odd."
When you chastise, who would not kiss the rod ?
But I've a charm your anger shall control,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the vole.

The charm begins ! To yonder flood of light,
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.
What guardian power o'erwhelms your souls with awe ?
Her deeds are precepts, her example law ;
Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glows with the love of virtue, and of art !
Her favour is diffused to that degree,
Excess of goodness ! it has dawned on me :
When in my page, to balance numerous faults,
Or godlike deeds were shown, or gen'rous thoughts,
She smiled, industrious to be pleased, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrowed lustre drew.

Thus the majestic mother of mankind,¹
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,

¹ Milton.

And gazed indulgent on the crystal flood ;
 Surveyed the stranger in the painted wave,
 And, smiling, praised the beauties which she gave.

SATIRE VII.

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit ipse, canemus.—VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
 Smile, Walpole ! or the Nine inspire in vain :
 To thee, 'tis due ; that verse how justly thine,
 Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole design !
 That glory, which thy counsels make so bright ;
 That glory, which on thee reflects a light.
 Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known !
 To give, and take, a lustre from the throne.

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme ;
 The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
 How all mankind will be surprised to see
 This flood of British folly charged on thee !
 Say, Britain ! whence this caprice of thy sons,
 Which through their various ranks with fury runs ?
 The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless ;
 For caprice is the daughter of success,
 (A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause !)
 And gives our rulers undesigned applause ;
 Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
 And lulls us in the downy lap of peace.

While I survey the blessings of our isle,
 Her arts triumphant in the royal smile,
 Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
 Her commerce spreading sails in every sky,
 The pleasing scene recalls my theme again
 And shows the madness of ambitious men,
 Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring sword,
 And burn to give mankind a single lord.

The follies past are of a private kind ;
 Their sphere is small ; their mischief is confined :
 But daring men there are (Awake, my muse,
 And raise thy verse !) who bolder frenzy choose ;
 Who stung by glory, rave, and bound away ;
 The world their field, and humankind their prey.

The Grecian chief, the enthusiast of his pride,

With rage and terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe ; he soars into a god !
Stand fast, Olympus ! and sustain his nod.
The pest divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd hosts ! what cities in a blaze !
What wasted countries ! and what crimson seas !
With orphans' tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays ?
Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
Or famine, or volcano ? They perform
Their mighty deeds : they, hero-like, can slay,
And spread their ample deserts in a day.
O great alliance ! O divine renown !
With dearth, and pestilence, to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's builder and preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy, is murder by the law ;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe ;
To murder thousands, takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

When, after battle, I the field have seen
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were men ;
A nation crush'd, a nation of the brave !
A realm of death ! and on this side the grave !
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away ?
How did my heart with indignation rise !
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes !
How was I shock'd to think the hero's trade
Of such materials, fame and triumph made !

How guilty these ! Yet not less guilty they,
Who reach false glory by a smoother way :
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their swords ;
Who stifle nature, and subsist on art ;
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart ;
All real kindness for the show discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard ;
Who do for gold what Christians do through grace,
" With open arms their enemies embrace :"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine ;

"The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine :"
Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclined,
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind.
Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
Walpole ! when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my muse ! the catalogue is writ ;
Nor one more candidate for fame admit,
Though disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim :
Be this their comfort, fools, omitted here,
May furnish laughter for another year.
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refused
The justice yet of being well abused,
With patience wait ; and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the muse shall tell
How science dwindles, and how volumes swell.

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing candle to the sun.

How tortured texts to speak our sense are made,
And every vice is to the scripture laid.

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer ;
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear.

How Verres is less qualified to steal
With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal.

How lawyers' fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redress'd till they're undone.

How one man's anguish is another's sport ;
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court.

How man eternally false judgments makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes.

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer flies, shake off again,
Let others sing ; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey :
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design ; for Tonson's at the gate.

The love of fame in its effect survey'd,
The muse has sung ; be now the cause display'd :
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this power, whom all mankind obey ?

Shot from above, by heaven's indulgence, came
This generous ardour, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify, mankind,

Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise laws were framed, and sacred arts were found ;
Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast ;
It bids Argyll in fields and senate shine.
What more can prove its origin divine ?

But, oh ! this passion planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots, and beauties, an alternate source ;
Hence Gildon rails, that raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcasses of wit ;
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a patron Pollio might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fill our schools,
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools ;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height ;
That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what degrees, pride sways the soul ?
(For though in all, not equally, she reigns)
Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye doctors ! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true, as if 'twere writ in dullest prose ;
As if a letter'd dunce had said, " 'Tis right,"
And imprimatur usher'd it to light.

Ambition, in the truly noble mind,
With sister virtue is for ever join'd ;
As in famed Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From guilt, and shame, by her last conduct, fled :
Her virtue long rebell'd in firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain ;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her love of fame obey'd.

In meaner minds ambition works alone ;
But with such art puts virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature and in mien,
The god¹ and mortal in the comic scene.

¹ Amphitryon.

False Julius, ambush'd in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in basest minds ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears :
All I have sung are instances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye vain ! desist from your erroneous strife ;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life,
The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides ;
Where inward dignity joins outward state ;
Our purpose good, as our achievement great ;
Where public blessings public praise attend ;
Where glory is our motive, not our end.
Wouldst thou be famed ? Have those high deeds in view
Brave men would act, though scandal should ensue.

Behold a prince ! whom no sworn thoughts inflame ;
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame !
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquests then, then regal pomps delight ;
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight ;
Tumult and noise are dear, which with them bring
His people's blessing to their ardent king :
But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace ;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden foe to splendour and applause ;
Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial ! which can pride disdain ;
O blest ambition ! which can ne'er be vain.

From one famed Alpine hill, which props the sky,
In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the Rhone, and sounding Po ; there shine,
In infant rills, the Danube and the Rhine ;
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the muse adores,
Which public blessings through half Europe pours.
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the fame ;
George ! who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd satire into praise.

Nor human rage alone his power perceives,
But the mad winds, and the tumultuous waves.¹
Ev'n storms (death's fiercest ministers !) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire, learn to spare.
Thus, nature's self, supporting man's decree,
Styles Britain's sovereign, sovereign of the sea.

While sea and air, great Brunswick ! shook our state,
And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Deprived of what she loved, and press'd by fear,
Of ever losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like Achilles, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep !
Hang o'er the floods, and, in devotion warm,
Strive, for thee, with the surge, and fight the storm !

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm !
Our Palinurus² slept not at the helm ;
His eye ne'er closed ; long since inured to wake,
And out-watch every star for Brunswick's sake :
By thwarting passions toss'd, by cares oppress'd,
He found the tempest pictured in his breast :
But, now, what joys that gloom of heart dispel,
No powers of language—but his own, can tell ;
His own, which nature and the graces form,
At will, to raise, or hush, the civil storm.

¹ Alluding to the king in danger at sea.

² *Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &c.*

VIRG. lib. v.

OCEAN: AN ODE,

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S ROYAL ENCOURAGEMENT
OF THE SEA SERVICE.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED AN ODE TO THE KING; AND A DISCOURSE
ON LYRIC POETRY.

I THINK myself obliged to recommend to you a consideration of the greatest importance; and I should look upon it as a great happiness, if, at the beginning of my reign, I could see the foundation laid of so great and necessary a work, as the increase and encouragement of our seamen in general; that they may be invited, rather than compelled by force and violence, to enter into the service of their country, as oft as occasion shall require it: a consideration worthy the representatives of a people great and flourishing in trade and navigation. This leads me to mention to you the case of Greenwich Hospital, that care may be taken, by some addition to that fund, to render comfortable and effectual that charitable provision, for the support and maintenance of our seamen, worn out, and become decrepit by age and infirmities, in the service of their country.—*Speech, Jan. 27, 1727-8.*

ODE TO THE KING.—1728.

OLD ocean's praise
Demands my lays;
A truly British theme I sing;
A theme so great,
I dare complete,
And join with ocean, ocean's king.
The Roman ode
Majestic flowed:
Its stream divinely clear, and strong;
In sense, and sound,
Thebes roll'd profound;
The torrent roar'd, and foam'd along.
Let Thebes, nor Rome,
So famed, presume
To triumph o'er a northern isle;
Late time shall know
The north can glow,
If dread Augustus deign to smile.
The naval crown
Is all his own!
Our fleet, if war, or commerce, call,

His will performs
Through waves and storms,
And rides in triumph round the ball.

No former race,
With strong embrace,
This theme to ravish durst expire ;
With virgin charms
My soul it warms,
And melts melodious on my lyre.

My lays I file
With cautious toil ;
Ye graces ! turn the glowing lines ;
On anvils neat
Your strokes repeat ;
At every stroke the work refines !

How music charms !
How metre warms !
Parent of actions, good and brave !
How vice it tames !
And worth inflames !
And holds proud empire o'er the grave !

Jove mark'd for man
A scanty span,
But lent him wings to fly his doom ;
Wit scorns the grave ;
To wit he gave
The life of gods ! immortal bloom !

Since years will fly,
And pleasures die,
Day after day, as years advance ;
Since, while life lasts,
Joy suffers blasts
From frowning fate, and fickle chance ;
Nor life is long ;
But soon we throng,
Like autumn leaves, death's pallid shore ;
We make, at least,
Of bad the best,
If in life's phantom, fame, we soar.
Our strains divide
The laurel's pride ;

With those we lift to life, we live ;
By fame enroll'd
With heroes bold,
And share the blessings which we give.

What hero's praise
Can fire my lays,
Like his, with whom my lay begun ?
" Justice sincere,
And courage clear,
Rise the two columns of his throne.

" How form'd for sway !
Who look, obey ;
They read the monarch in his port :
Their love and awe
Supply the law ;
And his own lustre makes the court :"

On yonder height,
What golden light
Triumphant shines ? and shines alone ?
Unrivall'd blaze !
The nations gaze !
'Tis not the sun ; 'tis Britain's throne.

Our monarch, there,
Rear'd high in air,
Should tempests rise, disdains to bend
Like British oak,
Derides the stroke ;
His blooming honours far extend !

Beneath them lies,
With lifted eyes,
Fair Albion, like an amorous maid ;
While interest wings
Bold foreign kings
To fly, like eagles, to his shade.

At his proud foot
The sea, pour'd out,
Immortal nourishment supplies ;
Thence wealth and state,
And power and fate,
Which Europe reads in George's eyes.

From what we view,
 We take the clue,¹
 Which leads from great to greater things :
 Men doubt no more,
 But gods adore,
 When such resemblance shines in kings.

A DISCOURSE ON LYRIC POETRY.

How imperfect soever my own composition may be, yet am I willing to speak a word or two, of the nature of lyric poetry ; to show that I have, at least, some idea of perfection in that kind of poem in which I am engaged ;¹ and that I do not think myself poet enough entirely to rely on inspiration for success in it.

To our having, or not having, this idea of perfection in the poem we undertake, is chiefly owing the merit or demerit of our performances, as also the modesty or vanity of our opinions concerning them. And in speaking of it I shall show how it unavoidably comes to pass, that bad poets, that is, poets in general, are esteemed, and really are the most vain, the most irritable, and most ridiculous set of men upon earth. But poetry in its own nature is certainly

—Non hoc quesitum munus in usus.—VIRG.

He that has an idea of perfection in the work he undertakes may fail in it ; he that has not, must : and yet he will be vain. For every little degree of beauty, how short or improper soever, will be looked on fondly by him ; because it is all pure gains, and more than he promised to himself ; and because he has no test, or standard in his judgment, with which to chastise his opinion of it.

Now this idea of perfection is, in poetry, more refined than in other kinds of writing ; and because more refined, therefore more difficult ; and because more difficult, therefore more rarely attained ; and the non-attainment of it is, as I have said, the source of our vanity. Hence the poetic clan are more obnoxious to vanity than others. And from vanity consequentially flows that great sensibility of disrespect, that quick resentment, that tinder of the mind that kindles at every spark, and justly marks them out for the

¹ See Ocean, page 326.

genus irritable among mankind. And from this combustible temper, this serious anger for no very serious things, things looked on by most as foreign to the important points of life, as consequentially flows that inheritance of ridicule, which devolves on them, from generation to generation. As soon as they become authors, they become like Ben Jonson's angry boy, and learn the art of quarrel.

Concordes animæ—dum nocte prementur ;
 Heu ! quantum inter se bellum, si lumina vitæ
 Attigerint, quantas acies stragemque ciebunt !
 Qui Juvenes ! quantas ostentant, aspice, vireæ.
 Ne, pueri ! ne tanta animis assuescite bella.
 Tuque prior, tu parce, genus qui ducis Olympo,
 Sidereo flagrans clypeo, et cœlestibus armis,
 Projice tela manu, sanguis meus !
 Nec te ullæ facies, non terruit ipse Typhœus
 Arduus, arma tenens ; non te Messapus et Ufens,
 Contemtorque Deûm Mezentius. VIRO.

But to return. He that has this idea of perfection in the work he undertakes, however successful he is, will yet be modest ; because to rise up to that idea, which he proposed for his model, is almost, if not absolutely, impossible.

These two observations account for what may seem as strange, as it is infallibly true ; I mean, they show us why good writers have the lowest, and bad writers the highest, opinion of their own performances. They who have only a partial idea of this perfection, as their portion of ignorance or knowledge of it is greater or less, have proportionable degrees of modesty or conceit.

Nor, though natural good understanding makes a tolerably just judgment in things of this nature, will the reader judge the worse, for forming to himself a notion of what he ought to expect from the piece he has in hand, before he begins his perusal of it.

The Ode, as it is the eldest kind of poetry, so it is more spiritous, and more remote from prose than any other, in sense, sound, expression, and conduct. Its thoughts should be uncommon, sublime, and moral ; its numbers full, easy, and most harmonious ; its expression pure, strong, delicate, yet unaffected ; and of a curious felicity beyond other poems ; its conduct should be rapturous, somewhat abrupt, and immethodical to a vulgar eye. That apparent order, and connection, which gives form and life to some compositions, takes away the very soul of this. Fire, elevation, and

select thought are indispensable; an humble, tame, and vulgar ode is the most pitiful error a pen can commit.

Musa dedit fidibus divos, puerosque deorum.

And as its subjects are sublime, its writer's genius should be so too; otherwise it becomes the meanest thing in writing, viz., an involuntary burlesque.

It is the genuine character, and true merit of the ode, a little to startle some apprehensions. Men of cold complexions are very apt to mistake a want of vigour in their imaginations, for a delicacy of taste in their judgments; and, like persons of a tender sight, they look on bright objects, in their natural lustre, as too glaring; what is most delightful to a stronger eye, is painful to them. Thus Pindar, who has as much logic at the bottom as Aristotle or Euclid, to some critics has appeared as mad; and must appear so to all who enjoy no portion of his own divine spirit. Dwarf understandings, measuring others by their own standard, are apt to think they see a monster, when they see a man.

And indeed it seems to be the amends which nature makes to those whom she has not blessed with an elevation of mind, to indulge them in the comfortable mistake, that all is wrong, which falls not within the narrow limits of their own comprehensions and relish.

Judgment, indeed, that masculine power of the mind, in ode, as in all compositions, should bear the supreme sway; and a beautiful imagination, as its mistress, should be subdued to its dominion. Hence, and hence only, can proceed the fairest offspring of the human mind.

But then in ode, there is this difference from other kinds of poetry; that, there, the imagination, like a very beautiful mistress, is indulged in the appearance of domineering; though the judgment, like an artful lover, in reality carries its point; and the less it is suspected of it, it shows the more masterly conduct, and deserves the greater commendation.

It holds true in this province of writing, as in war, "The more danger, the more honour." It must be very enterprising; it must, in Shakespeare's style, have hair-breadth 'scapes; and often tread the very brink of error: nor can it ever deserve the applause of the real judge, unless it renders itself obnoxious to the misapprehensions of the contrary.

Such is Casimire's strain among the moderns, whose

lively wit, and happy fire, is an honour to them. And Buchanan might justly be much admired, if anything more than the sweetness of his numbers, and the purity of his diction, were his own : his original, from which I have taken my motto,¹ through all the disadvantages of a northern prose translation, is still admirable ; and, Cowley says, as preferable in beauty to Buchanan, as Judæa is to Scotland.

Pindar, Anacreon, Sappho, and Horace, are the great masters of lyric poetry among Heathen writers. Pindar's Muse, like Sacharissa, is a stately, imperious, and accomplished beauty ; equally disdaining the use of art, and the fear of any rival ; so intoxicating that it was the highest commendation that could be given an ancient, that he was not afraid to taste of her charms ;

Pindariæ fontis qui non expalluit haustus ;

a danger which Horace declares he durst not run.

Anacreon's Muse is like Amoret, most sweet, natural, and delicate ; all over flowers, graces, and charms ; inspiring complacency, not awe ; and she seems to have good nature enough to admit a rival, whom she cannot find.

Sappho's Muse, like Lady —, is passionately tender, and glowing ; like oil set on fire, she is soft, and warm, in excess. Sappho has left us a few fragments only ; time has swallowed the rest ; but that little which remains, like the remaining jewel of Cleopatra, after the other was dissolved at her banquet, may be esteemed (as was that jewel) a sufficient ornament for the goddess of beauty herself.

Horace's Muse (like one I shall not presume to name) is correct, solid, and moral ; she joins all the sweetness and majesty, all the sense and the fire of the former, in the justest proportions and degrees ; superadding a felicity of dress entirely her own. She, moreover, is distinguishable by this particularity, that she abounds in hidden graces and secret charms, which none but the discerning can discover ; nor are any capable of doing full justice, in their opinion, to her excellences, without giving the world, at the same time, an incontestable proof of refinement in their own understandings.

But, after all, to the honour of our own country I must

¹ Motto prefixed to *Ocean*, p. 335.

add, that I think Mr Dryden's Ode on St Cecilia's Day inferior to no composition of this kind. Its chief beauty consists in adapting the numbers most happily to the variety of the occasion. Those by which he has chosen to express majesty, viz.,

Assumes the God,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres,

are chosen in the following ode, because the subject of it is great.

For the more harmony likewise, I chose the frequent return of rhyme; which laid me under great difficulties. But difficulties overcome give grace and pleasure. Nor can I account for the pleasure of rhyme in general (of which the moderns are too fond) but from this truth.

But then the writer must take care that the difficulty is overcome. That is, he must make rhyme consistent with as perfect sense, and expression, as could be expected if he was free from that shackle. Otherwise, it gives neither grace to the work, nor pleasure to the reader, nor, consequently, reputation to the poet.

To sum the whole: ode should be peculiar, but not strained; moral, but not flat; natural, but not obvious; delicate, but not affected; noble, but not ambitious; full, but not obscure; fiery, but not mad; thick, but not loaded in its numbers, which should be most harmonious, without the least sacrifice of expression, or of sense. Above all, in this, as in every work of genius, somewhat of an original spirit should be, at least, attempted; otherwise the poet, whose character disclaims mediocrity, makes a secondary praise his ultimate ambition; which has something of a contradiction in it. Originals only have true life, and differ as much from the best imitations, as men from the most animated pictures of them. Nor is what I say at all inconsistent with a due deference for the great standards of antiquity; nay, that very deference is an argument for it, for doubtless their example is on my side in this matter. And we should rather imitate their example in the general motives, and fundamental methods of their working, than in their works themselves. This is a distinction, I think, not hitherto made, and a distinction of consequence. For the first may make us their equals; the second must pronounce us their inferiors even in our utmost success. But

the first of these prizes is not so readily taken by the moderns; as valuables too massy for easy carriage are not so liable to the thief.

The ancients had a particular regard to the choice of their subjects; which were generally national and great. My subject is, in its own nature, noble; most proper for an Englishman; never more proper than on this occasion; and (what is strange) hitherto unsung.

If I stand not absolutely condemned by my own rules; if I have hit the spirit of ode in general; if I cannot think with Mr Cowley, that "Music alone, sometimes, makes an excellent ode;"

Versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ;

if there is any thought, enthusiasm, and picture, which are as the body, soul, and robe of poetry; in a word, if in any degree I have provided rather food for men, than air for wits; I hope smaller faults will meet indulgence for the sake of the design, which is the glory of my country and my king.

And indeed, this may be said, in general, that great subjects are above being nice; that dignity and spirit ever suffer from scrupulous exactness; and that the minuter cares effeminate a composition. Great masters of poetry, painting, and statuary, in their nobler works, have even affected the contrary: and justly; for a truly masculine air partakes more of the negligent, than of the neat, both in writings, and in life—

Grandis oratio haberet majestatis suæ pondus.—PETRON.

A poem, like a criminal, under too severe correction, may lose all its spirit, and expire. We know it was Faberrimus, that was such an artist at a hair or a nail. And we know the cause was

Quia ponere totum
Nescius.

HOR.

To close: if a piece of this nature wants an apology, I must own, that those who have strength of mind sufficient profitably to devote the whole of their time to the severer studies, I despair of imitating, I can only envy and admire. The mind is relieved and strengthened by variety; and he that sometimes is sporting with his pen, is only taking the most effectual means of giving a general importance to it.

This truth is clear from the knowledge of human nature, and of history ; from which I could cite very celebrated instances, did I not fear that, by citing them, I should condemn myself, who am so little qualified to follow their example in its full extent.

OCEAN : AN ODE.

Let the sea make a noise, let the floods clap their hands.

PSALM XCIII.

SWEET rural scene !
Of flocks and green !
At careless ease my limbs are spread ;
All nature still,
But yonder rill ;
And list'ning pines nod o'er my head :

In prospect wide,
The boundless tide !
Waves cease to foam, and winds to roar ;
Without a breeze,
The curling seas
Dance on, in measure to the shore.

Who sings the source
Of wealth and force ?
Vast field of commerce, and big war,
Where wonders dwell !
Where terrors swell !
And Neptune thunders from his car ?

Where ? where are they,
Whom Pæan's ray
Has touch'd, and bid divinely rave ?——
What ! none aspire ?
I snatch the lyre,
And plunge into the foaming wave.

The wave resounds !
The rock rebounds !
The Nereids to my song reply !
I lead the choir,
And they conspire,
With voice and shell, to lift it high.

They spread in air
Their bosoms fair,
Their verdant tresses pour behind :
The billows beat
With nimble feet,
With notes triumphant swell the wind.

Who love the shore,
Let those adore
The god Apollo, and his Nine,
Parnassus' hill,
And Orpheus' skill ;
But let Arion's harp be mine.

The main ! the main !
Is Britain's reign ;
Her strength, her glory, is her fleet :
The main ! the main !
Be Britain's strain ;
As Tritons strong, as Syrens sweet.

Through nature wide
Is nought descried
So rich in pleasure or surprise ;
When all-serene,
How sweet the scene !
How dreadful, when the billows rise ;

And storms deface
The fluid glass,
In which ere while Britannia fair
Look'd down with pride,
Like Ocean's bride,
Adjusting her majestic air !

When tempests cease,
And, hush'd in peace,
The flatten'd surges smoothly spread,
Deep silence keep,
And seem to sleep
Recumbent on their oozy bed ;

With what a trance,
The level glance,
Unbroken, shoots along the seas !

Which tempt from shore
The painted oar ;
And every canvas courts the breeze !
When rushes forth
The frowning north
On black'ning billows, with what dread
My shuddering soul
Beholds them roll,
And hears their roarings o'er my head !

With terror mark
Yon flying bark !
Now centre-deep descend the brave ;
Now, toss'd on high,
It takes the sky,
A feather on the tow'ring wave !

Now spins around
In whirls profound :
Now whelm'd ; now pendant near the clouds ;
Now stunn'd, it reels
Midst thunder's peals :
And now fierce lightning fires the shrouds.

All ether burns !
Chaos returns !
And blends, once more, the seas and skies :
No space between
Thy bosom green,
O deep ! and the blue concave, lies.

The northern blast,
The shatter'd mast,
The syrt, the whirlpool, and the rock,
The breaking spout,
The stars gone out,
The boiling streight, the monster's shock,
Let others fear ;
To Britain dear
Whate'er promotes her daring claim ;
Those terrors charm,
Which keep her warm
In chase of honest gain, or fame.

The stars are bright
To cheer the night,

And shed, through shadows, temper'd fire ;
And Phœbus' flames,
With burnish'd beams,
Which some adore, and all admire.

Are then the seas
Outshone by these ?
Bright Thetis ! thou art not outshone ;
With kinder beams,
And softer gleams,
Thy bosom wears them as thy own.

There, set in green,
Gold stars are seen,
A mantle rich ! thy charms to wrap ;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

Those clouds, whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver snow, that pearly rain,
Has Phœbus stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of the invaded main !

The gaudy bow,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To Phœbus' ray,
Which paints so gay
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor !
The pearl, in rows,
Pale lustre throws ;
The wealth immense, which storms devour.

From Indian mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore ;
The tempests rise,
And seize the prize,
And toss him breathless on the shore.

His son complains
In pious strains,
“ Ah, cruel thirst of gold !” he cries ;
Then ploughs the main,
In zeal for gain,
The tears yet swelling in his eyes.
Thou wat’ry vast !
What mounds are cast
To bar thy dreadful flowings o’er !
Thy proudest foam
Must know its home ;
But rage of gold disdains a shore.
Gold pleasure buys ;
But pleasure dies,
Too soon the gross fruition cloy ;
Though raptures court,
The sense is short ;
But virtue kindles living joys ;
Joys felt alone !
Joys ask’d of none !
Which time’s and fortune’s arrows miss :
Joys that subsist,
Though fates resist,
An unprecious, endless bliss !
The soul refined
Is most inclined
To every moral excellence ;
All vice is dull,
A knave’s a fool ;
And virtue is the child of sense.
The virtuous mind,
Nor wave, nor wind,
Nor civil rage, nor tyrant’s frown,
The shaken ball,
Nor planet’s fall,
From its firm basis can dethrone.
This Britain knows,
And therefore glows
With gen’rous passions, and expends
Her wealth and zeal
On public weal,
And brightens both by god-like ends.

What end so great
As that which late
Awoke the genius of the main ;
Which tow'ring rose
With George to close,
And rival great Eliza's reign ?

A voice has flown
From Britain's throne
To re-inflame a grand design ;
That voice shall rear
Yon fabric fair,¹
As nature's rose at the divine.

When nature sprung,
Bless'd angels sung,
And shouted o'er the rising ball ;
For strains as high
As man's can fly,
These sea-devoted honours call.

From boist'rous seas
The lap of ease
Receives our wounded, and our old ;
High domes ascend !
Stretch'd arches bend !
Proud columns swell ! wide gates unfold !

Here, soft reclined,
From wave, from wind,
And fortune's tempest safe ashore,
To cheat their care,
Of former war
They talk the pleasing shadows o'er.

In lengthen'd tales,
Our fleet prevails ;
In tales the lenitives of age !
And o'er the bowl,
They fire the soul
Of list'ning youth, to martial rage.

Unhappy they !
And falsely gay !
Who bask for ever in success ;

¹ A new fund for Greenwich hospital, recommended from the throne.

A constant feast
Quite palls the taste,
And long enjoyment is distress.
When, after toil,
His native soil
The panting mariner regains,
What transport flows
From bare repose !
We reap our pleasure from our pains.

Ye warlike slain !
Beneath the main,
Wrapp'd in a wat'ry winding sheet ;
Who bought with blood
Your country's good,
Your country's full-blown glory greet.

What powerful charm
Can death disarm ?
Your long, your iron slumbers break ?
By Jove, by Fame,
By George's name,
Awake ! awake ! awake ! awake !

With spiral shell,
Full blasted, tell,
That all your wat'ry realms should ring ;
Your pearl alcoves,
Your coral groves,
Should echo theirs, and Britain's king.

As long as stars
Guide mariners,
As Carolina's virtues please,
Or suns invite
The ravish'd sight,
The British flag shall sweep the seas.

Peculiar both !
Our soil's strong growth,
And our bold natives' hardy mind ;
Sure heaven bespoke
Our hearts and oak,
To give a master to mankind.

That noblest birth
Of teeming earth,

Of forests fair, that daughter proud,
To foreign coasts
Our grandeur boasts,
And Britain's pleasure speaks aloud :

Now big with war,
Sends fate from far,
If rebel realms their fate demand ;
Now, sumptuous spoils
Of foreign soils
Pours in the bosom of our land.

Hence Britain lays
In scales, and weighs
The fate of kingdoms, and of kings ;
And as she frowns,
Or smiles, on crowns
A night, or day of glory, springs.

Thus ocean swells
The streams and rills,
And to their borders lifts them high ;
Or else withdraws
The mighty cause,
And leaves their famish'd channels dry.

How mix'd, how frail,
How sure to fail,
Is every pleasure of mankind !
A damp destroys
My blooming joys,
While Britain's glory fires my mind.

For who can gaze
On restless seas,
Unstruck with life's more restless state ?
Where all are toss'd,
And most are lost,
By tides of passion, blasts of fate ?

The world's the main,
How vex'd ! how vain !
Ambition swells, and anger foams ;
May good men find,
Beneath the wind,
A noiseless shore, unruffled homes !

The public scene
Of harden'd men
Teach me, O teach me to despise !
The world few know
But to their woe,
Our crimes with our experience rise ;

All tender sense
Is banish'd thence,
All maiden nature's first alarms
What shock'd before
Disgust no more,
And what disgusted has its charms.

In landscapes green
True bliss is seen,
With innocence, in shades, she sports ;
In wealthy towns
Proud labour frowns,
And painted sorrow smiles in courts.

These scenes untried
Seduced my pride,
To fortune's arrows bared my breast ;
Till wisdom came,
A hoary dame !
And told me pleasure was in rest.

" O may I steal
Along the vale
Of humble life, secure from foes !
My friend sincere !
My judgment clear !
And gentle business my repose !

" My mind be strong
To combat wrong !
Grateful, O king ! for favours shown !
Soft to complain
For others' pain !
And bold to triumph o'er my own !

" (When fortune's kind)
Acute to find,
And warm to relish every boon !
And wise to still
Fantastic ill,
Whose frightful spectres stalk at noon !

“No fruitless toils !
No brainless broils !
Each moment levell'd at the mark !
Our day so short
Invites to sport ;
Be sad and solemn when 'tis dark.
“Yet, prudence, still
Rein thou my will !
What's most important, make most dear !
For 'tis in this
Resides true bliss ;
True bliss, a deity severe !

“When temper leans
To gayer scenes,
And serious life void moments spares,
The sylvan chase
My sinews brace !
Or song unbend my mind from cares !

“Nor shun, my soul !
The genial bowl ;
Where mirth, good nature, spirit, flow !
Ingredients these,
Above, to please
The laughing gods, the wise, below.

“Though rich the vine,
More wit than wine,
More sense than wit, good-will than art,
May I provide !
Fair truth, my pride !
My joy, the converse of the heart !

“The gloomy brow,
The broken vow,
To distant climes, ye gods ! remove !
The nobly soul'd
Their commerce hold
With words of truth and looks of love !

“O glorious aim !
O wealth supreme !
Divine benevolence of soul !
That greatly glows,
And freely flows,
And in one blessing grasps the whole ;

“ Prophetic schemes,
And golden dreams,
May I, unsanguine, cast away !
Have, what I have !
And live, not leave,
Enamour'd of the present day !

“ My hours my own !
My faults unknown !
My chief revenue in content !
Then, leave one beam
Of honest fame !
And scorn the labour'd monument !

“ Unhurt my urn !
Till that great turn
When mighty nature's self shall die !
Time cease to glide,
With human pride,
Sunk in the ocean of eternity.”

IMPERIUM PELAGI: A NAVAL LYRIC.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF PINDAR'S SPIRIT.

OCCASIONED BY HIS MAJESTY'S RETURN, SEPTEMBER 10TH, 1729, AND THE
SUCCEEDING PEACE.¹

Monte decurrens velut amnis, imbres
 Quem super notas alvere ripas,
 Fervet, immensusque ruit profundo.—PINDARUS.
 Concines lætosque dies, et urbis
 Publicum ludum, super impetrato
 Fortis Augusti reditu.—HORATI, *Carm. Lib. iv. Od. ii. 41.*

PREFACE.

A PINDARIC carries a formidable sound; but there is nothing formidable in the true nature of it, of which (with utmost submission) I conceive the critics have hitherto entertained a false idea. Pindar is as natural as Anacreon, though not so familiar; as a fixed star is as much in the bounds of nature as a flower of the field, though less obvious and of greater dignity. This is not the received notion of Pindar; I shall therefore soon support at large that hint which is now given.

Trade is a very noble subject in itself, more proper than any for an Englishman, and particularly seasonable at this uncture.

We have more specimens of good writing in every province than in the sublime; our two famous epic poems excepted. I was willing to make an attempt where I had fewest rivals.

If, on reading this Ode, any man has a fuller idea of the real interest or possible glory of his country than before, or a stronger impression from it, or a warmer concern for it, I give up to the critic any further reputation.

We have many copies and translations that pass for originals. This Ode, I humbly conceive, is an original, though it professes imitation. No man can be like Pindar by imitating any of his particular works, any more than like Raphael by copying the Cartoons. The genius and spirit of such great men must be collected from the whole; and when thus we are possessed of it, we must exert its energy

¹ Commonly called "The Treaty of Seville," concluded December 9th, 1729, between the crowns of Great Britain, France, Spain, and the United Provinces.

in subjects and designs of our own. Nothing is so unpindarical as following Pindar on the foot. Pindar is an original; and *he* must be so, too, who would be like Pindar in that which is his greatest praise. Nothing so unlike as a close copy and a noble original.

As for length, Pindar has an unbroken Ode of six hundred lines. Nothing is long or short in writing but relatively to the demand of the subject and the manner of treating it. A distich may be *long*, and a folio *short*. However, I have broken this Ode into Strains, each of which may be considered as a separate Ode, if you please. And, if the variety and fulness of matter be considered, I am rather apprehensive of danger from brevity in this Ode than from length. But lank writing is what I think ought most to be declined,—if for nothing else, for our plenty of it.

The Ode is the most spirited kind of poetry, and the Pindaric is the most spirited kind of Ode: this I speak at my own very great peril; but truth has an eternal title to our confession, though we are sure to suffer by it.

1729.

THE MERCHANT.

ODE THE FIRST.

ON THE BRITISH TRADE AND NAVIGATION.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF CHANDOS.

Πλατεῖται πάντοθεν λογίοι-

σιν ἐντὶ πρόσοδοι

νᾶσον εὐκλέα τάν-

δε κοσμεῖν.—PINDAR, *Nemea*, Od. vi. 75.

PRELUDE.

The proposition.—An address to the vessel that brought over the king.
—Who should sing on this occasion.—A Pindaric boast.

FAST by the surge my limbs are spread ;
The naval oak nods o'er my head :
The winds are loud ; the waves tumultuous roll.
Ye winds ! indulge your rage no more ;
Ye sounding billows ! cease to roar :
The god descends, and transports warm my soul.
The waves are hush'd ; the winds are spent :—
This kingdom, from the kingdoms rent,

I celebrate in song.—Famed isle ! no less
By Nature's favour from mankind,
Then by the foaming sea, disjoin'd ;
Alone in bliss, an isle in happiness !

Though Fate and Time have damp'd my strains,
Though youth no longer fires my veins,
Though slow their streams in this cold climate run,
The royal eye dispels my cares,
Recalls the warmth of blooming years ;
Returning George supplies the distant sun.

Away, my soul ! salute the " Pine"¹
That glads the heart of Caroline,
Its grand deposit faithful to restore ;
Salute the bark that ne'er shall hold
So rich a freight in gems or gold,
And, loaded from both Indies, would be poor.

My soul ! to thee she spreads her sails :
Their bosoms fill with sacred gales,
With inspiration from the godhead warm ;
Now bound for an eternal clime,
Oh ! send her down the tide of Time,
Snatch'd from oblivion, and secure from storm.

Or teach this flag like that to soar
Which gods of old and heroes bore ;
Bid her a British constellation rise—
The sea she scorns, and now shall bound
On lofty billows of sweet sound ;
I am her pilot, and her port the skies.

Dare you to sing, ye tinkling train ?
Silence, ye wretched, ye profane,
Who shackle prose, and boast of absent gods ;
Who murder thought, and numbers maim ;
Who write Plindarics cold and lame,
And labour stiff Anacreontic Odes !

Ye lawful sons of genius, rise,
Of genuine title to the skies !
Ye founts of learning, and ye mints of fame !
You who file off the mortal part
Of glowing thought with Attic art,
And drink pure song from Can's or Isis' stream.

¹ The vessel that brought over the king.

I glow, I burn ! The numbers pure,
 High-flavour'd, delicate, mature,
 Spontaneous stream from my unlabour'd breast ;
 As, when full-ripen'd teems the vine,
 The generous bursts of willing wine
 Distil nectareous from the grape unpress'd.

STRAIN THE FIRST.

THE ARGUMENT.

How the king attended.—A prospect of happiness.—Industry. A surprising instance of it in Old Rome.—The mischief of sloth.—What happiness is. Sloth its greatest enemy.—Trade natural to Britain. Trade invoked: described.—What the greatest human excellence.—The praise of wealth. Its use, abuse, end.—The variety of nature. The final moral cause of it.—The benefit of man's necessities.—Britain's naval stores. She makes all nature serviceable to her ends.—Of reason. Its excellence. How we should form our estimate of things.—Reason's difficult task. Why the first glory hers. Her effects in Old Britain.

“OUR monarch comes ! nor comes alone !”

What shining forms surround his throne,
 O Sun, as planets thee !—To my loud strain
 See Peace, by Wisdom led, advance ;
 The Grace, the Muse, the Season, dance ;
 And Plenty spreads behind her flowing train !

“Our monarch comes ! nor comes alone !”

New glories kindle round his throne ;
 The visions rise ; I triumph as I gaze :
 By Pindar led, I turn'd of late
 The volume dark, the folds of Fate,
 And now am present to the future blaze.

By George and Jove it is decreed,
 The mighty months in pomp proceed,
 Fair daughters of the sun.—O thou Divine,
 Bless'd Industry ! a smiling earth
 From thee alone derives its birth :
 By thee the ploughshare and its master shine.

From thee mast, cable, anchor, oar,
 From thee the cannon and his roar ;
 On oaks nursed, rear'd by thee, wealth, empire grows :
 Of golden fruit ! oak well might prove
 The sacred tree, the tree of Jove ;
 All Jove can give, the naval oak bestows.

What cannot Industry complete ?
When Punic war first flamed, the great,
Bold, active, ardent Roman fathers meet :
“ Fell all your groves ! ” a Flamen cries ;
As soon they fall, as soon they rise ;
One moon a forest, and the next a fleet.

Is sloth indulgence ? 'Tis a toil ;
Enervates man, and damns the soil ;
Defeats creation, plunges in distress,
Cankers our being, all devours.
A full exertion of our powers,—
Thence, and thence only, glows our happiness.

The stream may stagnate, yet be clear ;
The sun suspend his swift career,
Yet healthy Nature feel her wonted force ;
Ere man, his active springs resign'd,
Can rust in body and in mind,
Yet taste of bliss, of which he chokes the source.

Where, Industry, thy daughter fair ?
Recall her to her native air :
Here was Trade born, here bred, here flourish'd long ;
And ever shall she flourish here.
What, though she languish'd ? 'twas but fear :
She's sound of heart, her constitution strong.

Wake, sting her up !—Trade ! lean no more
On thy fix'd anchor ; push from shore :
Earth lies before thee ; every climate court.
And see, she's roused, absolved from fears,
Her brow in cloudless azure rears,
Spreads all her sail, and opens every port.

See, cherish'd by her sister, Peace,
She levies gain on every place,
Religion, habit, custom, tongue, and name.
Again she travels with the sun,
Again she draws a golden zone
Round earth and main,—bright zone of wealth and fame !

Ten thousand active hands—that hung
In shameful sloth, with nerves unstrung,
The nation's languid load—defy the storms,
The sheets unfurl, and anchors weigh,
The long-moor'd vessel wing to sea ;
Worlds, worlds salute, and peopled ocean swarms.

His sons, Po, Ganges, Danube, Nile,
Their sedgy foreheads lift, and smile ;
Their urns inverted prodigally pour
Streams charged with wealth, and vow to buy
Britannia for their great ally
With climes paid down : what can the gods do more ?
Cold Russia costly furs from far,
Hot China sends her painted jar,
France generous wines to crown it : Arab sweet
With gales of incense swells our sails ;
Nor distant Ind our merchant fails,
Her richest ore the ballast of our fleet.
Luxuriant isle ! what tide that flows,
Or stream that glides, or wind that blows,
Or genial sun that shines, or shower that pours,
But flows, glides, breathes, shines, pours for thee ?
How every heart dilates to see
Each land's each season blending on thy shores !
All these one British harvest make !
The servant Ocean for thy sake
Both sinks and swells : his arms thy bosom wrap,
And fondly give, in boundless dower
To mighty George's growing power,
The wafted world into thy loaded lap.
Commerce brings riches ; riches crown
Fair Virtue with the first renown.
A large revenue, and a large expense,
When hearts for others' welfare glow,
And spend as free as gods bestow,
Gives the full bloom to mortal excellence.
Glow, then, my breast ; abound my store !
This, and this boldly, I implore ;
Their want and apathy let stoics boast.
Passions and riches, good or ill,
As used by man, demand our skill ;
All blessings wound us, when discretion's lost.
Wealth, in the virtuous and the wise,
'Tis vice and folly to despise :
Let those in praise of poverty refine
Whose heads or hearts pervert its use,
The narrow-soul'd or the profuse :
The truly great find morals in the mine.

Happy the man, who, large of heart,
Has learnt the rare, illustrious art
Of being rich : stores starve us, or they cloy,
From gold, if more than chemic skill
Extract not what is brighter still,
'Tis hard to gain, much harder to enjoy.

Plenty's a means, and joy her end :
Exalted minds their joys extend :
A Chandos shines, when others' joys are done ;
As lofty turrets, by their height,
When humbler scenes resign their light,
Retain the rays of the declining sun.

Pregnant with blessings, Britain ! swear,
No sordid son of thine shall dare
Offend the Donor of thy wealth and peace,
Who now his whole creation drains,
To pour into thy tumid veins
That blood of nations,—Commerce and Increase.

How various Nature ! Turgid grain
Here nodding floats the golden plain ;
There worms weave silken webs ; here glowing vines
Lay forth their purple to the sun ;
Beneath the soil there harvests run,
And king's revenues ripen in the mines.

What's various nature ? Art Divine,
Man's soul to soften and refine :
Heaven different growths to different lands imparts,
That all may stand in need of all,
And interest draw around the ball
A net to catch and join all human hearts.

Thus has the great Creator's pen
His law supreme to mortal men
In their necessities distinctly writ :
Even Appetite supplies the place
Of absent Virtue, absent Grace ;
And human Want performs for human Wit.

Vast naval ensigns strew'd around
The wondering foreigner confound !
How stands the deep-awed continent aghast,
As her proud sceptred sons survey,
At every port, on every quay,
Huge mountains rise of cable, anchor, mast !

The unwieldy tun, the ponderous bale !—
Each prince his own clime set to sale
Sees here, by subjects of a British king.
How earth's abridged ! All nations range
A narrow spot,—our throng'd Exchange ;
And send the streams of plenty from their spring.

Nor Earth alone, all Nature bends
In aid to Britain's glorious ends.
Toils she in trade or bleeds in honest wars ?
Her keel each yielding sea enthralls,
Each willing wind her canvas calls,
Her pilot into service 'lists the stars.
In size confined, and humbly made,
What, though we creep beneath the shade,
And seem as emmets on this point, the ball ?
Heaven lighted up the human soul,
Heaven bid its rays transpierce the whole,
And giving godlike Reason, gave us all.

Thou golden chain 'twixt God and men,
Bless'd Reason ! guide my life and pen :
All ills, like ghosts, fly trembling at thy light.
Who thee obeys, reigns over all ;
Smiles, though the stars around him fall :
A God is nought but Reason Infinite.

The man of Reason is a God
Who scorns to stoop to Fortune's nod ;
Sole agent he beneath the shining sphere.
Others are passive, are impell'd,
Are frighten'd, flatter'd, sunk, or swell'd,
As Accident is pleased to domineer.

Our hopes and fears are much to blame :
Shall monarchs awe, or crowns inflame ?
From gross mistake our idle tumult springs.
Those men the silly world disarm,
Elude the dart, dissolve the charm,
Who know the slender worth of men and things.

The present object, present day,
Are idle phantoms, and away ;
What's lasting only does exist. Know this,—
Life, fame, friends, freedom, empire, all,
Peace, commerce, freedom, nobly fall
To launch us on the flood of endless bliss.

How foreign these, though most in view !
 Go, look your whole existence through ;
 Thence form your rule ; thence fix your estimate ;
 For so the gods. But, as the gains,
 How great the toil ! 'Twill cost more pains
 To vanquish folly than reduce a state.

Hence, Reason, the first palm is thine :
 Old Britain learn'd from thee to shine.
 By thee Trade's swarming throng, gay Freedom's smile,
 Armies,—in war, of fatal frown ;
 Of Peace the pride,—Arts flowing down,
 Enrich, exalt, defend, instruct our isle.

STRAIN THE SECOND.

THE ARGUMENT.

Arts from commerce. Why Britons should pursue it.—What wealth includes.—An historical digression, which kind is most frequent in Pindar. The wealth and wonderful glory of Tyre. The approach of her ruin. The cause of it. Her crimes through all ranks and orders. Her miserable fall. The neighbouring kings' just reflection on it. An awful image of the Divine power and vengeance. From what Tyre fell, and how deep her calamity.

COMMERCE gives Arts, as well as gain :
 By Commerce wafted o'er the main,
 They barbarous climes enlighten as they run.
 Arts, the rich traffic of the soul,
 May travel thus from pole to pole,
 And gild the world with Learning's brighter sun.

Commerce gives learning, virtue, gold :
 Ply Commerce, then, ye Britons bold,
 Inured to winds and seas ; lest gods repent,
 The gods that throned you in the wave,
 And, as the trident's emblem, gave
 A triple realm, that awes the continent ;
 And awes with wealth ; for wealth is power :
 When Jove descends a golden shower,
 'Tis navies, armies, empire, all in one.—
 View, emulate, outshine old Tyre,
 In scarlet robed, with gems on fire,
 Her merchants princes, every deck a throne.
 She sate an empress, awed the flood,
 Her stable column, ocean trod ;

She call'd the nations, and she call'd the seas ;
By both obey'd : the Syrian sings ;
The Cyprian's art her viol strings ;
Togarmah's steed along her valley neighs.

The fir of Senír makes her floor,
And Bashan's oak, transform'd, her oar ;
High Lebanon, her mast ; far Dedan warms
Her mantled host ; Arabia feeds ;
Her sail of purple Egypt spreads ;
Arvad sends mariners ; the Persian, arms.

The world's last limit bounds her fame ;
" The Golden City " was her name !
Those stars on earth, the topaz, onyx, blaze
Beneath her foot. Extent of coast,
And rich as Nile's, let others boast ;
Hers the far nobler harvest of the seas.

O merchant-land, as Eden fair !
Ancient of empires ! Nature's care !
The strength of ocean ! head of Plenty's springs !
The pride of isles ! in wars revered !
Mother of crafts ! loved, courted, fear'd !
Pilot of kingdoms, and support of kings !

Great mart of nations !—But she fell :
Her pamper'd sons revolt, rebel ;
Against his favourite isle loud roars the main ;
The tempest howls : her sculptured dome,
Soon the wolf's refuge, dragon's home ;
The land one altar,—a whole people slain !

The destined Day puts on her frown ;
The sable Hour is coming down ;
She's on her march from yon almighty throne :
The sword and storm are in her hand ;
She trumpets shrill her dread command :
" Dark be the *light* of earth, the *boast* unknown !

For, oh ! her sins, as red as blood,
As crimson deep, outcry the flood ;
The Queen of Trade is *bought* ! Once wise and just,
Now venal is her council's tongue :
How riot, violence, and wrong
Turn gold to dross, her blossom into dust !

To things inglorious, far beneath
Those high-born souls they proudly breathe,
Her sordid noble sinks, her mighty bow !
Is it for this the groves around
Return the tabret's sprightly sound ?
Is it for this her great ones toss the brow ?

What burning feuds 'twixt brothers reign !
To nuptials cold, how glows the vein,
Confounding kindred, and misleading right !
The spurious lord it o'er the land ;
Bold blasphemy dares make a stand,
Assault the sky, and brandish all her might.

Tyre's artisan, sweet orator,
Her merchant, sage, big man of war,
Her judge, her prophet, nay, her hoary heads,
Whose brows with wisdom should be crown'd,
Her very priests, in guilt abound :
Hence the world's cedar all her honours sheds.

What dearth of truth ! what thirst of gold !
Chiefs warm in peace, in battle cold !
What youth unletter'd ! base ones lifted high !
What public boasts ! what private views !
What desert temples, crowded stews !
What women !—practised but to roll an eye !

O foul of heart ! her fairest dames
Decline the sun's intruding beams,
To mad the midnight in their gloomy haunts.
Alas ! there is who sees them there ;
There is who flatters not the fair,
When cymbals tinkle, and the virgin chants.

He sees, and thunders !—Now in vain
The courser paws, and foams the rein ;
And chariots stream along the printed soil :
In vain her high presumptuous air,
In gorgeous vestments rich and rare,
O'er her proud shoulder throws the poor man's toil.

In robes or gems, her costly stain,
Green, scarlet, azure, shine in vain ;
In vain their golden heads their turrets rear :
In vain high-flavour'd foreign fruits,
Sidonian oils, and Lydian lutes,
Glide o'er her tongue, and melt upon her ear.

In vain wines flow in various streams ;
With helm and spear each pillar gleams ;
Damascus vain unfolds the glossy store ;
The golden wedge from Ophir's coasts,
From Arab incense, vain she boasts ;
Vain are her gods, and vainly men adore.
Bel falls, the mighty Nebo bends !
The nations hiss ; her glory ends !
To ships, her confidence, she flies from foes.
Foes meet her there : the wind, the wave,
That once aid, strength, and grandeur gave,
Plunge her in seas, from which her glory rose.
Her ivory deck, embroider'd sail,
And mast of cedar nought avail,
Or pilot learn'd. She sinks ; nor sinks alone ;
Her gods sink with her ! To the sky,
Which never more shall meet her eye,
She sends her soul out in one dreadful groan.
What, though so vast her naval might,
In her first dawn'd the British right,—
All, flags abased, her sea dominion greet ?
What, though she longer warr'd than Troy ?
At length her foes that isle destroy,
Whose conquest sail'd as far as sail'd her fleet.
The kings she clothed in purple shake
Their awful brows : " O foul mistake !
O fatal pride ! " they cry : " This, this is she
Who said, ' With my own art and arm
In the world's wealth I wrap me warm ; '
And swell'd at heart, vain empress of the sea !
" This, this is she who meanly soar'd,
Alas, how low ! to be adored,
And style herself a god !—Through stormy wars
This eagle-isle her thunder bore,
High fed her young with human gore,
And would have built her nest among the stars.
" But ah, frail man, how impotent
To stand Heaven's vengeance or prevent,
To turn aside the great Creator's aim !
Shall island-kings with Him contend,
Who makes the poles beneath Him bend,
And shall drink up the sea herself with flame ?

"Earth, ether, empyræum bow,
 When from the brazen mountain's brow
 The God of battles takes His mighty bow ;
 Of wrath prepares to pour the flood,
 Puts on his vesture dipp'd in blood,
 And marches out to scourge the world below.

"Ah wretched isle, once call'd *the great!*
 Ah wretched isle, and wise too late !
 The vengeance of Jehovah is gone out :
 Thy luxury, corruption, pride,
 And freedom lost, the realms deride ;
 Adored thee standing, o'er thy ruins shout :

"To scourge with war, or peace bestow,
 Was thine, O fallen, fallen low !
 'Twas thine, of jarring thrones to still debates.
 How art thou fallen, down, down, down !
 Wide Waste, and Night, and Horror frown,
 Where Empire flamed in gold, and balanced states."

STRAIN THE THIRD.

THE ARGUMENT.

An inference from this history. Advice to Britain. More proper to her than other nations.—How far the stroke of tyranny reaches. What supports our endeavours. The unconsidered benefits of liberty. Britain's obligation to pursue trade.—Why above half the globe is sea.—Britain's grandeur from her situation.—The winds, the seas, the constellations, described.—Sir Isaac Newton's praise.—Britain compared with other states. The leviathan described. Britain's site, and ancient title to the seas. Who rivals her. Of Venice. Holland.—Some despise trade as mean. Censured for it. Trade's glory.—The late czar. Solomon.—A surprising instance of magnificence. The merchant's dignity. Compared with men of letters.

HENCE learn, as hearts are foul or pure,
 Our fortunes wither or endure :
 Nations may thrive, or perish, by the wave.
 What storms from Jove's unwilling frown
 A people's crimes solicit down !
 Ocean's the *womb* of riches, and the *grave*.

This truth, O Britain ! ponder well :
 Virtues should rise, as fortunes swell.
 What is large property ? The sign of good,
 Of worth superior : if 'tis less,
 Another's treasure we possess,
 And charge the gods with favours misbestow'd.

This counsel suits Britannia's isle,
High-flush'd with wealth, and Freedom's smile :
To vassals prison'd in the continent,
Who starve at home on meagre toil,
And suck to death their mother-soil,
'Twere useless caution and a truth misspent.

Fell tyrants strike beyond the bone,
And wound the soul ; bow Genius down,
Lay Virtue waste. For worth or arts who strain,
To throw them at a monster's foot ?
'Tis property supports pursuit :
Freedom gives eloquence, and Freedom gain.

She pours the thought, and forms the style ;
She makes the blood and spirits boil ;
I feel her now, and rouse, and rise, and rave
In Theban song :—O Muse ! not thine,
Verse is gay Freedom's gift divine :
The man that can think greatly is no slave.

Others may traffic if they please ;
Britain, fair daughter of the seas,
Is born for trade, to plough her field, the wave,
And reap the growth of every coast :
A speck of land ; but let her boast,
“ Gods gave the world, when they the waters gave.”

Britain ! behold the world's wide face ;
Not cover'd half with solid space,
Three parts are fluid, empire of the sea !
And why ? For commerce. Ocean streams
For that, through all his various names :
And if for commerce, Ocean flows for thee.

Britain, like some great potentate
Of eastern clime, retires in state,
Shuts out the nations. Would a prince draw nigh ?
He passes her strong guards, the waves,
Of servant winds admission craves :
Her empire has no neighbour but the sky.

There are her friends ; soft Zephyr there,
Keen Eurus, Notus never fair,
Rough Boreas, bursting from the pole ; all urge,
And urge for her, their various toil,
The Caspian, the broad Baltic boil,
And into life the dead Pacific scourge.

There are her friends ; a marshall'd train,
 A golden host and azure plain,
 By turns do duty, and by turns retreat :
 They may retreat, but not from her ;
 The star that quits this hemisphere
 Must quit the skies, to want a British fleet.

Hyad, for her, leans o'er her urn ;
 For her, Orion's glories burn,
 The Pleiads gleam. For Britons set and rise
 The fair-faced sons of Mazzaroth,
 Near the deep chambers of the south,
 The raging Dog that fires the midnight skies.

These nations Newton made his own,
 All intimate with him alone :
 His mighty soul did, like a giant, run
 To the vast volume's closing star,
 Decipher'd every character :
 His reason pour'd new light upon the sun.

Let the proud brothers of the land
 Smile at our rock and barren strand ;
 Not such the sea : let Fohé's ancient line
 Vast tracts and ample beings vaunt ;
 The camel *low*, *small* elephant—
 O Britain ! the leviathan is thine.

Leviathan ! whom Nature's strife
 Brought forth, her largest piece of life ;
 He sleeps an isle ; his sports the billows warm !
 Dreadful leviathan ! thy spout
 Invades the skies ; the stars are out :
 He drinks a river, and ejects a storm.

The Atlantic surge around our shore,
 German and Caledonian, roar ;
 Their mighty genii hold us in their lap.
 Hear Egbert, Edgar, Ethelred :
 "The seas are ours :"—the monarch said,—
 The floods their hands, their hands the nations, clap.

Whence is a rival, then, to rise ?
 Can he be found beneath the skies ?
 No ; *there* they dwell that can give Britain fear :
 The powers of earth by rival aim
 Her grandeur but the more proclaim,
 And prove their distance most as they draw near.

Proud Venice sits amid the waves,
Her foot ambitious Ocean laves,
Art's noblest boast : but, O what wondrous odds
'Twixt Venice and Britannia's isle,
'Twixt mortal and immortal toil !

Britannia is a Venice built by gods.

Let Holland triumph o'er her foes,
But not o'er friends by whom she rose,
The child of Britain ! And shall she contend ?
It were no less than parricide.—

What wonders rise from out the tide !
Her "High and Mighty" to the rudder bend.

And are there, then, of lofty brow,
Who think trade mean, and scorn to bow
So far beneath the state of noble birth ?
Alas ! these chiefs but little know
Commerce how high, themselves how low :

The sons of nobles are the sons of earth.

And what have earth's mean sons to do,
But reap her fruits, and warm pursue
The world's chief good, not glut on others' toil ?
High Commerce from the gods came down,
With compass, chart, and starry crown,
Their delegate, to make the nations smile.

Blush, and behold the Russian bow,
From forty crowns, his mighty brow
To trade ! To toil he turns his glorious hand :
That arm which swept the bloody field,
See the huge axe or hammer wield ;
While sceptres wait, and thrones impatient stand.

O shame to subjects ! first renown,
Matchless example to the crown !
Old Time is poor : what age boast such a sight ?
— Ye drones, adore the man divine—
No ; Virtue still as "mean" decline,
Call Russians *barbarous*, and yourselves *polite*.

He, too, of Judah, great as wise,
With Hiram strove in merchandise ;
Monarchs with monarchs struggle for an oar !
That merchant sinking to his grave,
A flood of treasure swells the cave :¹
The *king* left much, the *merchant* buried more.

¹ Treasure found in Solomon's Tomb.

Is "merchant" an inglorious name ?
 No ; fit for Pindar such a theme ;
 Too great for me ; I pant beneath the weight.
 If loud as Ocean's were my voice,
 If words and thoughts to court my choice
 Out-number'd sands, I could not reach its height.
 Merchants o'er proudest heroes reign ;
 Those trade in blessing, these in pain,
 At slaughter swell, and shout while nations groan.
 With purple monarchs merchants vie ;
 If great to spend, what to supply ?
 Priests pray for blessings ; merchants pour them down.
 Kings, merchants are in league and love ;
 Earth's odours pay soft airs above,
 That o'er the teeming field prolific range.
 Planets are merchants ; take, return,
 Lustre and heat ; by traffic burn :
 The whole creation is one vast Exchange.
 Is "merchant" an inglorious name ?
 What say the sons of letter'd fame,
 Proud of their volumes, swelling in their cells ?
 In open life, in change of scene,
 'Mid various manners, throngs of men,
 Experience, Arts, and solid Wisdom dwells.
 Trade, Art's mechanic, Nature's stores
 Well weighs ; to starry Science soars ;
 Reads warm in life (dead colour'd by the pen)
 The sites, tongues, interests of the ball :
 Who studies trade, he studies all ;
 Accomplish'd merchants are accomplish'd men.

STRAIN THE FOURTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

Pindar invoked. His praise.—Britain should decline war, but boldly assert her trade. Encouraged from the throne. Britain's condition without trade.—Trade's character and surprising deeds.—Carthage.—Solomon's temple.—St Paul's Church.—The miser's character.—The wonderful effects of trade.—Why religion recommended to the merchant.—What *false* joy. What *true*.—What religion is to the merchant.—Why trade more glorious in Britons than others. How warmly, and how long, to be pursued by us. The Briton's legacy.—Columbus. His praise.—America described.—Worlds still unknown.—Queen Elizabeth.—King George II. His glory navally represented.

How shall I farther rouse the soul ?
 How Sloth's lascivious reign control

By verse, with unextinguish'd ardour wrought ?
How every breast inflame with mine ?
How bid my theme still brighter shine
With wealth of words and unexhausted thought ?

O thou Dircean swan, on high,
Round whom familiar thunders fly,
While Jove attends a language like his own !
Thy spirit pour, like vernal showers ;
My verse shall burst out with the flowers,
While Britain's trade advances with her sun.

Though Britain was not born to fear,
Grasp not at bloody fame from war ;
Nor war decline, if thrones your right invade.
Jove gathers tempest black as night ;
Jove pours the golden flood of light ;
Let Britain thunder, or let Britain trade.

Britain a comet, or a star,
In commerce this, or that in war :
Let Britons shout, earth, seas, and skies resound.
Commerce to kindle, raise, preserve,
And spirit dart through every nerve,
Hear from the throne a voice through time renown'd.¹

So fall from heaven the vernal showers,
To cheer the glebe, and wake the flowers ;
The bloom call'd forth sees azure skies display'd ;
The bird of voice is proud to sing ;
Industrious bees ply every wing,
Distend their cells, and urge their golden trade.

Trade once extinguish'd, Britain's sun
Is gone out too ; his race is run ;
He shines in vain ; her isle's an isle indeed,
A spot too small to be o'ercome.
Ah dreadful safety, wretched doom !
No foe will conquer what no foe can feed.

Trade's the source, sinew, soul of all ;
Trade's all herself ; hers, hers, the ball ;
Where most unseen, the goddess still is there ;
Trade leads the dance, Trade lights the blaze ;
The courtier's pomp, the student's ease !
'Twas Trade at Blenheim fought, and closed the war.

¹ The King's Speech.

What Rome and all her gods defies?
 The Punic oar. Behold it rise
 And battle for the world! Trade gave the call:
 Rich cordials from his naval art
 Sent the strong spirits to his heart,
 That bid an Afric merchant grasp the ball.
 Where is, on earth, Jehovah's home?
 Trade mark'd the soil, and built the dome,
 In which His Majesty first deign'd to dwell;
 The walls with silver sheets o'erlaid,
 Rich, as the sun, through gold unweigh'd;
 Bent the moon'd arch, and bid the column swell.
 Grandeur unknown to Solomon!
 Methinks the labouring earth should groan
 Beneath yon load;¹ created, sure, not made!
 Servant and rival of the skies!
 Heaven's arch alone can higher rise:
 What hand immortal raised thee! "*Humble Trade.*"
 Where hadst thou been if, left at large,
 Those sinewy arms that tugg'd the barge,
 Had caught at pleasure on the flowery green?
 If they that watch'd the midnight star
 Had swung behind the rolling car,
 Or fill'd it with disgrace, where hadst thou been?
 As by repletion men consume,
 Abundance is the miser's doom;
 Expend it nobly: he that lets it rust,
 Which, passing numerous hands, would shine,
 Is not a man, but living mine,
 Foe to the gods, and rival to the dust.
 Trade barbarous lands can polish fair,
 Make earth well worth the wise man's care;
 Call forth her forests, charm them into fleets;
 Can make one house of human race;
 Can bid the distant poles embrace;
 Hers every sun, and India India meets.
 Trade monarchs crowns, and arts imports,
 With bounty feeds, with laurel courts:
 Trade gives fair Virtue fairer still to shine;
 Enacts those guards of gain, the Laws;
 Exalts e'en Freedom's glorious cause.—
 Trade! warn'd by Tyre, O make Religion thine!

¹ St Paul's.

You lend each other mutual aid :
Why is Heaven's smile in wealth convey'd ?
Not to place vice, but virtues, in our power.
Pleasure declined is luxury,
Boundless in time and in degree ;
Pleasure enjoy'd, the tumult of an hour.

False joy's a discomposing thing,
That jars on Nature's trembling string,
Tempests the spirits, and untunes the frame :
True joy, the sunshine of the soul,
A bright serene that calms the whole ;
Which they ne'er knew, whom other joys inflame.

Merchant ! religion is the care
To grow as rich—as angels are ;
To know false coin from true ; to sweep the main ;
The mighty stake secure, beyond
The strongest tie of field or fund :
Commerce gives gold, religion makes it gain.

Join, then, religion to thy store,
Or India's mines will make thee poor.
Greater than Tyre, O bear a nobler mind,
Sea-sovereign isle ! Proud War decline,
Trade patronise : what glory thine,
Ardent to bless, who couldst subdue, mankind !

Rich commerce ply with warmth Divine
By day, by night : the stars are thine ;
Wear out the stars in trade ! Eternal run,
From age to age, the noble glow,
A rage to gain, and to bestow,
While ages last : in trade burn out the sun !

Trade, Britain's all, our sires sent down
With toil, blood, treasure, ages won :
This Edgar great bequeath'd ; this, Edward bold.
Let Frobishers, let Raleighs fire !
O let Columbus' shade inspire !
New worlds disclose, with Drake surround an *old*.

Columbus ! scarce inferior fame
For thee to find, than Heaven to frame,
That womb of gold and gem : her wide domain
An universe, her rivers seas ;
Her fruits, both men and gods to please ;
Heaven's fairest birth, and, but for thee, in vain !

Worlds still unknown deep shadows wrap :
 Call wonders forth from Nature's lap ;
 New glory pour on her Eternal Sire.
 O noble search ! O glorious care !
 Are ye not Britons ? Why despair ?
 New worlds are due to such a godlike fire.

Swear by the great Eliza's soul,
 That Trade, as long as waters roll—
 Ah ! no ; the gods chastise my rash decree :
 By great Eliza do not swear ;
 For thee, O George, the gods declare,
 And thou for them ! Late time shall swear by thee.

Truth, bright as stars, with thee prevails ;
 Full be thy fame, as swelling sails ;
 Constant as tides thy mind, as masts elate ;
 Thy justice, an unerring helm
 To steer Britannia's fickle realm ;
 Thy numerous race, sure anchor of her state !

STRAIN THE FIFTH.

THE ARGUMENT.

What is the bound of Britain's power. Beyond that of the most famed in history.—The sign Lyra.—What the constellations are. Argo. The Whale. The Dolphin. Eridanus. The Lion. Libra. Virgo. Berenice.—The British ladies censured.—The moon.—What the sea is.—Apcastrophe to the emperor. The Spanish Armada.—How Britain should speak her resentment.—What gives power. What navies do in war.—The Tartar.—Mogul.—Africa.—China.—Who master of the world.—What the history of the world is.—The genealogy of glory. Mistakes about it.—Peace the merchant's harvest.—Ships of Divine origin.—Merchants ambassadors.—The Briton's voyage.—Praise the food of glory.—Britain's record.

BRITANNIA's state what bounds confine ?
 (Of rising thought, O golden mine !)
 Mountains, Alps, streams, gulfs, oceans, set no bound :
 She sallies till she strikes the star ;
 Expanding wide, and launching far
 As wind can fly, or rolling wave resound.
 Small isle—for Cæsars ; for the son
 Of Jove, who burst from Macedon ;
 For gorgeous easterns blazing o'er mankind !
 Then, when they call'd the world their own,
 Not equal fame from fable shone :
 They rose to gods, in half thy sphere confined.

Here no demand for fancy's wing ;
Plain Truth's illustrious : as I sing,
O hear yon spangled harp repeat my lay !
Yon starry lyre has caught the sound,
And spreads it to the planets round,
Who best can tell where ends Britannia's sway.

The skies (fair-printed page !) unfold
The naval fame of heroes old ;
As in a mirror, show the adventurous throng :
The deeds of Grecian mariners
Are read by gods, are writ in stars,
And noble verse that shall endure as long.

The skies are records of the main :
Thence Argo listens to my strain ;
Chiron, for song renown'd, his noble rage
For naval fame and song renews,
As Britain's fame he hears and views ;
Chiron, the Shovel of a former age.

The Whale (for late I sung his praise)
Pours grateful lustre on my lays :
How smiles Arion's friend with partial beams !
Eridanus would flatter, too,
But jealousies his smiles subdue ;
He fears a British rival in the Thames.

In pride the Lion lifts his mane,
To see his British brothers reign
As stars below : the Balance, George ! from thine,
Which weighs the nations, learns to weigh
More accurate the night and day ;
From thy fair daughters Virgo learns to shine.

Of Britain's court ye lesser lights !
How could the wise-man gaze whole nights
On Richmond's eye, on Berenice's hair !
But, oh ! you practise shameful arts ;
Your own retain, seize others' hearts :
Pirates, not merchants, are the British fair.

This truth I swear by Cynthia's beam.
Pale queen ! be flush'd at Britain's fame ;
And, rolling, tell the nations, o'er the main,
To share her empire is thy pride.
He, mighty Power ! who curbs the tide,
Uncurbs, extends, throws wide Britannia's reign.

What is the main, ye kings renown'd ?
Britannia's centre, and your bound :
Austrian ! where'er leviathan can roll,
Is Britain's home ; and Britain's mine,
Where'er the ripening sun can shine :
Parts are for emperors ; for her, the whole.

Why, Austrian, wilt thou hover still
On doubtful wing, and want the skill
To see thy welfare in the world's ? Too late
Another Churchill thou mayest find,
Another Churchill, not so kind,
And other Blenheims, big with other fate.

Ill thou remember'st, ill dost own,
Who rescued an ungrateful throne ;
Ill thou consider'st that the kind are brave ;
Ill dost thou weigh that in Time's womb
A day may sleep, a day of doom,
As great to ruin as was that to save.

How wouldst thou smile to hear my strain,
Whose boasted inspiration's vain !
Yet what, if my prediction should prove true ?
Know'st thou the fatal pair who shine
O'er Britain's trading empire ? Thine,
As one rejected, what, if one subdue ?

What naval scene adorns the seat
Of awful Britain's high debate,
Inspires her counsels, and records her power ?
The nations know, in glowing balls
On sinking thrones the tempest falls,
When her august assembled senates lour.

O language fit for thoughts so bold !
Would Britain have her anger told,
Ah ! never let a meaner language sound
Than that which prostrates human souls,
Through heaven's dark vault impetuous rolls,
And nature rocks, when angry Jove has frown'd.

Not realms unbounded, not a flood
Of natives, not expense of blood,
Or reach of counsel, gives the world a lord :
Trade calls him forth, and sets him high
As mortal man o'er men can fly :
Trade leaves poor gleanings to the keenest sword.

Nay, hers the sword ! For fleets have wings ;
Like lightning fly to distant kings ;
Like gods descend at once on trembling states.

Is war proclaim'd ? Our wars are hurl'd
To farthest confines of the world,
Surprise your ports, and thunder at your gates

The king of tempest, Æolus,
Sends forth his pinion'd people thus
On rapid errand : as they fly, they roar,
And carry sable clouds, and sweep
The land, the desert, and the deep :
Earth shakes, proud cities fall, and thrones adore !

The fools of nature ever strike
On bare outsides ; and loathe, or like,
As glitter bids ; in endless error vie ;
Admire the purple and the crown.
Of human Welfare and Renown,
Trade's the big heart ; bright empire, but their eye.

Whence Tartar Grand, or Mogul Great ?
Trade gilt their titles, power'd their state ;
While Afric's black, lascivious, slothful breed,
To clasp their ruin, fly from toil ;
That meanest product of their soil,
Their people, sell ; one half on t' other feed.

Of Nature's wealth from Commerce rent,
Afric's a glaring monument :
'Mid citron forests and pomegranate groves
(Cursed in a Paradise !) she pines ;
O'er generous glebe, o'er golden mines,
Her beggar'd, famish'd, tradeless native roves.

Not so thine, China, blooming wide !
Thy numerous fleets might bridge the tide ;
Thy products would exhaust both Indias' mines :
Shut be thy gate of trade, or (woe
To Britain's !) Europe 'twill o'erflow.—
Ungrateful song ! her growth inspires thy lines.

Britain ! to these, and such as these,
The river broad and foaming seas,
Which sever lands to mortals less renown'd,
Devoid of naval skill or might,
Those sever'd parts of earth unite :
Trade's the full pulse that sends their vigour round. 2A

Could, oh, could one engrossing hand
 The various streams of trade command,
 That, like the sun, would gazing nations awe :
 That awful power the world would brave,
 Bold War and Empire proud his slave ;
 Mankind his subjects ; and his will, their law.

Hast thou look'd rotind the spacious earth ?
 From Commerce, Grandeur's humble birth :
 To George from Noah, empires living, dead,
 Their pride, their shame, their rise, their fall,—
 Time's whole plain chronicle is all
 One bright encomium, undesign'd, on Trade.

Trade springs from Peace, and Wealth from Trade,
 And Power from Wealth ; of Power is made
 The god on earth : hail, then, the dove of Peace,
 Whose olive speaks the raging flood
 Of war repress'd ! What loss of blood !
 War is the death of Commerce and Increase.

Then perish War !—Detested War !
 Shalt thou make gods, like Cæsar's star ?
 What calls man fool so loud as this has done,
 From Nimrod's down to Bourbon's line ?
 Why not adore too, as Divine,
 Wide-wasting storms, before the genial sun ?

Peace is the merchant's summer clear ;
 His harvest,—harvest round the year :
 For peace with laurel every mast be bound,
 Each deck carouse, each flag stream out,
 Each cannon sound, each sailor shout !
 For Peace let every sacred ship be crowned.

Sacred are ships, of birth divine :
 An angel drew the first design ;
 With which the patriarch nature's ruins braved .
 Two worlds abroad, an old and new,
 He safe o'er foaming billows flew :
 The gods *made* human race ; a pilot *saved*.

How sacred, too, the merchant's name !
 When Britain blazed meridian fame,
 Bright shone the sword, but brighter Trade gave law :
 Merchants in distant courts revered,
 Where prouder statesmen ne'er appeared ;
 Merchants, ambassadors, and thrones in awe !

'Tis theirs to know the tides, the times,
 The march of stars, the births of climes ;
 Summer and Winter theirs ; theirs land and sea ;
 Theirs are the seasons, months, and years ;
 And each a different garland wears :—
 O that my song could add eternity !
 Praise is the sacred oil that feeds
 The burning lamp of god-like deeds ;
 Immortal glory pays illustrious cares.
 Whither, ye Britons, are ye bound ?
 O noble voyage, glorious round !
 Launch from the Thames, and end among the stars.
 If to my subject rose my soul,
 Your fame should last while oceans roll :
 When other worlds in depths of time shall rise,
 As we the Greeks of mighty name,
 May they Britannia's fleet proclaim,
 Look up, and read her story in the skies.
 Ye Sirens, sing ; ye Tritons, blow ;
 Ye Nereids, dance ; ye billows, flow ;
 Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng !
 Ye winds, in concert breathe around ;
 Ye navies, to the concert bound
 From pole to pole ! To Britain all belong.

THE MORAL.

The most happy should be the most virtuous.—Of eternity.—

What Britain's arts should be.—Whence slavery.

BRITAIN ! thus bless'd, thy blessing know ;
 Or bliss in vain the gods bestow ;
 Its end fulfil, means cherish, source adore :
 Vain swellings of thy soul repress ;
 They most may lose who most possess :
 Then let bliss awe, and tremble at thy store.
 Nor be too fond of life at best ;
 Her cheerful, not enamoured, guest :
 Let thought fly forward ; 'twill gay prospects give ;
 Prospects immortal that deride
 A Tyrian wealth, a Persian pride,
 And make it perfect fortitude to live.
 O for eternity ! a scene
 To fair adventurers serene !

Oh ! on that sea to deal in pure renown,—
 Traffic with gods ! What transports roll !
 What boundless import to the soul !
 The poor man's empire, and the subject's crown !
 Adore the gods, and plough the seas :
 These be thy arts, O Britain ! these.
 Let others pant for an immense command ;
 Let others breathe war's fiery god ;
 The proudest victor fears thy nod,
 Long as the trident fills thy glorious hand.
 Glorious, while heaven-born Freedom lasts,
 Which Trade's soft spurious daughter blasts ;
 For what is Tyranny ? A monstrous birth
 From Luxury, by bribes caressed,
 By glowing Power in shades compressed ;
 Which stalks around, and chains the groaning earth.

THE CLOSE.

This subject now first sung. How sung.—Preferable to Pindar's subjects.—How Britain should be sung by all.

THEE, Trade ! I first—who boast no store,
 Who owe thee nought—thus snatch from shore,
 The shore of Prose, where thou hast slumbered long ;
 And send thy flag triumphant down
 The tide of time to sure renown.
 O bless my country ! and thou pay'st my song.
 Thou art the Briton's noblest theme ;
 Why, then, unsung ? My simple aim
 To dress plain sense, and fire the generous blood ;
 Not sport imaginations vain ;
 But list, with yon ethereal train,
 The shining Muse to serve the public good.
 Of ancient art and ancient praise
 The springs are opened in my lays :
 Olympic heroes' ghosts around me throng,
 And think their glory sung anew,
 Till chiefs of equal fame they view,
 Nor grudge to Britons bold their Theban song.
 Nor Pindar's theme with mine compares,
 As far surpassed as useful cares
 Transcend diversion light and glory vain :

The wreath fantastic, shouting throng,
And panting steed to him belong,—
The charioteer's, not Empire's golden, reign.

Nor, Chandos, thou the Muse despise
That would to glowing Ætna rise,
(Such Pindar's boast,) thou Theron of our time !
Seldom to man the gods impart
A Pindar's head or Theron's heart ;
In life or song how rare the true sublime !

None British-born will, sure, disdain
This new, bold, moral, patriot strain,
Though not with genius, with some virtue, crowned ;
(How vain the muse !) the lay may last,
Thus twined around the British mast,
The British mast with nobler laurels bound.

Weak ivy curls round naval oak,
And smiles at wind and storm unbroke,
By strength not hers sublime : thus, proud to soar,
To Britain's grandeur cleaves my strain ;
And lives, and echoes through the plain,
While o'er the billow Britain's thunders roar.

Be dumb, ye grovelling sons of verse,
Who *sing* not actions, but *rehearse*,
And fool the Muse with impotent desire !
Ye sacrilegious, who presume
To tarnish Britain's naval bloom !
Sing Britain's fame with all her hero's fire.

THE CHORUS.

Ye Sirens, sing ; ye Tritons, blow ;
Ye Nereids, dance ; ye billows, flow ;
Roll to my measures, O ye starry throng !
Ye winds, in concert breathe around ;
Ye navies, to the concert bound
From pole to pole ; to Britain all belong ;
Britain to heaven ; from heaven descends my song.

SEA-PIECE :

CONTAINING

- I. THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.
 II. HIS PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

MDCCLXXXIII.

THE DEDICATION.

TO MR VOLTAIRE.

My Muse, a bird of passage, flies
 From frozen climes to milder skies ;
 From chilling blasts she seeks thy cheering beam,
 A beam of favour here denied ;
 Conscious of faults, her blushing pride
 Hopes an asylum in so great a name.

To dive full deep in ancient days,
 The warrior's ardent deeds to raise,
 And monarchs aggrandise,—the glory thine ;
 Thine is the drama ; how renowned !
 Thine, epic's loftier trump to sound ;—
 But let Arion's sea-strung harp be mine :

But where's his dolphin ? Know'st thou where ?—
 May that be found in thee, Voltaire !
 Save thou from harm my plunge into the wave.
 How will thy name, illustrious, raise
 My sinking song ! Mere mortal lays,
 So patronised, are rescued from the grave.

"Tell me," say'st thou, "who courts my smile ?
 What stranger strayed from yonder isle ?"—
 No stranger, sir ! though born in foreign climes.
 On Dorset downs, when Milton's page,
 With Sin and Death, provoked thy rage,
 Thy rage provoked *who* soothed with gentle rhymes ?

Who kindly couched thy censure's eye,
 And gave thee clearly to descry
 Sound judgment giving law to Fancy strong ?
Who half inclined thee to confess,—
 Nor could thy modesty do less,—
 That Milton's blindness lay not in his song ?

But such debates long since are flown ;
 For ever set the suns that shone

On airy pastimes, ere our brows were gray.
How shortly shall we both forget.
To thee, my patron, I my debt,
And thou to thine, for Prussia's golden key!

The present, in oblivion cast,
Full soon shall sleep, as sleeps the past ;
Full soon the wide distinction die between
The frowns and favours of the great,
High-flushed Success and pale Defeat,
The Gallic gaiety and British spleen.

Ye winged, ye rapid moments, stay !—
O friend ! as deaf as rapid they ;
Life's little drama done, the curtain falls !
Dost thou not hear it ? I can hear,
Though nothing strikes the listening ear :
Time groans his last ! ETERNAL loudly calls !

Nor calls in vain : the call inspires
Far other counsels and desires
Than once prevailed ; we stand on higher ground :
What scenes we see !—Exalted aim !
With ardours new our spirits flame ;
Ambition blessed, with more than laurels crowned !

ODE THE FIRST.

THE BRITISH SAILOR'S EXULTATION.

In lofty sounds let those delight,
Who brave the foe, but fear the fight,
And, bold in word, of arms decline the stroke :
'Tis mean to boast, but great to lend
To foes the counsel of a friend,
And warn them of the vengeance they provoke.

From whence arise these loud alarms ?
Why gleams the south with brandish'd arms ?
War, bathed in blood, from cursed Ambition springs :
Ambition mean ! ignoble Pride !
Perhaps their ardours may subside,
When weighed the wonders Britain's sailor sings.

Hear, and revere.—At Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood
Hastes the huge oak, or shadeless forest leaves ;

The mountain pines assume new forms,
Spread canvas-wings, and fly through storms,
And ride o'er rocks, and dance on foaming waves.

She nods again : the labouring Earth
Discloses a tremendous birth ;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore !
Thence monsters, of enormous size
And hideous aspect, threatening rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.

These ministers of Fate fulfil,
On empires wide, an island's will,
When thrones unjust wake vengeance.—Know, ye
powers !

In sudden night and ponderous balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When braved Britannia's awful senate lours.

In her grand council she surveys,
In patriot picture, what may raise
Of insolent attempts a warm disdain ;
From hope's triumphant summit thrown,
Like darted lightning, swiftly down,
The wealth of Ind, and confidence of Spain.

Britannia sheaths her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine ;
Her cannon slumber, till the proud aspire,
And leave all law below them ; then they blaze,
They thunder from resounding seas,
Touch'd by their injured master's soul of fire.

Then Furies rise ; the battle raves,
And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of Nature, spite of Jove ;
While, all serene and hushed, above,
Tumultuous winds in azure chambers sleep.

A thousand deaths the bursting bomb
Hurls from her disembowelled womb ;
Chained glowing globes, in dread alliance joined,
Red-winged by strong sulphureous blasts,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, men and masts,
And leave singed, naked, blood-drowned decks behind.

Dwarf laurels rise in tented fields ;
The wreath immortal Ocean yields :
There War's whole sting is shot, whole fire is spent,
Whole glory blooms. How pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame,
How her storms languish, on the continent !

From the dread front of *ancient* War
Less terror frowned ; her scythèd car,
Her castled elephant, and battering beam,
Stoop to those engines which deny
Superior terrors to the sky,
And boast their clouds, their thunder, and their flame.

The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirled in air, the yell of sinking throngs,
The graveless dead, an ocean warmed,
A firmament by mortals stormed,
To patient Britain's angry brow belongs.

Or do I dream ? or do I rave ?
Or see I Vulcan's sooty cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame ?
Those swarthy gods of toil and heat,
Loud peals on mountain anvils beat,
And panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.

Ye sons of *Ætna* ! hear my call ;
Unfinished, let those baubles fall,
Yon shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue :
Your strokes suspend, ye brawny throng !
Charmed by the magic of my song,
Drop the feigned thunder, and attempt the true.

Begin : and, first, take rapid flight,
Fierce flame, and clouds of thickest night,
And ghastly terror, paler than the dead ;
Then, borrow from the North his roar ;
Mix groans and death ; one phial pour
Of wronged Britannia's wrath ;—and it is made :
Gaul starts, and trembles, at your dreadful trade.

ODE THE SECOND.

IN WHICH IS

THE SAILOR'S PRAYER BEFORE ENGAGEMENT.

So formed the bolt, ordained to break
Gaul's haughty plan, and Bourbon shake ;
If Britain's crimes support not Britain's foes,
And edge their swords ; O Power Divine !
If blessed by Thee the bold design ;
Embattled hosts a single arm o'erthrows.

Ye warlike dead, who fell of old
In Britain's cause, by Fame enrolled
In deathless annal ! deathless deeds inspire ;
From oozy beds, for Britain's sake,
Awake, illustrious chiefs ! awake
And kindle in your sons paternal fire.

The day commissioned from above,
Our worth to weigh, our hearts to prove,
If war's full shock too feeble to sustain ;
Or firm to stand its final blow,
When vital streams of blood shall flow,
And turn to crimson the discoloured main ;

That day's arrived, that fatal hour !—
“ Hear us, O hear, Almighty Power !
Our Guide in counsel, and our strength in fight !
Now war's important die is thrown,
If left the day to man alone,
How blind is Wisdom, and how weak is Might !

“ Let prostrate hearts, and awful fear,
And deep remorse, and sighs sincere
For Britain's guilt, the wrath Divine appease ;
A wrath more formidable far
Than angry Nature's wasteful war,
The whirl of tempests, and the roar of seas.

“ From out the deep, to Thee we cry,
To Thee, at nature's helm on high !
Steer Thou our conduct, dread Omnipotence !
To Thee for succour we resort ;
Thy favour is our only port ;
Our only rock of safety, Thy defence.

“ O Thou, to whom the lions roar,
And, not unheard, Thy boon implore !
Thy throne our bursts of cannon loud invoke :
Thou canst arrest the flying ball ;
Or send it back, and bid it fall
On those from whose proud deck the thunder broke.

“ Britain in vain extends her care
To climes remote for aids in war ;
Still farther must it stretch, to crush the foe :
There's one alliance, one alone,
Can crown her arms, or fix her throne ;
And that alliance is not found below.

“ Ally Supreme ! we turn to Thee :
We learn obedience from the sea ;
With seas and winds, henceforth, Thy laws fulfil ;
'Tis thine our blood to freeze or warm,
To rouse or hush the martial storm,
And turn the tide of conquest at Thy will.

“ 'Tis Thine to beam sublime renown,
Or quench the glories of a crown ;
'Tis Thine to doom, 'tis Thine from death to free,
To turn aside his levell'd dart,
Or pluck it from the bleeding heart :—
There we cast anchor, we confide in Thee.

“ Thou, who hast taught the North to roar,
And streaming lights nocturnal pour,
Of frightful aspect ! when proud foes invade,
Their blasted pride with dread to seize,
Bid Britain's flags as meteors blaze ;
And George depute to thunder in Thy stead.

“ The Right alone is bold and strong ;
Black hovering clouds appal the Wrong
With dread of vengeance. Nature's awful Sire !
Less than one moment shouldst thou frown,
Where is puissance and renown ?
Thrones tremble, empires sink, or worlds expire.

“ Let George the Just chastise the vain.
Thou, who dost curb the rebel Main,
To mount the shore when boiling billows rave !
Bid George repel a bolder tide,
The boundless swell of Gallic pride,
And check Ambition's overwhelming wave.

“And when (all milder means withstood)
Ambition, tamed by loss of blood,
Regains her reason ; then, on angels' wings,
Let Peace descend, and, shouting, greet
With peals of joy Britannia's fleet ;
How richly freighted ! It, triumphant, brings
The poise of kingdoms, and the fate of kings.”

THE FOREIGN ADDRESS :

OR,

THE BEST ARGUMENT FOR PEACE.

OCCASIONED BY THE BRITISH FLEET, AND THE POSTURE OF AFFAIRS,
WHEN THE PARLIAMENT MET, 1734.

Musa dedit FIDIBUS divos, puerosque deorum.

HORATIUS, *De Arte Poeticâ*, 83.

MDCCXXXIV.

YE guardian gods, who wait on kings,
And gently touch the secret springs
Of rising thought, solicit, I beseech,
For a poor stranger, come from far ;
Procure a suppliant traveller
“Ease of access and the soft hour of speech.”
’Tis gained :—Hail, monarchs great and wise !
From distant climes and dusky skies,
O’er seas and lands I flew, your ear to claim :
Yours is the sun and purple vine ;
Deep in the frozen north I pine ;
Nor vine nor sun could warm me like my theme.
A theme how great ! On yonder tide,
A leafless forest spreading wide,
The labour of the deep, my Muse surveys ;
A fleet, whose empire o’er the wave,
You grant, Time strengthens, Nature gave ;
Now big with death, the terror of the seas !

Ye great by sea ! ye shades adored,
Who fired the bomb, and bathed the sword !
Arise, arise, arise ! 'tis Britain charms :
Arise, ye boast of former wars,
And, pointing to your glorious scars,
Rouse me to verse, your martial sons to arms !
'Tis done : and see, sweet Clio brings
From heaven her deep resounding strings.
Clio ! the god which gave thy charming shell,
Demands its most exalted strain,
To sing the sovereign of the main :
Of ocean's queen what wonders wilt thou tell ?
Such wonders as may pass for sport
Or vision in a southern court :
But, mighty thrones ! those truths which make me glow,
Your fathers saw, your sons shall see :
Then quit your infidelity ;
Some truths 'tis better to believe than know.
Believe me, kings : at Britain's nod,
From each enchanted grove and wood,
Huge oaks stalk down the unshaded mountain's side ;
The lofty pines assume new forms,
Fly round the globe, and live in storms,
And tread and triumph on the wandering tide.
She nods again : the labouring earth
Discloses a stupendous birth ;
In smoking rivers runs her molten ore ;
Thence monsters of enormous size
And hideous nature, frowning, rise,
Flame from the deck, from trembling bastions roar.
These ministers of wrath fulfil,
On empires wide, an island's will ;
If friends insulted, or sworn treaties broke,
Or sacred Reason's injured cause,
Or nation's violated laws,
Britannia's vengeance and the gods' provoke.
As yet, Peace sheathes her courage keen,
And spares her nitrous magazine ;
Her cannon slumber, at the world's desire :
But, give just cause, at once they blaze,
At once they thunder from the seas,
Touched by their injured master's soul of fire.

Then Furies rise ; the battle raves,
And rends the skies, and warms the waves,
And calls a tempest from the peaceful deep,
In spite of Nature, spite of Jove ;
While, all serene and hushed, above,
The boisterous winds in azure chambers sleep.

This, this, my monarchs, is the scene
For hearts of proof, for gods of men ;
Here War's whole sting is shot, whole heart is spent.
You sport in arms : how pale, how tame,
How lambent is Bellona's flame,
How her storms languish, on the continent !

A swarm of deaths the mighty bomb
Now scatters from her glowing womb ;
Now the chained bolts, in dread alliance joined,
Red-winged with an expanding blast,
Sweep, in black whirlwinds, man and mast,
And leave a singed and naked hull behind.

Now—but I'm struck with pale despair :
My patrons ! what a burst was there !
The strong-ribb'd barks at once displying fly.
Insatiate Death ! compendious Fate !
Deep wound to some brave bleeding state !
One moment's guilt, a thousand heroes die.

The great, gay, graceful, young, and brave,
(Short obsequies !) the sable wave
Involves in endless night. Ye graveless dead,
Where are your conquests ? Now you rove,
Pale, pensive, through the coral grove,
Or shrink from Britain in your oozy bed.

While virgins fair, with tender toil,
Of fragrant blooms their gardens spoil,
Low lie the brows for which the wreath's designed,
In sea-weed wrapp'd. Alas ! how vain
The hope, the joy, the care, the pain,
The love, and godlike valour of mankind !

Of brass his heart who durst explore,—
Locked up in triple brass, and more,
Who, when explored, the secret durst explain,—
How, in one instant, at one blow,
The maiden's sigh, the mother's throe,
Of half a widowed land, to render vain.

See yon cowl'd friar in his cell,
With sulphur, flame, and crucible ;
And can the charms of gold that saint inspire ?
O cursèd cause ! O cursèd event !
O wondrous power of accident !
He rivals gods, and sets the globe on fire.
But the rank growth of modern ill
Too well deserved that fatal skill,
The skill by which Destruction swiftly runs,
And seas and lands and worlds lays waste,
With far more terror, far more haste,
Than ancient Nimrod and his haughty sons.
In frown and force *old* War must yield :
The chariot scythed, which mowed the field,
The ram, the castled elephant, were tame ;
Tame to ranged ordnance, which denies
Superior terror to the skies,
And claims the cloud, the thunder, and the flame.
The flame, the thunder, and the cloud,
The night by day, the sea of blood,
Hosts whirled in air, the yell, the sinking throng,
The graveless dead, an ocean warmed,
A firmament by mortals stormed,
To wronged Britannia's angry brow belong.
Or do I dream, or do I rave ?
O do I see the gloomy cave,
Where Jove's red bolts the giant brothers frame ?
The swarthy gods of toil and heat
Loud peals on mountain-anvils beat,
While panting tempests rouse the roaring flame.
Ye sons of *Ætna*, hear my call !
Let your unfinished labours fall,
That shield of Mars, Minerva's helmet blue.
Suspend your toils, ye brawny throng !
Charmed by the magic of my song,
Drop the *feigned* thunder, and attempt the *true*.
Begin, and, first, take wingèd flight,
Fierce flames, and clouds of thickest night,
And trembling terror, paler than the dead ;
Then borrow from the North his roar ;
Mix groans and death ; one vial pour
Of dread Britannia's wrath, and it is made.

Yet, Peace celestial, may thy charms
Still fire our breasts, though clad in arms :
If scenes of blood avenging Fate's decree,
For thee the sword brave Britons wield ;
For thee charge o'er the embattled field ;
Or plunge through seas, through crimson seas, for thee.
E'en now for peace the gods are pressed ;
We woo the nations to be bless'd ;
For peace, victorious kings, we call to you.
For peace, on pinions of the dove,
Soft emblem of eternal love,
Through wintry, black, tempestuous skies I flew.
My former lays of rough contents,
Of waves, and wars, and armaments,
Were but as peals of ordnance to confess
Your height of dignity ; to clear
Your deaf, your late obstructed ear ;
And wake attention to more mild address.
Have I not heard you both declare,
Your souls detest the purple war,
And melt in anguish for the world's repose ?
Hail, then, all hail ! your wish is crowned,
Your god-like zeal through time renowned,
Through Europe bless'd ; with joy her heart o'erflows.
Your friend, your brother of the north,
To meet your arms, comes smiling forth,
And leads soft-handed Peace : how powerful he !
His numerous race, the blossoms bright
Of golden empire,—radiant sight !—
Endless beam on into eternity.
What long allies !—The virgin train
Your most obdurate foes may gain :
See, how their charms in lineal lustre shine !
Through every genuine branch the sire
Has darted rays of temper'd fire,
The mother breathed soft air and bloom divine.
How fair the field ! ye Aonian bees !
The flowers ambrosial fondly seize,
Luxurious draw the sweet Hyblæan strain ;
That gods may lean from heaven to hear,
And my throned patrons' ravished ear
The soul's rich nectar drink, and thirst again.

E'en mine they taste, and with success :
 Ambition's fumes my strains repress ;
 The fever flies ; no noxious thoughts ferment ;
 No frenzy, taking friends for foes :
 The pulse subside ; they seek repose :
 Nor I my wingèd embassy repent.

No ; by the blood of Blenheim's plain,
 I swear, the rumoured war is vain :
 Shall Gallic faith and friendship ever cease ?
 I swear by Europe's lovely dread,
 I swear by great Eliza's shade,
 The wise Iberian is the friend of Peace.

Yet, lest I fail, (for, prophets old
 Not all infallibly foretold,)
 We set our naval terrors in array.
 Know, Britons ! an Augustus reigns :
 If foes compel, send forth your chains,
 While haughty thrones, uncensured, might obey.

O could I sing as you have fought,
 I'd raise a monument of thought,
 Bright as the sun !—How you burn at my heart !
 How the drums all around
 Soul-rousing resound !
 Swift drawn from the thigh,
 How the swords flame on high !
 How the cannon, deep knell,
 Fates of kingdoms foretell !
 How to battle, to battle, sick of feminine art,
 How to battle, to conquest, to glory, we dart !

But who gives conquest ? He whose ray
 To darkness sinks the blaze of day ;
 Whose boundless favour far out-flows the main ;
 Whose power the raging waves can still :—
 O curb more rebel human will !
 With peace O bless us, or in war sustain !

Dost Thou sustain ?—Ye twinkling fry
 That swim the seas, glide gently by ;
 Though your scales glitter, though your numbers swarm,
 Ah ! gently glide, for life's dear sake :
 Nor dare leviathan awake,
 Who spouts a river, and who breathes a storm.

Would you a nation's genius know?
Alike her bards and warriors glow.
High sounds my song? Immortal breathes the lyre?
Along the chords that ardour runs
Which stings Britannia's rushing sons
To flaming deeds might nobler lays inspire.
If still vain hopes of conquest swell,
How vain e'en conquest, ponder well:
It stains, it brands, but when the cause is good.
Are you not men? Think, what are they
Your wanton wars reduce to clay;
Nor lay the summer's dust with kindred blood.
Is there a charm in dying groans?
See yonder vale of human bones!
The generous heart would melt, that won the day;
Would melt, and with the prophet cry,
"To breathe new souls, ye Zephyrs, fly;
Ye wingèd brothers all, haste, haste away!"
Frown you? Frown on; your hour is past!
The signal wafted in that blast
Speaks Britain's awful senate met: beware
Lest in her scale, (the womb of right!)
With all your arms, you're found too light,
Till smiles increase that weight your frowns impair.
For, mark the scene of deep debate,
Where Britons sit on Europe's fate;
What loom'd exploit adorns it and inspires?
The walls, the very walls advise,
Each mean, degenerate thought chastise,
And rouse the sons with all their fathers' fires;
Teach them the style they used of old.
Would Britain have her anger told?
Oh, never let a meaner language sound
Than that which through black ether rolls,
Than that which prostrates human souls,
And rocks pale realms, when angry gods have frown'd!
Gods, and their noblest offspring here,
Soft terms refused, impose severe:
Ye nations, know! know, all ye sceptred powers!
In sulphurous night, and massy balls,
And floods of flame, the tempest falls,
When Pride presumes, and Britain's senate lowers.

A brighter era is begun ;
Our fame advances with the sun ;
A virgin senate blooms : her bosom heaves
With something great, with something new ;
Something our god-like sires may view,
And not abash'd shrink back into their graves.
No ; Britain's slumbering genius wakes :
What other Churchills, other Drakes ?
What castle nods ? what lilies cease to smile ?
What lion roars ? what fleets in flight ?
What towns in flames ! (prophetic sight !)
What eagle mounting from the burning pile ?
And now, who censures this Address ?
Thus crowns, states, common men, make peace :
They swell, soothe, double, dive, swear, pray, defy ;
And when rank Interest has prevail'd,
And Artifice the treaty seal'd,
Stark Love and Conscience own the bastard tie.
Ambassadors, ye mouths of kings !
Ye missive monarchs, empire's wings !
What, though the Muse your province proudly chose ?
'Tis a reprisal fairly made ;
Her province you long since invade,
Ye perfect poets, in the vale of prose !
More safe, O Muse ! that humble vale
Than the proud surge and stormy gale :
Thy dangerous seas with wrecks are cover'd o'er ;
Dulness and Frenzy curse thy streams,
Rocks infamous for murder'd names :
Oh, strike thy swelling sails, and make to shore !
While warmer climes, in cooler strains,
On tented fields or dusty plains,
The bleeding horse and horseman hurl to ground,
'Tis mine to sing, and sing the first,
That mighty shock, that dreadful burst
Of war, which bellows through the seas profound.
Nor mean the song, nor great my blame :
When such the patrons, such the theme,
Who might not glow, soar, paint, with rage divine ?
Truth, simple Truth, I proudly dress'd
In Fancy's robe ; her flowery vest
Dipp'd in the curious colours of the Nine.

But, ah ! 'tis past : I sink, I faint ;
Nor more can glow, or soar, or paint ;
The refluent raptures from my bosom roll :
To heaven returns the sacred maid,
And all her golden visions fade,
Ne'er to revisit my tumultuous soul.

My vocal shell, which Thetis form'd
Beneath the waves, which Venus warm'd
With all her charms, (if ancient tales be true,)
And in thy pearly bosom glow'd,
Ere Pæan silver chords bestow'd !
My shell, which Clio gave, which kings applaud,
Which Europe's bleeding Genius call'd abroad !
Adieu, pacific lyre ! My laurell'd thrones, adieu !
Hear, Atticus ! your sailor's song ; I sing, I live for you.

A PARAPHRASE ON PART OF THE
BOOK OF JOB.¹

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THOMAS LORD PARKER, BARON OF MACCLESFIELD, LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR OF GREAT BRITAIN, ETC., ETC.

MY LORD,

THOUGH I have not the honour of being known to your lordship, I presume to take a privilege which men of retirement are apt to think themselves in possession of, as being the only method they have of making their way to persons of your lordship's high station without struggling through multitudes for access. I may possibly fail in my respect to your lordship, even while I endeavour to show it most; but if I err, it is because I imagined I ought not to make my first approach to one of your lordship's exalted character with less ceremony than that of a dedication. It is annexed to the condition of eminent merit, not to suffer more from the malice of its enemies, than from the importunity of its admirers; and perhaps it would be unjust, that your lordship should hope to be exempted from the troubles, when you possess all the talents, of a patron.

I have here a fair occasion to celebrate those sublime qualities, of which a whole nation is sensible, were it not inconsistent with the design of my present application. By the just discharge of your great employments, your lordship may well deserve the prayers of the distressed, the thanks of your country, and the approbation of your royal master: this indeed is a reason why every good Briton should applaud your lordship; but it is equally a reason why none should disturb you in the execution of your important affairs by works of fancy and amusement. I was therefore induced to make this address to your lordship, by considering you rather in the amiable light of a person distinguished for a refined taste of the polite arts, and the candour that usually attends it, than in the dignity of your public character.

The greatness and solemnity of the subjects treated of in

¹ It is disputed amongst the critics who was the author of the book of Job; some give it to Moses, some to others. As I was engaged in this little performance, some arguments occurred to me which favour the former of those opinions; which arguments I have flung into the following notes, where little else is to be expected.

the following work cannot fail in some measure to recommend it to a person who holds in the utmost veneration those sacred books from which it is taken; and would at the same time justify to the world my choice of the great name prefixed to it, could I be assured that the undertaking had not suffered in my hands. Thus much I think myself obliged to say; that if this little performance had not been very indulgently spoken of by some, whose judgment is universally allowed in writings of this nature, I had not dared to gratify my ambition in offering it to your lordship: I am sensible that I am endeavouring to excuse one vanity by another; but I hope I shall meet with pardon for it, since it is visibly intended to show the great submission and respect with which I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient and most humble servant,

EDWARD YOUNG.

THRICE happy Job¹ long lived in regal state,
Nor saw the sumptuous east a prince so great;
Whose worldly stores in such abundance flow'd,
Whose heart with such exalted virtue glow'd.
At length misfortunes take their turn to reign,
And ills on ills succeed; a dreadful train!
What now but deaths, and poverty, and wrong,
The sword wide-wasting, the reproachful tongue,

¹ The Almighty's speech, chapter xxxviii, &c., which is what I paraphrase in this little work, is by much the finest part of the noblest and most ancient poem in the world. Bishop Patrick says, its grandeur is as much above all other poetry, as thunder is louder than a whisper. In order to set this distinguished part of the poem in a fuller light, and give the reader a clearer conception of it, I have abridged the preceding and subsequent parts of the poem, and joined them to it; so that this piece is a sort of an epitome of the whole book of Job.

I use the word paraphrase, because I want another which might better answer to the uncommon liberties I have taken. I have omitted, added, and transposed. The mountain, the comet, the sun, and other parts, are entirely added: those upon the peacock, the lion, &c., are much enlarged; and I have thrown the whole into a method more suited to our notions of regularity. The judicious, if they compare this piece with the original, will, I flatter myself, find the reasons for the great liberties I have indulged myself in through the whole.

Longinus has a chapter on interrogations, which shows that they contribute much to the sublime. This speech of the Almighty is made up of them. Interrogation seems indeed the proper style of majesty incensed. It differs from other manner of reproof, as bidding a person execute himself does from a common execution; for he that asks the guilty a proper question, makes him, in effect, pass sentence on himself.

And spotted plagues, that mark'd his limbs all o'er
 So thick with pains, they wanted room for more?
 A change so sad what mortal heart could bear?
 Exhausted woe had left him nought to fear;
 But gave him all to grief. Low earth he press'd,
 Wept in the dust, and sorely smote his breast.
 His friends around the deep affliction mourn'd,
 Felt all his pangs, and groan for groan return'd;
 In anguish of their hearts their mantles rent,
 And seven long days in solemn silence spent;
 A debt of rev'rence to distress so great!
 Then Job contained no more; but cursed his fate.
 His day of birth, its inauspicious light
 He wishes sunk in shades of endless night,
 And blotted from the year; nor fears to crave
 Death, instant death; impatient for the grave,
 That seat of bliss, that mansion of repose,
 Where rest and mortals are no longer foes;
 Where counsellors are hush'd, and mighty kings
 (O happy turn!) no more are wretched things.

His words were daring, and displeased his friends;
 His conduct they reprove, and he defends;
 And now they kindled into warm debate,
 And sentiments opposed with equal heat;
 Fix'd in opinion, both refuse to yield,
 And summon all their reason to the field:
 So high at length their arguments were wrought,
 They reach'd the last extent of human thought:
 A pause ensued.—When, lo! Heaven interposed,
 And awfully the long contention closed.
 Full o'er their heads, with terrible surprise,
 A sudden whirlwind blacken'd all the skies:
 (They saw, and trembled!) From the darkness broke
 A dreadful voice, and thus the Almighty spoke.

"Who gives his tongue a loose so bold and vain,
 Censures my conduct, and reproves my reign?"

¹ The book of Job is well known to be dramatic, and, like the tragedies of old Greece, is fiction built on truth. Probably this most noble part of it, the Almighty speaking out of the whirlwind (so suitable to the after-practice of the Greek stage, when there happened *dignus vindice nodus*) is fictitious; but is a fiction more agreeable to the time in which Job lived, than to any since? Frequent before the law were the appearances of the Almighty after this manner, Exod. xix. Ezek. i. &c. Hence is he said to "dwell in thick darkness: and have his way in the whirlwind."

Lifts up his thoughts against me from the dust,
 And tells the world's Creator what is just ?
 Of late so brave, now lift a dauntless eye,
 Face my demand, and give it a reply :
 Where didst thou dwell at nature's early birth ?
 Who laid foundations for the spacious earth ?
 Who on its surface did extend the line,
 Its form determine, and its bulk confine ?
 Who fix'd the corner-stone ? What hand, declare,
 Hung it on nought, and fasten'd it on air ;
 When the bright morning stars in concert sung,
 When heaven's high arch with loud hosannas rung ;
 When shouting sons of God the triumph crown'd,
 And the wide concave thunder'd with the sound ?
 Earth's num'rous kingdoms, hast thou view'd them all ?
 And can thy span of knowledge grasp the ball ?
 Who heaved the mountain, which sublimely stands,
 And casts its shadow into distant lands ?

Who, stretching forth his sceptre o'er the deep,
 Can that wide world in due subjection keep ?
 I broke the globe, I scoop'd its hollow'd side,
 And did a bason for the floods provide ;
 I chain'd them with my word ; the boiling sea,
 Work'd up in tempests, hears my great decree ;
 " Thus far,¹ thy floating tide shall be convey'd ;
 And here, O main, be thy proud billows stay'd."

Hast thou explored the secrets of the deep,
 Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep ?
 Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
 Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea ?
 Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
 Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head ?

Hath the cleft centre open'd wide to thee ?
 Death's inmost chambers didst thou ever see ?
 E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
 To the black portal through the incumbent shade ?

¹ There is a very great air in all that precedes, but this is signally sublime. We are struck with admiration to see the vast and ungovernable ocean receiving commands, and punctually obeying them ; to find it like a managed horse, raging, tossing, and foaming, but by the rule and direction of its master. This passage yields in sublimity to that of " Let there be light," &c., so much only, as the absolute government of nature yields to the creation of it.

The like spirit in these two passages is no bad concurrent argument, that Moses is author of the book of Job.

Deep are those shades ; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride.

Where dwells the light ? In what refulgent dome ?
And where has darkness made her dismal home ?
Thou know'st, no doubt, since thy large heart is fraught
With ripen'd wisdom, through long ages brought ;
Since nature was call'd forth when thou wast by,
And into being rose beneath thine eye !

Are mists begotten ? Who their father knew ?
From whom descend the pearly drops of dew ?
To bind the stream by night, what hand can boast,
Or whiten morning with the hoary frost ?
Whose powerful breath, from northern regions blown,
Touches the sea, and turns it into stone ?
A sudden desert spreads o'er realms defaced,
And lays one half of the creation waste ?

Thou know'st me not ; thy blindness cannot see
How vast a distance parts thy God from thee.
Canst thou in whirlwinds mount aloft ? Canst thou
In clouds and darkness wrap thy awful brow ?
And, when day triumphs in meridian light,
Put forth thy hand, and shade the world with night ?

Who launch'd the clouds in air, and bid them roll
Suspended seas aloft, from pole to pole ?
Who can refresh the burning sandy plain,
And quench the summer with a waste of rain ?
Who, in rough deserts, far from human toil,
Made rocks bring forth, and desolation smile ?
There blooms the rose, where human face ne'er shone,
And spreads its beauties to the sun alone.

To check the shower, who lifts his hand on high,
And shuts the sluices of the exhausted sky
When earth no longer mourns her gaping veins,
Her naked mountains, and her russet plains ;
But, new in life, a cheerful prospect yields
Of shining rivers, and of verdant fields ;
When groves and forests lavish all their bloom,
And earth and heaven are fill'd with rich perfume ?

Hast thou e'er scaled my wintry skies, and seen
Of hail and snows my northern magazine ?
These the dread treasures of mine anger are,
My funds of vengeance for the day of war,
When clouds rain death, and storms, at my command,
Rage through the world, or waste a guilty land.

Who taught the rapid winds to fly so fast,
Or shakes the centre with his eastern blast?
Who from the skies can a whole deluge pour?
Who strikes through nature with the solemn roar
Of dreadful thunder, points it where to fall,
And in fierce lightning wraps the flying ball?
Not he who trembles at the darted fires,
Falls at the sound, and in the flash expires.

Who drew the comet out to such a size,
And pour'd his flaming train o'er half the skies?
Did thy resentment hang him out? Does he
Glare on the nations, and denounce, from thee?

Who on low earth can moderate the rein,
That guides the stars along the ethereal plain?
Appoint their seasons, and direct their course,
Their lustre brighten, and supply their force?
Canst thou the skies' benevolence restrain,
And cause the Pleiades to shine in vain?
Or, when Orion sparkles from his sphere,
Thaw the cold season, and unbind the year?
Bid Mazzaroth his destined station know,
And teach the bright Arcturus where to glow?
Mine is the night, with all her stars; I pour
Myriads, and myriads I reserve in store.

Dost thou pronounce where day-light shall be born,
And draw the purple curtain of the morn;
Awake the sun, and bid him come away,
And glad thy world with his obsequious ray?
Hast thou, enthroned in flaming glory, driven
Triumphant round the spacious ring of heaven?
That pomp of light, what hand so far displays,
That distant earth lies basking in the blaze?

Who did the soul with her rich powers invest,
And light up reason in the human breast?
To shine, with fresh increase of lustre, bright,
When stars and sun are set in endless night?
To these my various questions make reply.

The Almighty spoke; and, speaking, shook the sky.

What then, Chaldaean sire, was thy surprise!
Thus thou, with trembling heart, and downcast eyes:
"Once and again, which I in groans deplore,
My tongue has err'd; but shall presume no more.
My voice is in eternal silence bound,
And all my soul falls prostrate to the ground."

He ceased : when, lo ! again the Almighty spoke ;
The same dread voice from the black whirlwind broke.

Can that arm measure with an arm divine ?
And canst thou thunder with a voice like mine ?
Or in the hollow of thy hand contain
The bulk of waters, the wide-spreading main,
When, mad with tempests, all the billows rise
In all their rage, and dash the distant skies ?

Come forth, in beauty's excellence array'd ;
And be the grandeur of thy power display'd ;
Put on omnipotence, and, frowning, make
The spacious round of the creation shake ;
Despatch thy vengeance, bid it overthrow
Triumphant vice, lay lofty tyrants low,
And crumble them to dust. When this is done,
I grant thy safety lodged in thee alone ;
Of thee thou art, and mayst undaunted stand
Behind the buckler of thine own right hand.

Fond man ! the vision of a moment made !
Dream of a dream ! and shadow of a shade !
What worlds hast thou produced, what creatures framed ;
What insects cherish'd, that thy God is blamed ?
When pain'd with hunger, the wild raven's¹ brood
Loud calls on God, importunate for food,
Who hears their cry, who grants their hoarse request,
And stills the clamour of the craving nest ?

Who in the stupid ostrich² has subdued

¹ Another argument that Moses was the author, is, that most of the creatures here mentioned are Egyptian. The reason given why the raven is particularly mentioned as an object of the care of Providence, is, because by her clamorous and importunate voice, she particularly seems always calling upon it; thence *κοράσσω α κόραξ*, *Ælian*, l. ii. c. 48, is "to ask earnestly." And since there were ravens on the bank of the Nile more clamorous than the rest of that species, those probably are meant in that place.

² There are many instances of this bird's stupidity: let two suffice. First, it covers its head in the reeds, and thinks itself all out of sight.

Stat lumine clauso
Ridendum revoluta caput, creditque latere
Quæ non ipsa videt. CLAUD.

Secondly, they that go in pursuit of them, draw the skin of an ostrich's neck on one hand, which proves a sufficient lure to take them with the other.

They have so little brain, that Heliogabalus had six hundred heads for his supper.

Here we may observe, that our judicious as well as sublime author,

A parent's care, and fond inquietude?
 While far she flies, her scatter'd eggs are found,
 Without an owner, on the sandy ground;
 Cast out on fortune, they at mercy lie,
 And borrow life from an indulgent sky:
 Adopted by the sun, in blaze of day,
 They ripen under his prolific ray.
 Unmindful she, that some unhappy tread
 May crush her young in their neglected bed.
 What time she skims along the field with speed,¹
 She scorns the rider, and pursuing steed.²
 How rich the peacock!³ what bright glories run
 From plume to plume, and vary in the sun!
 He proudly spreads them, to the golden ray
 Gives all his colours, and adorns the day;
 With conscious state the spacious round displays,
 And slowly moves amid the waving blaze.
 Who taught the hawk to find, in seasons wise,
 Perpetual summer, and a change of skies?
 When clouds deform the year, she mounts the wind,
 Shoots to the south, nor fears the storm behind;
 The sun returning, she returns again,
 Lives in his beams, and leaves ill days to men.
 Though strong the hawk,⁴ though practised well to fly,

just touches the great points of distinction in each creature, and then hastens to another. A description is exact when you cannot add, but what is common to another thing; nor withdraw, but something peculiarly belonging to the thing described. A likeness is lost in too much description, as a meaning often in too much illustration.

¹ Here is marked another peculiar quality of this creature, which neither flies nor runs directly, but has a motion composed of both, and using its wings as sails, makes great speed.

Vasta velut Libyæ venantùm vocibus ales
 Cum premitur, calidas cursu transmittit arenas,
 Inque modum velli sinuatis flamine pennis
 Pulverulenta volat.

CLAUD. in *Eutr.*

² Xenophon says, Cyrus had horses that could overtake the goat and the wild ass; but none that could reach this creature. A thousand golden ducats, or a hundred camels, was the stated price of a horse that could equal their speed.

³ Though this bird is but just mentioned in my author, I could not forbear going a little farther, and spreading those beautiful plumes (which are there shut up) in half a dozen lines. The circumstance I have marked of his opening his plumes to the sun is true. *Expandit colores adverso maxime sole, quia sic fulgentius radiant.* PLIN. l. x. c. 20.

⁴ Thyanus (de Re Accip.) mentions a hawk that flew from Paris to London in a night.

An eagle drops her in a lower sky ;
 An eagle, when, deserting human sight,
 She seeks the sun in her unwearied flight :
 Did thy command her yellow pinion lift
 So high in air, and set her on the clift,
 Where far above thy world she dwells alone,
 And proudly makes the strength of rocks her own ;
 Thence wide o'er nature takes her dread survey,¹
 And with a glance predestinates her prey ?
 She feasts her young with blood ; and, hov'ring o'er
 The unslaughter'd host, enjoys the promised gore.

Know'st thou how many moons,² by me assigned,
 Roll o'er the mountain goat, and forest hind,
 While pregnant they a mother's load sustain ?
 They bend in anguish, and cast forth their pain.
 Hale are their young, from human frailties freed ;
 Walk unsustain'd, and unassisted feed ;
 They live at once ; forsake the dam's warm side ;
 Take the wide world, with nature for their guide ;
 Bound o'er the lawn, or seek the distant glade ;
 And find a home in each delightful shade.

Will the tall reem, which knows no lord but me,
 Low at the crib, and ask an alms of thee ;
 Submit his unworn shoulder to the yoke,
 Break the stiff clod, and o'er thy furrow smoke ?
 Since great his strength, go trust him, void of care ;
 Lay on his neck the toil of all the year ;
 Bid him bring home the seasons to thy doors,
 And cast his load among thy gather'd stores.

Didst thou from service the wild ass discharge,

And the Egyptians, in regard to its swiftness, made it their symbol for the wind ; for which reason we may suppose the hawk, as well as the crow above, to have been a bird of note in Egypt.

¹ The eagle is said to be of so acute a sight, that when she is so high in air that man cannot see her, she can discern the smallest fish under water. My author accurately understood the nature of the creatures he describes, and seems to have been a naturalist as well as a poet, which the next note will confirm.

² The meaning of this question is, Knowest thou the time and circumstances of their bringing forth ? For to know the time only was easy, and had nothing extraordinary in it ; but the circumstances had something peculiarly expressive of God's providence, which makes the question proper in this place. Pliny observes, that the hind with young is by instinct directed to a certain herb called *Seselis*, which facilitates the birth. Thunder also (which looks like the more immediate hand of Providence) has the same effect. (Ps. xxix.) In so early an age to observe these things, may style our author a naturalist.

And break his bonds, and bid him live at large,
 Through the wide waste, his ample mansion, roam,
 And lose himself in his unbounded home?
 By nature's hand magnificently fed,
 His meal is on the range of mountains spread;
 As in pure air aloft he bounds along,
 He sees in distant smoke the city throng;
 Conscious of freedom, scorns the smother'd train,
 The threat'ning driver, and the servile rein.

Survey the warlike horse! didst thou invest
 With thunder his robust distended chest?
 No sense of fear his dauntless soul allays;
 'Tis dreadful to behold his nostrils blaze;
 To paw the vale he proudly takes delight,
 And triumphs in the fulness of his might;
 High raised he snuffs the battle from afar,
 And burns to plunge amid the raging war;
 And mocks at death, and throws his foam around,
 And in a storm of fury shakes the ground.
 How does his firm, his rising heart, advance
 Full on the brandish'd sword, and shaken lance;
 While his fix'd eyeballs meet the dazzling shield,
 Gaze, and return the lightning of the field!
 He sinks the sense of pain in gen'rous pride,
 Nor feels the shaft that trembles in his side;
 But neighs to the shrill trumpet's dreadful blast
 Till death; and when he groans, he groans his last.

But, fiercer still, the lordly lion stalks,
 Grinly majestic in his lonely walks;
 When round he glares, all living creatures fly;
 He clears the desert with his rolling eye.
 Say, mortal, does he rouse at thy command,
 And roar to thee, and live upon thy hand?
 Dost thou for him in forests bend thy bow,
 And to his gloomy den the morsel throw,
 Where bent on death lie hid his tawny brood,
 And, couch'd in dreadful ambush, pant for blood;
 Or, stretch'd on broken limbs, consume the day,
 In darkness wrapt, and slumber o'er their prey?
 By the pale moon they take their destin'd round,¹
 And lash their sides, and furious tear the ground.

¹ Pursuing their prey by night is true of most wild beasts, particularly the lion. (Ps. cvi 20.) The Arabians have one among their five hundred names for the lion, which signifies "the hunter by moonshine."

Now shrieks, and dying groans, the desert fill ;
 They rage, they rend ; their rav'nous jaws distil
 With crimson foam ; and, when the banquet's o'er,
 They stride away, and paint their steps with gore ;
 In flight alone the shepherd puts his trust,
 And shudders at the talon in the dust.

Mild is my behemoth, though large his frame ;
 Smooth is his temper, and repress'd his flame,
 While unprovok'd. This native of the flood
 Lifts his broad foot, and puts ashore for food ;
 Earth sinks beneath him, as he moves along
 To seek the herbs, and mingle with the throng.
 See with what strength his harden'd loins are bound,
 All over proof and shut against a wound.
 How like a mountain cedar moves his tail !
 Nor can his complicated sinews fail.
 Built high and wide, his solid bones surpass
 The bars of steel ; his ribs are ribs of brass ;
 His port majestic, and his arm'd jaw,
 Give the wide forest, and the mountain, law.
 The mountains feed him ; there the beasts admire
 The mighty stranger, and in dread retire :
 At length his greatness nearer they survey,
 Graze in his shadow, and his eye obey.
 The fens and marshes are his cool retreat,
 His noontide shelter from the burning heat ;
 Their sedgy bosoms his wide couch are made,
 And groves of willows give him all their shade.

His eye drinks Jordan up, when fired with drought,
 He trusts to turn its current down his throat ;
 In lessen'd waves it creeps along the plain :
 He sinks a river,¹ and he thirsts again.
 Go to the Nile,² and, from its fruitful side,

¹ Cephissi glaciale caput, quo suctus anhelam
 Ferre sitim Python, amnemque avertere ponto.
 STAT. *Theb.* vii. 349.

Qui spiris tegeret montes, hauriret hiatu
 Flumina, &c. CLAUD. *Pref. in Ruf.*

Let not then this hyperbole seem too much for an eastern poet, though some commentators of name strain hard in this place for a new construction, through fear of it.

² The taking the crocodile is most difficult. Diodorus says, they are not to be taken but by iron nets. When Augustus conquered Egypt, he struck a medal, the impress of which was a crocodile chained to a palm-tree, with this inscription, *Nemo antea relligavit.*

Cast forth thy line into the swelling tide :
 With slender hair leviathan command,
 And stretch his vastness on the loaded strand.
 Will he become thy servant ? Will he own
 Thy lordly nod, and tremble at thy frown ?
 Or with his sport amuse thy leisure day,
 And, bound in silk, with thy soft maidens play ?
 Shall pompous banquets swell with such a prize ?
 And the bowl journey round his ample size ?
 Or the debating merchants share the prey,
 And various limbs to various marts convey ?
 Through his firm skull what steel its way can win ?
 What forceful engine can subdue his skin ?
 Fly far, and live ; tempt not his matchless might :
 The bravest shrink to cowards in his sight ;
 The rashest dare not rouse him up :¹ Who then
 Shall turn on me, among the sons of men ?

Am I a debtor ? Hast thou ever heard
 Whence come the gifts that are on me conferr'd ?
 My lavish fruit a thousand valleys fills,
 And mine the herds, that graze a thousand hills :
 Earth, sea, and air, all nature is my own ;
 And stars and sun are dust beneath my throne.
 And darest thou with the world's great Father vie,
 Thou, who dost tremble at my creature's eye ?

At full my huge leviathan shall rise,
 Boast all his strength, and spread his wondrous size.
 Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
 Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale ?
 Whose heart sustains him to draw near ? Behold
 Destruction yawns ;² his spacious jaws unfold,
 And, marshall'd round the wide expanse, disclose
 Teeth edged with death, and crowding rows on rows :
 What hideous fangs on either side arise !
 And what a deep abyss between them lies !
 Mete with thy lance, and with thy plummet sound,
 The one how long, the other how profound.

¹ This alludes to a custom of this creature, which is, when sated with fish, to come ashore and sleep among the reeds.

² The crocodile's mouth is exceeding wide. When he gapes, says Pliny, sit totum os. Martial says to his old woman,

Cum comparata rictibus tuis ora
 Nillicus habet crocodilus angusta.

So that the expression there is barely just.

His bulk is charged with such a furious soul,
 That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,
 As from a furnace ; and, when roused his ire,
 Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.¹
 The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
 Thy terror, this thy great superior please ;
 Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state ;
 His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete ;
 His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part ;
 As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When, late awaked, he rears him from the floods,
 And, stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
 Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
 And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
 Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
 The mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.

Large is his front ; and, when his burnish'd eyes
 Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.²

¹ This too is nearer truth than at first view may be imagined. The crocodile, say the naturalists, lying long under water, and being there forced to hold its breath, when it emerges, the breath long repressed is hot, and bursts out so violently, that it resembles fire and smoke. The horse suppresses not his breath by any means so long, neither is he so fierce and animated ; yet the most correct of poets ventures to use the same metaphor concerning him :

Collectumque premens volvit sub naribus ignem.

By this and the foregoing note I would caution against a false opinion of the eastern boldness, from passages in them ill understood.

² " His eyes are like the eyelids of the morning." I think this gives us as great an image of the thing it would express, as can enter the thought of man. It is not improbable that the Egyptians stole their hieroglyphic for the morning, which is the crocodile's eye, from this passage, though no commentator, I have seen, mentions it. It is easy to conceive how the Egyptians should be both readers and admirers of the writings of Moses, whom I suppose the author of this poem.

I have observed already that three or four of the creatures here described are Egyptian ; the two last are notoriously so, they are the river-horse and the crocodile, those celebrated inhabitants of the Nile ; and on these two it is that our author chiefly dwells. It would have been expected from an author more remote from that river than Moses, in a catalogue of creatures produced to magnify their Creator, to have dwelt on the two largest works of his hand, viz. the elephant and the whale. This is so natural an expectation, that some commentators have rendered behemoth and leviathan, the elephant and whale, though the descriptions in our author will not admit of it ; but Moses being, as we may well suppose, under an immediate terror of the hippopotamus and crocodile, from their daily mischiefs and ravages around him, it is very accountable why he should permit them to take place.

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade ;
His naked breast their impotence defies ;
The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears ;
The cumber'd strand their wasted volleys strow ;
His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud ;
The billows feel him, as he works his way ;
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea ;
The foam high-wrought, with white divides the green,
And distant sailors point where death has been.

His like earth bears not on her spacious face :
Alone in nature stands his dauntless race,
For utter ignorance of fear renown'd,
In wrath he rolls his baleful eye around :
Makes every swoln, disdainful heart, subside,
And holds dominion o'er the sons of pride.

Then the Chaldaean eased his lab'ring breast,
With full conviction of his crime oppress'd.

"Thou canst accomplish all things, Lord of might :
And every thought is naked to thy sight.
But, oh ! thy ways are wonderful, and lie
Beyond the deepest reach of mortal eye.
Oft have I heard of thine Almighty power ;
But never saw thee till this dreadful hour.
O'erwhelm'd with shame, the Lord of life I see,
Abhor myself, and give my soul to thee.
Nor shall my weakness tempt thine anger more :
Man is not made to question, but adore."

ON MICHAEL ANGELO'S FAMOUS PIECE OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

WHO IS SAID TO HAVE CAUSED A MALEFACTOR TO BE STABBED THAT
HE MIGHT DRAW THE CRUCIFIXION MORE NATURALLY.¹

WHILST his Redeemer on his canvas dies,
Stabb'd at his feet his brother weltering lies :
The daring artist, cruelly serene,
Views the pale cheek and the distorted mien ;
He drains off life by drops, and, deaf to cries,
Examines every spirit as it flies :
He studies torment, dives in mortal woe,
To rouse up every pang repeats his blow ;
Each rising agony, each dreadful grace,
Yet warm transplanting to his Saviour's face.
Oh glorious theft ! oh nobly wicked draught !
With its full charge of death each feature fraught,
Such wondrous force the magic colours boast,
From his own skill he starts in horror lost.

TO MR ADDISON,

ON THE TRAGEDY OF CATO.

WHAT do we see ? Is Cato then become
A greater name in Britain than in Rome ?
Does mankind now admire his virtues more,
Though Lucan, Horace, Virgil, wrote before ?
How will posterity this truth explain ?
"Cato begins to live in Anna's reign."
The world's great chiefs, in council or in arms,
Rise in your lines with more exalted charms ;
Illustrious deeds in distant nations wrought,
And virtues by departed heroes taught,
Raise in your soul a pure immortal flame,
Adorn your life, and consecrate your fame ;
To your renown all ages you subdue,
And Caesar fought, and Cato bled for you.

All Souls Coll. Oxon.

¹ There is no ground for the story.

EPITAPH

ON LORD AUBREY BEAUCLERK, IN WESTMINSTER
ABBEY, 1740.

WHILST Britain boasts her empire o'er the deep,
This marble shall compel the brave to weep :
As men, as Britons, and as soldiers, mourn ;
'Tis dauntless, loyal, virtuous Beauclerk's urn.
Sweet were his manners, as his soul was great,
And ripe his worth, though immature his fate ;
Each tender grace that joy and love inspires,
Living, he mingled with his martial fires :
Dying, he bid Britannia's thunders roar ;
And Spain still felt him, when he breathed no more.

EPITAPH AT WELWYN, HERTFORDSHIRE.

Reader,
If fond of what is rare, attend !
Here lies an honest man,
Of perfect piety,
Of lamblike patience,
My friend, James Barker ;
To whom I pay this mean memorial,
For what deserves the greatest.
An example
Which shone through all the clouds of fortune,
Industrious in low estate,
The lesson and reproach of those above him.
To lay this little stone
Is my ambition ;
While others rear
The polish'd marbles of the great !
Vain pomp ;
A turf o'er virtue charms us more.
E. Y. 1749.

A LETTER TO MR TICKELL,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF THE RIGHT HON.
JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ. 1719.

—*Tu nunc eris alter ab illo.*

VIRG.

O LONG with me in Oxford groves confin'd,
In social arts and sacred friendship join'd ;
Fair Isis' sorrow, and fair Isis' boast,
Lost from her side, but fortunately lost ;
Thy wonted aid, my dear companion ! bring,
And teach me thy departed friend to sing :
A darling theme ! once powerful to inspire,
And now to melt, the muses' mournful choir :
Now, and now first, we freely dare commend
His modest worth, nor shall our praise offend.

Early he bloom'd amid the learned train,
And ravish'd Isis listen'd to his strain.
“ See, see,” she cried, “ old Maro's muse appears,
Waked from her slumber of two thousand years :
Her finish'd charms to Addison she brings,
Thinks in his thought, and in his numbers sings.
All read transported his pure classic page ;
Read, and forget their climate and their age.”

The state, when now his rising fame was known,
The unrivall'd genius challenged for her own,
Nor would that one, for scenes for action strong,
Should let a life evaporate in song.
As health and strength the brightest charms dispense,
Wit is the blossom of the soundest sense :
Yet few, how few, with lofty thoughts inspired,
With quickness pointed, and with rapture fired,
In conscious pride their own importance find,
Blind to themselves, as the hard world is blind !
Wit they esteem a gay but worthless power,
The slight amusement of a leisure hour ;
Unmindful that, conceal'd from vulgar eyes,
Majestic wisdom wears the bright disguise.

Who greatest excellence of thought could boast,
In action, too, have been distinguish'd most :
This Sommers¹ knew, and Addison sent forth
From the malignant regions of the north,

¹ Lord Sommers procured a pension for Mr Addison, which enabled him to prosecute his travels.—R.

To be matured in more indulgent skies,
Where all the vigour of the soul can rise ;
Through warmer veins where sprightlier spirits run,
And sense enliven'd sparkles in the sun.
With secret pain the prudent patriot gave
The hopes of Britain to the rolling wave,
Anxious, the charge to all the stars resign'd,
And placed a confidence in sea and wind.

Ausonia soon received her wondering guest,
And equal wonder in her turn confess'd,
To see her fervours rival'd by the pole,
Her lustre beaming from a northern soul :
In like surprise was her Æneas lost,
To find his picture grace a foreign coast.

Now the wide field of Europe he surveys,
Compares her kings, her thrones and empires weighs,
In ripen'd judgment and consummate thought ;
Great work ! by Nassau's favour cheaply bought.

He now returns to Britain a support,
Wise in her senate, graceful in her court ;
And when the public welfare would permit,
The source of learning, and the soul of wit.
O Warwick ! (whom the muse is fond to name,
And kindles, conscious of her future theme)
O Warwick ! by divine contagion bright !
How early didst thou catch his radiant light !
By him inspired, how shine before thy time,
And leave thy years, and leap into thy prime !

On some warm bank, thus, fortunately born,
A rose-bud opens to a summer's morn,
Full-blown ere noon her fragrant pride displays,
And shows the abundance of her purple rays.

Wit, as her bays, was once a barren tree ;
We now, surprised, her fruitful branches see ;
Or, orange-like, till his auspicious time
It grew indeed, but shiver'd in our clime :
He first the plant to richer gardens led :
And fixed, indulgent, in a warmer bed :
The nation, pleased, enjoys the rich produce,
And gathers from her ornament her use.

When loose from public cares the grove he sought,
And fill'd the leisure interval with thought,
The various labours of his easy page,
A chance amusement, polish'd half an age.

Beyond this truth old bards could scarce invent,
Who durst to frame a world by accident.

What he has sung, how early and how well,
The Thames shall boast, and Roman Tiber tell.
A glory more sublime remains in store,
Since such his talents, that he sung no more.

No fuller proof of power the Almighty gave,
Making the sea, than curbing her proud wave.

Nought can the genius of his works transcend,
But their fair purpose and important end ;
To rouse the war for injured Europe's laws,
To steal the patriot in Great Brunswick's cause ;
With virtue's charms to kindle sacred love,
Or paint the eternal bowers of bliss above.
Where hadst thou room, great author ! where to roll
The mighty theme of an immortal soul ?
Through paths unknown, unbeaten, whence were brought
Thy proofs so strong for immaterial thought ?
One let me join, all other may excel,
" How could a mortal essence think so well ?"

But why so large in the great writer's praise ?
More lofty subjects should my numbers raise ;
In him (illustrious rivalry !) contend
The statesman, patriot, Christian, and the friend !
His glory such, it borders on disgrace
To say he sung the best of human race.

In joy once join'd, in sorrow now for years,
Partner in grief, and brother of my tears,
Tickell ! accept this verse, thy mournful due ;
Thou further shalt the sacred theme pursue ;
And, as thy strain describes the matchless man,
Thy life shall second what thy muse began.
Though sweet the numbers, though a fire divine
Dart through the whole, and burn in every line,
Who strives not for that excellence he draws,
Is stain'd by fame, and suffers from applause.

But haste to thy illustrious task ; prepare
The noble work well trusted to thy care,¹
The gift bequeath'd by Addison's command,
To Craggs made sacred by his dying hand.
Collect the labours, join the various rays,
The scatter'd light in one united blaze ;
Then bear to him so true, so truly loved,

¹ The publication of his Works.

In life distinguish'd, and in death approved,
 The immortal legacy. He hangs a-while
 In generous anguish o'er the glorious pile ;
 With anxious pleasure the known page reviews,
 And the dear pledge with falling tears bedews.
 What though thy tears, pour'd o'er thy godlike friend,
 Thy other cares for Britain's weal suspend ?
 Think not, O patriot ! while thy eyes o'erflow,
 Those cares suspended for a private woe ;
 Thy love to him is to thy country shown ;
 He mourns for her who mourns for Addison.

REFLECTIONS ON THE PUBLIC SITUATION OF THE KINGDOM.

INSCRIBED TO THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

HOLLES ! immortal in far more than fame !
 Be thou illustrious in far more than power.
 Great things are small when greater rise to view.
 Though station'd high, and press'd with public cares,
 Disdain not to peruse my serious song,
 Which peradventure may push by the world :
 Of a few moments rob Britannia's weal,
 And leave Europa's counsels less mature !
 For thou art noble, and the theme is great.
 Nor shall or Europe or Britannia blame
 Thine absent ear, but gain by the delay.
 Long versed in senates and in cabinets,
 States' intricate demands and high debates !
 As thou of use to those, so this to thee ;
 And in a point that empire far outweighs,
 That far outweighs all Europe's thrones in one.
 Let greatness prove its title to be great.
 'Tis power's supreme prerogative to stamp
 On others' minds an image of its own.
 Bend the strong influence of high place, to stem
 The stream that sweeps away thy country's weal ;
 The Stygian stream, the torrent of our guilt.
 Far as thou mayst give life to virtue's cause ;
 Let not the ties of personal regard
 Betray the nation's trust to feeble hands :
 Let not fomented flames of private pique

Prey on the vitals of the public good :
Let not our streets with blasphemies resound,
Nor lewdness whisper where the laws can reach :
Let not best laws, the wisdom of our sires,
Turn satires on their sunk degenerate sons,
The bastards of their blood ! and serve no point
But, with more emphasis to call them fools :
Let not our rank enormities unhinge
Britannia's welfare from divine support.

Such deeds the minister, the prince adorn ;
No power is shown but in such deeds as these :
All, all is impotence but acting right ;
And where's the statesman but would show his power?
To prince and people thou, of equal zeal !
Be it henceforward but thy second care
To grace thy country, and support the throne ;
Though this supported, that adorn'd so well,
A throne superior our first homage claims ;
To Cæsar's Cæsar our first tribute due :
A tribute which, unpaid, makes specious wrong
And splendid sacrilege of all beside :
Illustrious followers ; we must first be just ;
And what so just as awe for the supreme ?
Less fear we rugged ruffians of the north,
Than virtue's well-clad rebels nearer home ;
Less Loyola's disguised, all-aping sons,
Than traitors lurking in our appetites ;
Less all the legions Seine and Tagus send,
Than unrein'd passions rushing on our peace :
Yon savage mountaineers are tame to these.
Against those rioters send forth the laws,
And break to reason's yoke their wild careers.

Prudence for all things points the proper hour,
Though some seem more importunate and great.
Though Britain's generous views and interests spread
Beyond the narrow circle of her shores,
And their grand entries make on distant lands ;
Though Britain's genius the wide wave bestrides,
And, like a vast Colossus, towering stands
With one foot planted on the continent ;
Yet be not wholly wrapp'd in public cares,
Though such high cares should call as call'd of late ;
The cause of kings and emperors adjourn,
And Europe's little balance drop a while ;

For greater drop it, ponder and adjust
The rival interests and contending claims
Of life and death, of now, and of for-ever ;
Sublimest theme ; and needful as sublime.
Thus great Eliza's oracles renown'd,
Thus Walsingham and Raleigh (Britain's boasts !),
Thus every statesman thought that ever—died.
There's inspiration in a sable hour,
And Death's approach makes politicians wise.

When thunderstruck, that eagle Wolsey fell ;
When royal favour, as an ebbing sea,
Like a leviathan, his grandeur left,
His gasping grandeur ! naked on the strand,
Naked of human, doubtful of divine,
Assistance ; no more wallowing in his wealth,
Spouting proud foams of insolence no more,
On what, then, smote his heart, uncardinal'd,
And sunk beneath the level of a man !
On the grand article the sum of things !
The point of the first magnitude ! that point
Tubes mounted in a court, but rarely reach ;
Some painted cloud still intercepts their sight.
First right to judge ; then choose ; then persevere,
Steadfast, as if a crown or mistress call'd.—
These, these are politics will stand the test,
When finer politics their masters sting,
And statesmen fain would shrink to common men.
These, these are politics will answer now,
(When common men would fain to statesmen swell)
Beyond a Machiavel's or Tencin's scheme.
All safety rests on honest councils : these
Immortalise the statesman, bless the state,
Make the prince triumph, and the people smile ;
In peace rever'd, or terrible in arms,
Close-leagued with an invincible ally,
Which honest counsels never fail to fix
In favour of an unabandon'd land ;
A land—that starts at such a land as this,
A parliament, so principled, will sink
All ancient schools of empire in disgrace,
And Britain's glory, rising from the dead,
Will fill the world, loud fame's superior song.

Britain !—that word pronounced is an alarm ;
It warms the blood, though frozen in our veins ;

Awakes the soul, and sends her to the field,
Enamour'd of the glorious face of Death.
Britain!—there's noble magic in the sound.
O what illustrious images arise!
Embattled, round me, blaze the pomps of war!
By sea, by land, at home, in foreign climes,
What full-blown laurels on our fathers' brows!
Ye radiant trophies! and imperial spoils!
Ye scenes!—astonishing to modern sight!
Let me, at least, enjoy you in a dream.
Why vanish? Stay, ye godlike strangers! stay:
Strangers!—I wrong my countrymen: they wake;
High beats the pulse: the noble pulse of war
Beats to that ancient measure, that grand march
Which then prevail'd, when Britain highest soar'd,
And every battle paid for heroes slain.
No more our great forefathers stain our cheeks
With blushes; their renown our shame no more.
In military garb, and sudden arms,
Up starts old Britain; crosiers are laid by;
Trade wields the sword, and agriculture leaves
Her half-turn'd furrow: other harvests fire
A nobler avarice, avarice of renown!
And laurels are the growth of every field.
In distant courts is our commotion felt;
And less like gods sit monarchs on their thrones.
What arm can want or sinews or success,
Which, lifted from an honest heart, descends,
With all the weight of British wrath, to cleave
The papal mitre, or the Gallic chain,
At every stroke, and save a sinking land?
Or death or victory must be resolved;
To dream of mercy, O how tame! how mad!
Where, o'er black deeds the crucifix display'd,
Fools think heaven purchased by the blood they shed;
By giving, not supporting, pains and death!
Nor simple death! where they the greatest saints
Who most subdue all tenderness of heart;
Students in torture! where, in zeal to him,
Whose darling title is the Prince of Peace,
The best turn ruthless butchers for our sakes;
To save us in a world they recommend,
And yet forbear, themselves with earth content;
What modesty!—such virtues Rome adorn!

And chiefly those who Rome's first honours wear,
Whose name from Jesus, and whose arts from hell !
And shall a pope-bred princeling crawl ashore,
Replete with venom, guiltless of a sting,
And whistle cut-throats, with those swords that scraped
Their barren rocks for wretched sustenance,
To cut his passage to the British throne ?
One that has suck'd in malice with his milk,
Malice to Britain, liberty, and truth ?
Less savage was his brother-robber's nurse,
The howling nurse of plundering Romulus,
Ere yet far worse than pagan harbour'd there.

Hail to the brave ! be Britain Britain still :
Britain ! high favour'd of indulgent heaven !
Nature's anointed empress of the deep !
The nurse of merchants, who can purchase crowns !
Supreme in commerce ! that exuberant source
Of wealth, the nerve of war ; of wealth, the blood.
The circling current in a nation's veins,
To set high bloom on the fair face of peace !
This once so celebrated seat of power,
From which escaped the mighty Cæsar triumph'd !
Of Gallic lilies this eternal blast !
This terror of armadas ! this true bolt
Ethereal-temper'd, to repress the vain
Salmonean thunders from the papal chair !
This small isle wide-realm'd monarchs eye with awe !
Which says to their ambition's foaming waves,
" Thus far, nor farther ! "—Let her hold, in life,
Nought dear disjoin'd from freedom and renown ;
Renown, our ancestors' great legacy,
To be transmitted to their latest sons.
By thoughts inglorious, and un-British deeds,
Their cancel'd will is impiously profaned,
Inhumanly disturb'd their sacred dust.

Their sacred dust with recent laurels crown,
By your own valour won. This sacred isle,
Cut from the continent, that world of slaves ;
This temple built by Heaven's peculiar care,
In a recess from the contagious world,
With ocean pour'd around it for its guard,
And dedicated, long, to liberty,
That health, that strength, that bloom, of civil life !
This temple of still more divine : of faith

Sifted from errors, purified by flames,
Like gold, to take anew truth's heavenly stamp,
And (rising both in lustre and in weight)
With her bless'd Master's unmain'd image shine ;
Why should she longer droop ! why longer act
As an accomplice with the plots of Rome ?
Why longer lend an edge to Bourbon's sword,
And give him leave, among his dastard troops,
To muster that strong succour, Albion's crimes ?
Send his self-impotent ambition aid,
And crown the conquest of her fiercest foes ?
Where are her foes most fatal ! Blushing truth,
" In her friends' vices,"—with a sigh replies.
Empire on virtue's rock unshaken stands ;
Flux as the billows, when in vice dissolved.
If Heaven reclaims us by the scourge of war,
What thanks are due to Paris and Madrid ?
Would they a revolution ?—Aid their aim,
But be the revolution—in our hearts !

Wouldst thou (whose hand is at the helm) the bark,
The shaken bark of Britain, should outride
The present blast, and every future storm ?
Give it that ballast which alone has weight
With Him whom wind, and waves, and war, obey,
Persist. Are others subtle ? Thou be wise :
Above the Florentine's court-science raise ;
Stand forth a patriot of the moral world ;
The pattern, and the patron, of the just :
Thus strengthen Britain's military strength ;
Give its own terror to the sword she draws.
Ask you, " What mean I ?"—The most obvious truth ;
Armies and fleets alone ne'er won the day.
When our proud arms are once disarm'd, disarm'd
Of aid from Him by whom the mighty fall ;
Of aid from Him by whom the feeble stand ;
Who takes away the keenest edge of battle,
Or gives the sword commission to destroy ;
Who blasts, or bids the martial laurel bloom—
Emasculated, then, most manly might ;
Or, though the might remains, it nought avails :
Then wither'd weakness foils the sinewy arm
Of man's meridian and high-hearted power :
Our naval thunders, and our tented fields
With travel'd banners fanning southern climes,

What do they ? This ; and more what can they do ?
When heap'd the measure of a kingdom's crimes,
The prince most dauntless, the first plume of war,
By such bold inroads into foreign lands,
Such elongation of our armaments,
But stretches out the guilty nation's neck,
While Heaven commands her executioner,
Some less abandon'd nation, to discharge
Her full-ripe vengeance in a final blow,
And tell the world, " Not strong is human strength ;
And that the proudest empire holds of Heaven."

O Britain ! often rescued, often crown'd
Beyond thy merit and most sanguine hopes,
With all that's great in war, or sweet in peace !
Know from what source thy signal blessings flow,
Though bless'd with spirits ardent in the field,
Though cover'd various oceans with thy fleets,
Though fenced with rocks, and moated by the main,
Thy trust repose in a far stronger guard ;
In Him, who thee, though naked, could defend ;
Though weak, could strengthen ; ruin'd, could restore.

How oft, to tell what arm defends thine isle,
To guard her welfare, and yet check her pride,
Have the winds snatch'd the victory from war ?
Or, rather, won the day, when war despair'd ?
How oft has providential succour awed,
Awed while it bless'd us, conscious of our guilt .
Struck dead all confidence in human aid,
And, while we triumph'd, made us tremble too !

Well may we tremble now ; what manners reign ?
But wherefore ask we, when a true reply
Would shock too much ? Kind Heaven ! avert events
Whose fatal nature might reply too plain !
Heaven's half-bared arm of vengeance has been waved
In northern skies, and pointed to the south.
Vengeance delay'd but gathers and ferments ;
More formidably blackens in the wind ;
Brews deeper draughts of unrelenting wrath,
And higher charges the suspended storm.
" That public vice portends a public fall"—
Is this conjecture of adventurous thought !
Or pious coward's pulpit cushion'd dream ;
Far from it. This is certain ; this is fate.
What says experience, in her awful chair

Of ages, her authentic annals spread
Around her? What says reason eagle-eyed?
Nay, what says common sense, with common care
Weighing events, and causes, in her scale?
All give one verdict, one decision sign;
And this the sentence Delphi could not mend:
"Whatever secondary props may rise
From politics, to build the public peace,
The basis is the manners of the land.
When rotten these, the politician's wiles
But struggle with destruction, as a child
With giants huge, or giants with a Jove.
The statesman's arts to conjure up a peace,
Or military phantoms void of force,
But scare away the vultures for an hour;
The scent cadaverous (for, oh! how rank
The stench of profligates!) soon lures them back;
On the proud flutter of a Gallic wing
Soon they return; soon make their full descent;
Soon glut their rage, and riot in our ruin;
Their idols graced and gorgeous with our spoils,
Of universal empire sure presage!
Till now repell'd by seas of British blood."

And whence the manners of the multitude?
The colour of their manners, black or fair,
Falls from above; from the complexion falls
Of state Othellos, or white men in power:
And from the greater height example falls,
Greater the weight, and deeper its impress
In ranks inferior, passive to the stroke:
From the court-mint, of hearts the current coin,
The pupil presses, but the pattern drives.
What bonds then, bonds how manifold, and strong
To duty, double duty, tie the great!
And are there Samsons that can burst them all?
Yes; and great minds that stand in need of none,
Whose pulse beats virtues, and whose generous blood
Aids mental motives to push on renown,
In emulation of their glorious sires,
From whom rolls down the consecrated stream.

Some sow good seeds in the glad people's hearts,
Some cursed tares, like Satan in the text:
This makes a foe most fatal to the state;
A foe who (like a wizard in his cell)

In his dark cabinet of crooked schemes,
Resembling Cuma's gloomy grot, the forge
Of boasted oracles, and real lies,
(Aided, perhaps, by second-sighted Scots,
French Magi, relics riding post from Rome,
A Gothic hero¹ rising from the dead,
And changing for spruce plaid his dirty shroud,
With succour suitable from lower still)
A foe who, these concurring to the charm,
Excites those storms that shall o'erturn the state,
Rend up her ancient honours by the root,
And lay the boast of ages, the rever'd
Of nations, the dear-bought with sumless wealth
And blood illustrious, (spite of her La Hogues,
Her Cresseys, and her Blenheims) in the dust.

How must this strike a horror through the breast,
Through every generous breast where honour reigns,
Through every breast where honour claims a share !
Yes, and through every breast of honour void !
This thought might animate the dregs of men ;
Ferment them into spirit ; give them fire
To fight the cause, the black opprobrious cause,
Foul core of all !—corruption at our hearts.
What wreck of empire has the stream of time
Swept, with her vices, from the mountain height
Of grandeur, deified by half mankind,
To dark oblivion's melancholy lake,
Or flagrant infamy's eternal brand !
Those names, at which surrounding nations shook,
Those names adored, a nuisance ! or forgot !
Nor this the caprice of a doubtful die,
But Nature's course ; no single chance against it.

For know, my lord ! 'tis writ in adamant,
'Tis fixed, as is the basis of the world,
Whose kingdoms stand or fall by the decree.
What saw these eyes, surprised !—Yet why surprised—
For aid divine the crisis seem'd to call,
And how divine was the monition given !
As late I walk'd the night in troubled thought,
My peace disturb'd by rumours from the north,
While thunder o'er my head, portentous, roll'd,
As giving signal of some strange event,
And ocean groan'd beneath for her he loved,

¹ The invader affects the character of Charles XII. of Sweden.

Albion the fair ! so long his empire's queen,
 Whose reign is, now, contested by her foes,
 On her white cliffs (a tablet broad and bright,
 Strongly reflecting the pale lunar ray)
 By fate's own iron pen I saw it writ,
 And thus the title ran :

The Statesman's Creed.

" Ye states ! and empires ! nor of empires least,
 Though least in size, hear, Britain ! thou whose lot,
 Whose final lot, is in the balance laid,
 Irresolutely play the doubtful scales,
 Nor know'st thou which will win.—Know then from me,
 As govern'd well or ill, states sink or rise :
 State ministers, as upright or corrupt,
 Are balm or poison in a nation's veins !
 Health or distemper, hasten or retard
 The period of her pride, her day of doom :
 And though, for reasons obvious to the wise,
 Just Providence deals otherwise with men,
 Yet believe, Britons ! nor too late believe,
 'Tis fix'd ! by fate irrevocably fix'd !
 Virtue and vice are empire's life and death."

Thus it is written—Heard you not a groan ?
 Is Britain on her death-bed ?—No, that groan
 Was utter'd by her foes—but soon the scale,
 If this divine monition is despised,
 May turn against us. Read it, ye who rule !
 With reverence read ; with steadfastness believe ;
 With courage act as such belief inspires ;
 Then shall your glory stand like fate's decree ;
 Then shall your name in adamant be writ,
 In records that defy the tooth of time,
 By nations saved, resounding your applause.

While deep beneath your monument's proud base,
 In black oblivion's kennel, shall be trod
 Their execrable names, who, high in power,
 And deep in guilt, most ominously shine,
 (The meteors of the state !) give vice her head,
 To license lewd let loose the public rein ;
 Quench every spark of conscience in the land,
 And triumph in the profligate's applause :
 Or who to the first bidder sell their souls,

Their country sell, sell all their fathers bought
 With funds exhausted and exhausted veins,
 To demons, by his holiness ordain'd
 To propagate the gospel—penn'd at Rome ;
 Hawk'd through the world by consecrated bulls ;
 And how illustrated ?—by Smithfield flames :
 Who plunge (but not like Curtius) down the gulf,
 Down narrow-minded self's voracious gulf,
 Which gapes, and swallows all they swore to save :
 Hate all that lifted heroes into gods,
 And hug the horrors of a victor's chain :
 Of bodies politic that destined hell,
 Inflicted here, since here their beings end,
 That vengeance, soon or late, ordain'd to fall ;
 And fall from foes detested and despised,
 On disbelievers—of the statesman's creed.

Note, here, my lord (unnoted yet it lies
 By most, or all), these truths political
 Serve more than public ends : this creed of states
 Seconds, and irresistibly supports,
 The Christian creed. Are you surprised ?—Attend ;
 And on the statesman's build a nobler name.

This punctual justice exercised on states,
 With which authentic chronicle abounds,
 As all men know, and therefore must believe ;
 This vengeance pour'd on nations ripe in guilt,
 Pour'd on them here, where only they exist,
 What is it but an argument of sense,
 Or rather demonstration, to support
 Our feeble faith—" That they who states compose,
 That men who stand not bounded by the grave,
 Shall meet like measure at their proper hour ?"
 For God is equal, similarly deals
 With states and persons, or he were not God !
 What means a rectitude immutable ?
 A pattern sure of universal right.
 What, then, shall rescue an abandon'd man ?
 Nothing, it is replied. Replied, by whom ?
 Replied by politicians, well as priests :
 Writ sacred set aside, mankind's own writ,
 The whole world's annals ; these pronounce his doom.
 Thus (what might seem a daring paradox)
 E'en politics advance divinity :
 True masters there are better scholars here,

Who travel history in quest of schemes
To govern nations, or perhaps oppress,
May there start truths, that other aims inspire,
And, like Candace's eunuch, as they read,
By Providence turn Christians on their road :
Digging for silver, they may strike on gold ;
May be surprised with better than they sought,
And entertain an angel unawares.

Nor is divinity ungrateful found.
As politics advance divinity,
Thus, in return, divinity promotes
True politics, and crowns the statesman's praise.
All wisdoms are but branches of the chief,
And statesmen found but shoots of honest men.
Are this world's witchcrafts pleaded in excuse
For deviations from our moral line ?
This, and the next world, view'd with such an eye
As suits a statesman, such as keeps in view
His own exalted science, both conspire
To recommend and fix us in the right.
If we reward the politics of Heaven,
The grand administration of the whole,
What's the next world ? A supplement of this :
Without it, justice is defective here ;
Just as to states, defective as to men.
If so, what is this world ? As sure as right
Sits in Heaven's throne, a prophet of the next.
Prize you the prophet ? then believe him too :
His prophecy more precious than his smile.
How comes it then to pass, with most on earth,
That this should charm us, that should discompose ?
Long as the statesman finds this case his own,
So long his politics are incomplete ;
In danger he ; nor is the nation safe,
But soon must rue his inauspicious power.

What hence results ? a truth that should resound
For ever awful in Britannia's ear :

" Religion crowns the statesman and the man,
Sole source of public and of private peace."
This truth all men must own, and therefore will,
And praise and preach it too :—and when that's done,
Their compliment is paid, and 'tis forgot.

What highland pole-axe half so deep can wound ?

But how dare I, so mean, presume so far ?

Assume my seat in the dictator's chair ?
Pronounce, predict (as if indeed inspired),
Promulge my censures, lay out all my throat,
Till hoarse in clamour on enormous crimes ?
Two mighty columns rise in my support ;
In their more awful and authentic voice,
Record profane and sacred, drown the muse,
Though loud, and far out-threat her threatening song.
Still further, Holles ! suffer me to plead
That I speak freely, as I speak to thee :
Guilt only startles at the name of guilt ;
And truth, plain truth, is welcome to the wise.
Thus what seem'd my presumption is thy praise.

Praise, and immortal praise, is virtue's claim ;
And virtue's sphere is action : yet we grant
Some merit to the trumpet's loud alarm,
Whose clangour kindles cowards into men.
Nor shall the verse, perhaps, be quite forgot,
Which talks of immortality, and bids,
In every British breast, true glory rise,
As now the warbling lark awakes the morn.
To close, my lord ! with that which all should close
And all begin, and strike us every hour,
Though no war waked us, no black tempest frowned.
The morning rises gay ; yet gayest morn
Less glorious after night's incumbent shades ;
Less glorious far bright nature, rich arrayed
With golden robes, in all the pomp of noon,
Than the first feeble dawn of moral day ?
Sole day (let those whom statesmen serve attend),
Though the sun ripens diamonds for their crowns ;
Sole day worth his regard whom Heaven ordains,
Undarkened, to behold noon dark, and date,
From the sun's death, and every planet's fall,
His all-illustrious and eternal year ;
Where statesmen and their monarchs (names of awe
And distance here) shall rank with common men,
Yet own their glory never dawn'd before.

ON THE DEATH OF QUEEN ANNE,
AND THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE I. TO THE THRONE.

INSCRIBED TO JOSEPH ADDISON, ESQ., SECRETARY TO THEIR
EXCELLENCIES THE LORDS JUSTICES.

Gaudia curis.—HOR.

SIR, I have long, and with impatience, sought
To ease the fulness of my grateful thought,
My fame at once, and duty to pursue,
And please the public, by respect to you.

Though you, long since beyond Britannia known,
Have spread your country's glory with your own ;
To me you never did more lovely shine,
Than when so late the kindled wrath divine
Quenched our ambition, in great Anna's fate,
And darkened all the pomp of human state.
Though you are rich in fame, and fame decay,
Though raised in life, and greatness fade away,
Your lustre brightens : virtue cuts the gloom
With purer rays, and sparkles near a tomb.

Know, sir, the great esteem and honour due,
I chose that moment to profess to you,
When sadness reigned, when fortune, so severe
Had warmed our bosoms to be most sincere.
And when no motives could have force to raise
A serious value, and provoke my praise,
But such as rise above, and far transcend
Whatever glories with this world shall end,
Then shining forth, when deepest shades shall blot
The sun's bright orb, and Cato be forgot.
I sing—but ah ! my theme I need not tell,
See every eye with conscious sorrow swell :
Who now to verse would raise his humble voice,
Can only show his duty, not his choice.
How great the weight of grief our hearts sustain !
We languish, and to speak is to complain.

Let us look back (for who too oft can view
That most illustrious scene, for ever new) !
See all the seasons shine on Anna's throne,
And pay a constant tribute, not their own.

Her summer's heats nor fruits alone bestow,
They reap the harvest, and subdue the foe ;
And when black storms confess the distant sun,
Her winters wear the wreaths her summers won.
Revolving pleasures in their turns appear,
And triumphs are the product of the year.
To crown the whole, great joys in greater cease,
And glorious victory is lost in peace.

Whence this profusion on our favoured isle ?
Did partial fortune on our virtue smile ?
Or did the sceptre, in great Anna's hand,
Stretch forth this rich indulgence o'er our land ?
Ungrateful Britain ! quit thy groundless claim,
Thy queen and thy good fortune are the same.

Hear, with alarms our trumpets fill the sky ;
'Tis Anna reigns ! the Gallic squadrons fly.
We spread our canvas to the southern shore ;
'Tis Anna reigns ! the south resigns her store.
Her virtue smooths the tumult of the main,
And swells the field with mountains of the slain.
Argyll and Churchill but the glory share,
While millions lie subdued by Anna's prayer.

How great her zeal ! how fervent her desire !
How did her soul in holy warmth expire !
Constant devotion did her time divide,
Not set returns of pleasure or of pride.
Not want of rest, or the sun's parting ray,
But finished duty, limited the day.
How sweet succeeding sleep ! what lovely themes
Smiled in her thoughts, and softened all her dreams !
Her royal couch descending angels spread,
And joined their wings a shelter o'er her head.

Though Europe's wealth and glory claimed a part,
Religion's cause reigned mistress of her heart :
She saw, and grieved to see, the mean estate
Of those who round the hallowed altar wait ;
She shed her bounty, piously profuse,
And thought it more her own in sacred use.

Thus on his furrow see the tiller stand,
And fill with genial seed his lavish hand ;
He trusts the kindness of the fruitful plain,
And providently scatters all his grain.

What strikes my sight ? does proud Augusta rise
New to behold, and awfully surprise !

Her lofty brow more numerous turrets crown,
And sacred domes on palaces look down :
A noble pride of piety is shown,
And temples cast a lustre on the throne.
How would this work another's glory raise !
But Anna's greatness robs her of the praise.
Drowned in a brighter blaze it disappears,
Who dried the widow's and the orphan's tears ?
Who stooped from high to succour the distress'd,
And reconcile the wounded heart to rest ?
Great in her goodness, well could we perceive,
Whoever sought, it was a queen that gave.
Misfortune lost her name, her guiltless frown
But made another debtor to the crown ;
And each unfriendly stroke from fate we bore,
Became our title to the regal store.

Thus injured trees adopt a foreign shoot,
And their wounds blossom with a fairer fruit.

Ye numbers, who on your misfortunes thrived,
When first the dreadful blast of fame arrived,
Say what a shock, what agonies you felt,
How did your souls with tender anguish melt !
That grief which living Anna's love suppressed,
Shook like a tempest every grateful breast.
A second fate our sinking fortunes tried !
A second time our tender parents died !

Heroes returning from the field we crown,
And deify the haughty victor's frown.
His splendid wealth too rashly we admire,
Catch the disease, and burn with equal fire :
Wisely to spend, is the great art of gain ;
And one relieved transcends a million slain.
When time shall ask, where once Ramillia lay,
Or Danube flowed that swept whole troops away,
One drop of water, that refreshed the dry,
Shall rise a fountain of eternal joy.

But ah ! to that unknown and distant date
Is virtue's great reward push'd off by fate ;
Here random shafts in every breast are found,
Virtue and merit but provoke the wound.
August in native worth and regal state,
Anna sate arbitress of Europe's fate ;
To distant realms did every accent fly,
And nations watch'd each motion of her eye.

Silent, nor longer awful to be seen,
How small a spot contains the mighty queen !
No throng of suppliant princes mark the place,
Where Britain's greatness is composed in peace :
The broken earth is scarce discern'd to rise,
And a stone tells us where the monarch lies.

Thus end maturest honours of the crown !
This is the last conclusion of renown !

So when with idle skill the wanton boy
Breathes through his tube ; he sees, with eager joy,
The trembling bubble, in its rising small ;
And by degrees expands the glittering ball.
But when, to full perfection blown, it flies
High in the air, and shines in various dyes,
The little monarch, with a falling tear,
Sees his world burst at once, and disappear.
'Tis not in sorrow to reverse our doom,
No groans unlock th' inexorable tomb !
Why then this fond indulgence of our woe !
What fruit can rise, or what advantage flow !
Yes, this advantage ; from our deep distress
We learn how much in George the gods can bless.
Had a less glorious princess left the throne,
But half the hero had at first been shown :
An Anna falling all the king employs,
To vindicate from guilt our rising joys :
Our joys arise and innocently shine,
Auspicious monarch ! what a praise is thine !

Welcome, great stranger, to Britannia's throne !
Nor let thy country think thee all her own.
Of thy delay how oft did we complain !
Our hopes reach'd out, and met thee on the main.
With prayer we smooth the billows for thy fleet ;
With ardent wishes fill thy swelling sheet ;
And when thy foot took place on Albion's shore,
We bending bless'd the gods, and ask'd no more.
What hand but thine should conquer and compose,
Join those whom interest joins, and chase our foes ?
Repel the daring youth's presumptuous aim,
And by his rival's greatness give him fame ?
Now in some foreign court he may sit down,
And quit without a blush the British crown.
Secure his honour, though he lose his store,
And take a lucky moment to be poor.

Nor think, great sir, now first, at this late hour
 In Britain's favour you exert your power ;
 To us, far back in time, I joy to trace
 The numerous tokens of your princely grace.
 Whether you chose to thunder on the Rhine,
 Inspire grave councils, or in courts to shine ;
 In the more scenes your genius was display'd,
 The greater debt was on Britannia laid :
 They all conspired this mighty man to raise,
 And your new subjects proudly share the praise.

All share ; but may not we have leave to boast
 That we contemplate, and enjoy it most ?
 This ancient nurse of arts, indulged by fate
 On gentle Isis' bank, a calm retreat ;
 For many rolling ages justly famed,
 Has through the world her loyalty proclaim'd ;
 And often pour'd (too well the truth is known !)
 Her blood and treasure to support the throne !
 For England's church her latest accents strain'd ;
 And freedom with her dying hand retain'd.
 No wonder then her various ranks agree
 In all the fervencies of zeal for thee.

What though thy birth a distant kingdom boast,
 And seas divide thee from the British coast ?
 The crown's impatient to enclose thy head :
 Why stay thy feet ? the cloth of gold is spread.
 Our strict obedience through the world shall tell
 That king's a Briton, who can govern well !

THE INSTALMENT.

TO THE RIGHT HON. SIR ROBERT WALPOLE, KNIGHT OF THE
 MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

Quæsitam meritis.—HOR.

WITH invocations some their breasts inflame ;
 I need no muse, a Walpole is my theme.

Ye mighty dead, ye garter'd sons of praise !
 Our morning stars ! our boast in former days !
 Which hovering o'er, your purple wings display,
 Lured by the pomp of this distinguish'd day,
 Stoop, and attend : by one, the knee be bound :
 One, throw the mantle's crimson folds around ;

By that, the sword on his proud thigh be placed ;
This, clasp the diamond girdle round his waist ;
His breast, with rays, let just Godolphin spread ;
Wise Burleigh plant the plumage on his head ;
And Edward own, since first he fixed the race,
None press'd fair glory with a swifter pace.

When fate would call some mighty genius forth
To wake a drooping age to godlike worth,
Or aid some favourite king's illustrious toil,
It bids his blood with generous ardour boil ;
His blood, from virtue's celebrated source,
Pour'd down the steep of time, a lengthen'd course ;
That men prepared may just attention pay,
Warn'd by the dawn to mark the glorious day,
When all the scatter'd merits of his line
Collected to a point, intensely shine.

See, Britain, see thy Walpole shine from far,
His azure ribbon, and his radiant star ;
A star that, with auspicious beams, shall guide
Thy vessel safe, through fortune's roughest tide.

If peace still smiles, by this shall commerce steer
A finish'd course, in triumph round the sphere ;
And, gathering tribute from each distant shore,
In Britain's lap the world's abundance pour.

If war's ordain'd, this star shall dart its beams
Through that black cloud which rising from the Thames,
With thunder, form'd of Brunswick's wrath, is sent
To claim the seas, and awe the continent.
This shall direct it where the bolt to throw,
A star for us, a comet to the foe.

At this the muse shall kindle, and aspire :
My breast, O Walpole, glows with grateful fire.
The streams of royal bounty, turn'd by thee,
Refresh the dry remains of poesy.
My fortune shows, when arts are Walpole's care,
What slender worth forbids us to despair :
Be this thy partial smile from censure free ;
'Twas meant for merit, though it fell on me.

Since Brunswick's smile has authorised my muse,
Chaste be her conduct, and sublime her views.
False praises are the whoredoms of the pen,
Which prostitute fair fame to worthless men :
This profanation of celestial fire
Makes fools despise, what wise men should admire.

Let those I praise to distant times be known,
 Not by their author's merit, but their own.
 If others think the task is hard, to weed
 From verse rank flattery's vivacious seed,
 And rooted deep ; one means must set them free,
 Patron ! and patriot ! let them sing of thee.

While vulgar trees ignobler honours wear,
 Nor these retain, when winter chills the year ;
 The generous orange, favourite of the sun,
 With vigorous charms can through the seasons run ;
 Defies the storm with her tenacious green ;
 And flowers and fruits in rival pomp are seen :
 Where blossoms fall, still fairer blossoms spring ;
 And midst their sweets the feather'd poets sing.

On Walpole, thus, may pleased Britannia view
 At once her ornament and profit too ;
 The fruit of service, and the bloom of fame,
 Matured and gilded by the royal beam.
 He, when the nipping blasts of envy rise,
 Its guilt can pity, and its rage despise ;
 Lets fall no honours, but, securely great,
 Unfaded holds the colour of his fate :
 No winter knows, though ruffling factions press ;
 By wisdom deeply rooted in success ;
 One glory shed, a brighter is display'd ;¹
 And the charm'd muses shelter in his shade.

O how I long, enkindled by the theme,
 In deep eternity to launch thy name !
 Thy name in view, no rights of verse I plead,
 But what chaste truth indites, old time shall read.

“ Behold ! a man of ancient faith and blood,
 Which, soon, beat high for arts, and public good ;
 Whose glory great, but natural appears,
 The genuine growth of services and years
 Nō sudden exhalation drawn on high,
 And fondly giv't by partial majesty :
 One bearing greatest toils with greatest ease,
 One born to serve us, and yet born to please :
 Whom, while our rights in equal scales he lays,
 The prince may trust, and yet the people praise ;
 His genius ardent, yet his judgment clear,
 His tongue is flowing, and his heart sincere,
 His counsel guides, his temper cheers our isle,

¹ Knight of the Bath, and then of the Garter.

And, smiling, gives three kingdoms cause to smile."

Joy then to Britain, blest with such a son,
To Walpole joy, by whom the prize is won ;
Who nobly conscious meets the smiles of fate ;
True greatness lies in daring to be great.
Let dastard souls, in affectation, run
To shades, nor wear bright honours fairly won ;
Such men prefer, misled by false applause,
The pride of modesty to virtue's cause.
Honours, which make the face of virtue fair,
'Tis great to merit, and 'tis wise to wear ;
'Tis holding up the prize to public view,
Confirms grown virtue, and inflames the new ;
Heightens the lustre of our age and clime,
And sheds rich seeds of worth for future time.

Proud chiefs alone, in fields of slaughter famed,
Of old, this azure bloom of glory claim'd,
As when stern Ajax pour'd a purple flood,
The violet rose, fair daughter of his blood.
Now rival wisdom dares the wreath divine,
And both Minervas rise in equal pride ;
Proclaiming loud, a monarch fills the throne,
Who shines illustrious not in wars alone.

Let fame look lovely in Britannia's eyes ;
They coldly court desert, who fame despise.
For what's ambition, but fair virtue's sail ?
And what applause, but her propitious gale ?
When swell'd with that, she fleets before the wind
To glorious aims, as to the port design'd ;
When chain'd, without it, to the labouring oar,
She toils ! she pants ! nor gains the flying shore,
From her sublime pursuits, or turn'd aside
By blasts of envy, or by fortune's tide :
For one that has succeeded ten are lost,
Of equal talents, ere they make the coast.

Then let renown to worth divine incite,
With all her beams, but throw those beams aright.
Then merit droops, and genius downward tends,
When godlike glory, like our land descends.
Custom the garter long confined to few,
And gave to birth, exalted virtue's due :
Walpole has thrown the proud enclosure down ;
And high desert embraces fair renown.
Though rival'd, let the peerage smiling see

(Smiling, in justice to their own degree,)
 This proud reward by majesty bestow'd
 On worth like that whence first the peerage flow'd.
 From frowns of fate Britannia's bliss to guard,
 Let subjects merit, and let kings reward.
 Gods are most gods by giving to excel,
 And kings most like them, by rewarding well.

Though strong the twanging nerve, and drawn aright,
 Short is the wingèd arrow's upward flight ;
 But if an eagle it transfix on high,
 Lodged in the wound, it soars into the sky.

Thus while I sing thee with unequal lays,
 And wound perhaps that worth I mean to praise ;
 Yet I transcend myself, I rise in fame,
 Not lifted by my genius, but my theme.

No more : for in this dread suspense of fate,
 Now kingdoms fluctuate, and in dark debate
 Weigh peace and war, now Europe's eyes are bent
 On mighty Brunswick, for the great event,
 Brunswick of kings the terror or defence !
 Who dares detain thee at a world's expense ?

AN EPISTLE

TO THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE LORD LANSDOWNE.

1712.

Parnassia laurus

Parva sub ingenti matris se subjicit umbra.—VIRG.

WHEN Rome, my lord, in her full glory shone,
 And great Augustus ruled the globe alone,
 While suppliant kings in all their pomp and state
 Swarm'd in his courts, and throng'd his palace gate ;
 Horace did oft the mighty man detain,
 And soothed his breast with no ignoble strain ;
 Now soar'd aloft, now struck an humbler string ;
 And taught the Roman genius how to sing.

Pardon, if I his freedom dare pursue,
 Who know no want of Cæsar, finding you ;
 The muse's friend is pleas'd the muse should press
 Through circling crowds, and labour for access,

That partial to his darling he may prove,
And shining throngs for her reproach remove,
To all the world industrious to proclaim
His love of arts, and boast the glorious flame.

Long has the western world reclined her head,
Pour'd forth her sorrow, and bewail'd her dead ;
Fell discord through her borders fiercely ranged,
And shook her nations, and her monarchs changed ;
By land and sea, its utmost rage employ'd ;
Nor heaven repair'd so fast as men destroy'd.

In vain kind summers plenteous fields bestow'd,
In vain the vintage liberally flow'd ;
Alarms from loaden boards all pleasures chased,
And robb'd the rich Burgundian grape of taste ;
The smiles of nature could no blessing bring,
The fruitful autumn, or the flowery spring ;
Time was distinguish'd by the sword and spear,
Not by the various aspects of the year ;
The trumpet's sound proclaim'd a milder sky,
And bloodshed told us when the sun was nigh.

But now (so soon is Britain's blessing seen,
When such as you are near her glorious queen !)
Now peace, though long repulsed, arrives at last,
And bids us smile on all our labours past ;
Bids every nation cease her wonted moan,
And every monarch call his crown his own :
To valour gentler virtues now succeed ;
No longer is the great man born to bleed ;
Renown'd in councils, brave Argyle shall tell,
Wisdom and prowess in one breast may dwell :
Through milder tracts he soars to deathless fame,
And without trembling we resound his name.

No more the rising harvest whets the sword,
No longer waves uncertain of its lord ;
Who cast the seed, the golden sheaf shall claim,
Nor chance of battle change the master's name.
Each stream unstain'd with blood more smoothly flows ;
The brighter sun a fuller day bestows ;
All nature seems to wear a cheerful face,
And thank great Anna for returning peace.

The patient thus, when on his bed of pain,
No longer he invokes the gods in vain,
But rises to new life ; in every field
He finds Elysium, rivers nectar yield ;

Nothing so cheap and vulgar but can please,
And borrow beauties from his late disease.

Nor is it peace alone, but such a peace,
As more than bids the rage of battle cease.
Death may determine war, and rest succeed,
'Cause naught survives on which our rage may feed :
In faithful friends we lose our glorious foes,
And strifes of love exalt our sweet repose.
See graceful Bolingbroke, your friend, advance,
Nor miss his Lansdowne in the court of France ;
So well received, so welcome, so at home,
(Bless'd change of fate) in Bourbon's stately dome ;
The monarch pleased, descending from his throne,
Will not that Anna call him all her own ;
He claims a part, and looking round to find
Something might speak the fulness of his mind,
A diamond shines, which oft had touch'd him near
Renew'd his grief, and robb'd him of a tear ;
Now first with joy beheld, well placed on one,
Who makes him less regret his darling son ;
So dear is Anna's minister, so great,
Your glorious friend in his own private state.

To make our nations longer two, in vain
Does nature interpose the raging main :
The Gallic shore to distant Britain grows,
For Louis Thames, the Seine for Anna flows :
From conflicts pass'd each others' worth we find,
And thence in stricter friendship now are join'd ;
Each wound received, now pleads the cause of love,
And former injuries endearments prove.
What Briton but must prize the illustrious sword,
That cause of fear to Churchill could afford ?
Who sworn to Bourbon's sceptre, but must frame
Vast thoughts of him, that could brave Tallard tame ?
Thus generous hatred in affection ends,
And war, which raised the foes, completes the friends.
A thousand happy consequences flow
(The dazzling prospect makes my bosom glow) ;
Commerce shall lift her swelling sails, and roll
Her wealthy fleets secure from pole to pole ;
The British merchant, who with care and pain
For many moons sees only skies and main ;
When now in view of his loved native shore,
The perils of the dreadful ocean o'er,

Cause to regret his wealth no more shall find,
Nor curse the mercy of the sea and wind ;
By hardest fate condemn'd to serve a foe,
And give him strength to strike a deeper blow.
Sweet Philomela providently flies
To distant woods and streams, for such supplies,
To feed her young, and make them try the wing,
And with their tender notes attempt to sing :
Meanwhile, the fowler spreads his secret snare,
And renders vain the tuneful mother's care.
Britannia's bold adventurer of late
The foaming ocean plough'd with equal fate.

Goodness is greatness in its utmost height,
And power a curse, if not a friend to right :
To conquer is to make dissension cease,
That man may serve the King of kings in peace.
Religion now shall all her rays dispense,
And shine abroad in perfect excellence ;
Else we may dread some greater curse at hand,
To scourge a thoughtless and ungrateful land :
Now war is weary, and retired to rest ;
The meagre famine, and the spotted pest,
Deputed in her stead, may blast the day,
And sweep the relics of the sword away.

When peaceful Numa fill'd the Roman throne,
Jove in the fulness of his glory shone ;
Wise Solomon, a stranger to the sword,
Was born to raise a temple to the Lord.
Anne too shall build, and every sacred pile
Speak peace eternal to Britannia's isle.
Those mighty souls, whom military care
Diverted from their only great affair,
Shall bend their full united force, to bless
Th' Almighty author of their late success.
And what is all the world subdued to this ?
The grave sets bounds to sublunary bliss ;
But there are conquests to great Anna known,
Above the splendour of an earthly throne ;
Conquests ! whose triumph is too great, within
The scanty bounds of matter to begin ;
Too glorious to shine forth, till it has run
Beyond this darkness of the stars and sun,
And shall whole ages past be still, still but begun.

Heroic shades ! whom war has swept away,

Look down, and smile on this auspicious day :
Now boast your deaths ; to those your glory tell,
Who or at Agincourt or Cressy fell ;
Then deep into eternity retire,
Of greater things than peace or war inquire ;
Fully content, and unconcern'd, to know
What farther passes in the world below.

The bravest of mankind shall now have leave
To die but once, nor piece-meal seek the grave :
On gain or pleasure bent, we shall not meet
Sad melancholy numbers in each street
(Owners of bones dispersed on Flandria's plain,
Or wasting in the bottom of the main) ;
To turn us back from joy, in tender fear,
Lest it an insult of their woes appear,
And make us grudge ourselves that wealth, their blood
Perhaps preserved, who starve, or beg for food.
Devotion shall run pure, and disengage
From that strange fate of mixing peace with rage
On heaven without a sin we now may call,
And guiltless to our Maker prostrate fall ;
Be Christians while we pray, nor in one breath
Ask mercy for ourselves, for others death.

But O ! I view with transport arts restored,
Which double use to Britain shall afford ;
Secure her glory purchased in the field,
And yet for future peace sweet motives yield :
While we contemplate on the painted wall,
The pressing Briton, and the flying Gaul,
In such bright images, such living grace,
As leave great Raphael but the second place ;
Our cheeks shall glow, our heaving bosoms rise,
And martial ardours sparkle in our eyes ;
Much we shall triumph in our battles past,
And yet consent those battles prove our last ;
Lest, while in arms for brighter fame we strive,
We lose the means to keep that fame alive.

In silent groves the birds delight to sing,
Or near the margin of a secret spring :
Now all is calm, sweet music shall improve,
Nor kindle rage, but be the nurse of love.

But what's the warbling voice, the trembling string,
Or breathing canvas, when the muses sing ?
The muse, my lord, your care above the rest,

With rising joy dilates my partial breast ;
The thunder of the battle ceased to roar,
Ere Greece her godlike poets taught to soar ;
Rome's dreadful foe, great Hannibal, was dead,
And all her warlike neighbours round her bled ;
For Janus shut, her Iō Pæans rung,
Before an Ovid or a Virgil sung.

A thousand various forms the muse may wear,
(A thousand various forms become the fair ;)
But shines in none with more majestic mien,
Than when in state she draws the purple scene ;
Calls forth her monarchs, bids her heroes rage,
And mourning beauty melt the crowded stage ;
Charms back past ages, gives to Britain's use
The noblest virtues time did e'er produce ;
Leaves famed historians' boasted art behind ;
They keep the soul alone, and that's confined,
Sought out with pains, and but by proxy speaks :
The hero's presence deep impression makes ;
The scenes his soul and body reunite,
Furnish a voice, produce him to the sight ;
Make our contemporary him that stood
High in renown, perhaps before the flood ;
Make Nestor to this age advice afford,
And Hector for our service draw his sword.

More glory to an author what can bring,
Whence nobler service to his country spring,
Than from those labours, which, in man's despite,
Possess him with a passion for the right ?
With honest magic make the knave inclined
To pay devotion to the virtuous mind ;
Through all her toils and dangers bid him rove,
And with her wants and anguish fall in love ?

Who hears the godlike Montezuma groan,
And does not wish the glorious pain his own ?
Lend but your understanding, and their skill
Can domineer at pleasure o'er your will :
Nor is the short-lived conquest quickly past ;
Shame, if not choice, will hold the convert fast.

How often have I seen the generous bowl
With pleasing force unlock a secret soul,
And steal a truth, which every sober hour
(The prose of life) had kept within her power !
The grape victorious often has prevail'd,

When gold and beauty, racks and tortures, fail'd :
 Yet when the spirit's tumult was allay'd,
 She mourn'd, perhaps, the sentiment betray'd ;
 But mourn'd too late, nor longer could deny,
 And on her own confession charge the lie.

Thus they, whom neither the prevailing love
 Of goodness here, or mercy from above,
 Or fear of future pains, or human laws,
 Could render advocates in virtue's cause,
 Caught by the scene have unawares resign'd
 Their wonted disposition of the mind :
 By slow degrees prevails the pleasing tale,
 As circling glasses on our senses steal ;
 Till thoroughly by the muses' banquet warm'd,
 The passions tossing, all the soul alarm'd,
 They turn mere zealots flush'd with glorious rage,
 Rise in their seats, and scarce forbear the stage,
 Assistance to wrong'd innocence to bring,
 Or turn the poniard on some tyrant king.
 How can they cool to villains ! how subside
 To dregs of vice, from such a godlike pride ?
 To spoiling orphans how to day return,
 Who wept last night to see Monimia¹ mourn ?
 In this gay school of virtue, whom so fit
 To govern, and control the world of wit,
 As Talbot, Lansdowne's friend, has Britain known ?
 Him polish'd Italy has call'd her own ;
 He in the lap of elegance was bred,
 And traced the muses to their fountain head :
 But much we hope, he will enjoy at home
 What's nearer ancient than the modern Rome.
 Nor fear I mention of the court of France,
 When I the British genius would advance ;
 There too has Shrewsbury improved his taste ;
 Yet still we dare invite him to our feast :
 For Corneille's sake I shall my thoughts suppress
 Of Oroonoko, and presume him less :
 What though we wrong him ? Isabella's woe²
 Waters those bays that shall for ever grow.

Our foes confess, nor we the praise refuse,
 The drama glories in the British muse.
 The French are delicate, and nicely lead
 Of close intrigue the labyrinthian thread ;

¹ In Otway's "Orphan."

² In Sothorn's "Fatal Marriage."

Our genius more affects the grand, than fine,
Our strength can make the great plain action shine :
They raise a great curiosity indeed,
From his dark maze to see the hero freed ;
We rouse the affections, and that hero show
Gasping beneath some formidable blow :
They sigh ; we weep : the Gallic doubt and care
We heighten into terror and despair ;
Strike home, the strongest passions boldly touch,
Nor fear our audience should be pleased too much.
What's great in nature we can greatly draw,
Nor thank for beauties the dramatic law.
The fate of Cæsar is a tale too plain
The fickle Gallic taste to entertain ;
Their art would have perplex'd, and interwove
The golden arras with gay flowers of love :
We know heaven made him a far greater man
Than any Cæsar, in a human plan,
And such we draw him, nor are too refined,
To stand affected with what heaven design'd.
To claim attention, and the heart invade,
Shakespeare but wrote the play the Almighty made,
Our neighbour's stage-art too bare-faced betrays,
'Tis great Corneille at every scene we praise ;
On nature's surer aid Britannia calls,
None think of Shakespeare till the curtain falls ;
Then with a sigh returns our audience home,
From Venice, Egypt, Persia, Greece, or Rome.

France yields not to the glory of our lines,
But manly conduct of our strong designs ;
That oft they think more justly we must own,
Not ancient Greece a truer sense has shown :
Greece thought but justly, they think justly too ;
We sometimes err by striving more to do.
So well are Racine's meanest persons taught,
But change a sentiment, you make a fault ;
Nor dare we charge them with the want of flame :
When we boast more, we own ourselves to blame.

And yet in Shakespeare something still I find,
That makes me less esteem all human kind ;
He made one nature, and another found,
Both in his page with master strokes abound :
His witches, fairies, and enchanted isle,
Bid us no longer at our nurses smile ;

Of lost historians we almost complain,
 Nor think it the creation of his brain.
 Who lives, when his Othello's in a trance?
 With his great Talbot¹ too he conquer'd France.

Long we may hope brave Talbot's blood will run
 In great descendants, Shakespeare has but one ;
 And him, my lord, permit me not to name,
 But in kind silence spare his rival's shame :—
 Yet I in vain that author would suppress,
 What can't be greater, cannot be made less :
 Each reader will defeat my fruitless aim,
 And to himself great Agamemnon² name.

Should Shakespeare rise unblest'd with Talbot's smile,
 E'en Shakespeare's self would curse this barren isle :
 But if that reigning star propitious shine,
 And kindly mix his gentle rays with thine ;
 E'en I, by far the meanest of your age,
 Shall not repent my passion for the stage.

Thus did the will almighty disallow,
 No human force could pluck the golden bough,
 Which left the tree with ease at Jove's command,
 And spared the labour of the weakest hand.

Auspicious fate ! that gives me leave to write
 To you, the muses' glory and delight ;
 Who know to read, nor false encomiums raise,
 And mortify an author with your praise :
 Praise wounds a noble mind, when 'tis not due,
 But censure's self will please, my lord, from you ;
 Faults are our pride and gain, when you descend
 To point them out, and teach us how to mend.
 What though the great man set his coffers wide,
 That cannot gratify the poet's pride ;
 Whose inspiration, if 'tis truly good,
 Is best rewarded, when best understood.
 The muses write for glory, not for gold,
 'Tis far beneath their nature to be sold :
 The greatest gain is scorn'd, but as it serves
 To speak a sense of what the muse deserves ;
 The muse, which from her Lansdowne fears no wrong,
 Best judge, as well as subject, of her song.
 Should this great theme allure me farther still,

¹ An ancestor of the Duke of Shrewsbury, who conquered France, drawn by Shakespeare.—F.

² In the tragedy of "Herold Love."

And I presume to use your patience ill,
The world would plead my cause, and none but you
Will take disgust at what I now pursue :
Since what is mean my muse can't raise, I'll choose
A theme that's able to exalt my muse.

For who, not void of thought, can Granville name,
Without a spark of his immortal flame ?
Whether we seek the patriot, or the friend
Let Bolingbroke, let Anna recommend ;
Whether we choose to love or to admire,
You melt the tender, and the ambitious fire.

Such native graces without thought abound,
And such familiar glories spread around,
As more incline the stander by to raise
His value for himself, than you to praise.
Thus you befriend the most heroic way,
Bless all, on none an obligation lay ;
So turn'd by nature's hand for all that's well,
'Tis scarce a virtue when you most excel.

Though sweet your presence, graceful is your mien,
You to be happy want not to be seen ;
Though prized in public, you can smile alone,
Nor court an approbation but your own :
In throngs, not conscious of those eyes that gaze
In wonder fix'd, though resolute to please ;
You, were all blind, would still deserve applause ;
The world's your glory's witness, not its cause ;
That lies beyond the limits of the day,
Angels behold it, and their God obey.

You take delight in others' excellence ;
A gift, which nature rarely does dispense :
Of all that breathe 'tis you, perhaps, alone
Would be well pleased to see yourself outdone.
You wish not those, who show your name respect,
So little worth, as might excuse neglect ;
Nor are in pain lest merit you should know ;
Nor shun the well deserver as a foe ;
A troublesome acquaintance, that will claim
To be well used, or dye your cheek with shame.

You wish your country's good ; that told so well
Your powers are known, the event I need not tell.
When Nestor spoke, none ask'd if he prevail'd ;
That god of sweet persuasion never fail'd ;
And such great fame had Hector's valour wrought,

Who meant he conquer'd, only said he fought.

When you, my lord, to sylvan scenes retreat,
No crowds around for pleasure, or for state,
You are not cast upon a stranger land,
And wander pensive o'er the barren strand ;
Nor are you by received example taught,
In toys to shun the discipline of thought ;
But unconfined by bounds of time and place,
You choose companions from all human race ;
Converse with those the deluge swept away,
Or those whose midnight is Britannia's day.

Books not so much inform, as give consent
To those ideas your own thoughts present ;
Your only gain from turning volumes o'er,
Is finding cause to like yourself the more :
In Grecian sages you are only taught
With more respect to value your own thought :
Great Tully grew immortal, while he drew
Those precepts we behold alive in you :
Your life is so adjusted to their schools,
It makes that history they meant for rules.
What joy, what pleasing transport, must arise
Within your breast, and lift you to the skies,
When in each learned page that you unfold,
You find some part of your own conduct told !

So pleased, and so surprised, Æneas stood,
And such triumphant raptures fired his blood,
When far from Trojan shores the hero spied
His story shining forth in all its pride ;
Admired himself, and saw his actions stand
The praise and wonder of a foreign land.

He knows not half his being, who's confined
In converse, and reflection on mankind :
Your soul, which understands her charter well,
Disdains imprison'd by those skies to dwell ;
Ranges eternity without the leave
Of death, nor waits the passage of the grave.

When pains eternal, and eternal bliss,
When these high cares your weary thoughts dismiss,
In heavenly numbers you your soul unbend,
And for your ease to deathless fame descend.
Ye kings ! would ye true greatness understand,
Read Seneca grown rich in Granville's hand.¹

¹ See his lordship's tragedy entitled " Heroic Love."—Y.

Behold the glories of your life complete !
Still at a flow, and permanently great ;
New moments shed new pleasures as they fly,
And yet your greatest is, that you must die.

Thus Anna saw, and raised you to the seat
Of honour, and confess'd her servant great ;
Confess'd, not made him such ; for faithful fame
Her trumpet swell'd long since with Granville's name ;
Though you in modesty the title wear,
Your name shall be the title of your heir ;
Farther than ermine, make his glory known,
And cast in shades the favour of a throne.
From thrones the beam of high distinction springs ;
The soul's endowments from the King of kings,
Lo ! one great day calls forth ten mighty peers !
Produce ten Granvilles in five thousand years ;
Anna, be thou content to fix the fate
Of various kingdoms, and control the great ;
But O ! to bid thy Granville brighter shine !
To him that great prerogative resign,
Who the sun's height can raise at pleasure higher
His lamp illumine, set his flames on fire.

Yet still one bliss, one glory, I forbear,
A darling friend whom near your heart you wear ;
That lovely youth, my lord, whom you must blame,
That I grow thus familiar with your name.

He's friendly, open, in his conduct nice,
Nor serve these virtues to atone for vice :
Vice he has none, or such as none wish less,
But friends indeed, good-nature in excess.
You cannot boast the merit of a choice,
In making him your own, 'twas nature's voice,
Which call'd too loud by man to be withstood,
Pleading a tie far nearer than of blood ;
Similitude of manners, such a mind
As makes you less the wonder of mankind.
Such ease his common converse recommends,
As he ne'er felt a passion, but his friend's ;
Yet fix'd his principles, beyond the force
Of all beneath the sun, to bend his course.¹

Thus the tall cedar, beautiful and fair,
Flatters the motions of the wanton air ;
Salutes each passing breeze with head reclined :

¹ His lordship's nephew, who took orders.—F.

The pliant branches dance in every wind :
 But fix'd the stem her upright state maintains,
 And all the fury of the north disdains.

How are you bless'd in such a matchless friend !
 Alas ! with me the joys of friendship end ;
 O Harrison ! I must, I will complain ;
 Tears soothe the soul's distress, though shed in vain :
 Didst thou return, and bless thy native shore
 With welcome peace, and is my friend no more ?—
 Thy task was early done, and I must own
 Death kind to thee, but ah ! to thee alone.
 But 'tis in me a vanity to mourn,
 The sorrows of the great thy tomb adorn ;
 Strafford and Bolingbroke the loss perceive,
 They grieve, and make thee envied in thy grave.

With aching heart, and a foreboding mind,
 I night to day in painful journey join'd,
 When first informed of his approaching fate ;
 But reach'd the partner of my soul too late ;
 'Twas past, his cheek was cold ; that tuneful tongue,
 Which Isis charm'd with its melodious song,
 Now languish'd, wanted strength to speak his pain,
 Scarce raised a feeble groan, and sunk again :
 Each art of life, in which he bore a part,
 Shot like an arrow through my bleeding heart.
 To what served all his promised wealth and power
 But more to load that most unhappy hour ?

Yet still prevailed the greatness of his mind ;
 That, not in health, or life itself confined,
 Felt through his mortal pangs Britannia's peace,
 Mounted to joy, and smiled in death's embrace.

His spirit now just ready to resign,
 No longer now his own, no longer mine,
 He grasps my hand, his swimming eyeballs roll,
 My hand he grasps, and enters in my soul :
 Then with a groan—Support me, O ! beware
 Of holding worth, however great, too dear !¹

Pardon, my lord, the privilege of grief,
 That in untimely freedom seeks relief ;
 To better fate your love I recommend,
 O ! may you never lose so dear a friend !
 May nothing interrupt your happy hours ;

¹ The author here bewails that most ingenious gentleman, Mr William Harrison, fellow of New-College, Oxon.—F.

Enjoy the blessings peace on Europe showers :
 Nor yet disdain those blessings to adorn ;
 To make the muse immortal, you was born.
 Sing ; and in latest time, when stories dark,
 This period your surviving fame shall mark ;
 Save from the gulf of years this glorious age,
 And thus illustrate their historian's page.

The crown of Spain in doubtful balance hung,
 And Anna Britain sway'd, when Granville sung :
 That noted year Europa sheath'd her sword,
 When this great man was first saluted lord.

EPISTLES TO MR POPE,

CONCERNING THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.—1730.

EPISTLE I.

WHILST you at Twickenham plan the future wood,
 Or turn the volumes of the wise and good,
 Our senate meets ; at parties, parties bawl,
 And pamphlets stun the streets, and load the stall ;
 So rushing tides bring things obscene to light,
 Foul wrecks emerge, and dead dogs swim in sight ;
 The civil torrent foams, the tumult reigns,
 And Codrus' prose works up, and Lico's strains.
 Lo ! what from cellars rise, what rush from high,
 Where speculation roosted near the sky ;
 Letters, essays, sock, buskin, satire, song,
 And all the garret thunders on the throng !

O Pope ! I burst ; nor can nor will refrain ;
 I'll write ; let others, in their turn, complain :
 Truce, truce, ye Vandals ! my tormented ear
 Less dreads a pillory than a pamphleteer ;
 I've heard myself to death ; and plagued each hour,
 Shan't I return the vengeance in my power ;
 For who can write the true absurd like me ?——
 Thy pardon, Codrus ! who, I mean, but thee ?

Pope ! if like mine, or Codrus', were thy style,
 The blood of vipers had not stain'd thy file ;
 Merit less solid, less despite had bred ;
 They had not bit, and then they had not bled.
 Fame is a public mistress, none enjoys,
 But, more or less, his rival's peace destroys ;

With fame, in just proportion, envy grows ;
 The man that makes a character, makes foes :
 Slight, peevish insects round a genius rise,
 As a bright day awakes the world of flies ;
 With hearty malice, but with feeble wing,
 (To show they live) they flutter, and they sting :
 But as by depredations wasps proclaim
 The fairest fruit, so these the fairest fame.

Shall we not censure all the motley train,
 Whether with ale irriguous, or champaign ?
 Whether they tread the vale of prose, or climb,
 And whet their appetites on cliffs of rhyme ;
 The college sloven, or embroider'd spark ;
 The purple prelate, or the parish clerk ;
 The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig ;
 The plaintiff tory, or defendant whig ;
 Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or sad,
 Whether extremely witty, or quite mad ;
 Profoundly dull, or shallowly polite ;
 Men that read well, or men that only write ;
 Whether peers, porters, tailors, tune the reeds,
 And measuring words to measuring shapes succeeds
 For bankrupts write, when ruin'd shops are shut,
 As maggots crawl from out a perish'd nut.
 His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
 And, wanting sense for tradesmen, serve for wits.
 By thriving men subsists each other trade ;
 Of every broken craft a writer's made :
 Thus his material, paper, takes its birth
 From tatter'd rags of all the stuff on earth.

Hail, fruitful isle ! to thee alone belong
 Millions of wits, and brokers in old song :
 Thee well a land of liberty we name,
 Where all are free to scandal and to shame ;
 Thy sons, by print, may set their hearts at ease,
 And be mankind's contempt, whene'er they please ;
 Like trodden filth, their vile and abject sense
 Is unperceived, but when it gives offence :
 Their heavy prose our injured reason tires ;
 Their verse immoral kindles loose desires :
 Our age they puzzle, and corrupt our prime,
 Our sport and pity, punishment and crime.

What glorious motives urge our authors on,
 Thus to undo, and thus to be undone ?

One loses his estate, and down he sits,
 To show (in vain !) he still retains his wits :
 Another marries, and his dear proves keen ;
 He writes as an hypnotic for the spleen :
 Some write, confined by physic ; some, by debt ;
 Some, for 'tis Sunday ; some, because 'tis wet ;
 Through private pique some do the public right,
 And love their king and country out of spite :
 Another writes because his father writ,
 And proves himself a bastard by his wit.

Has Lico learning, humour, thought profound ?
 Neither : why write then ? He wants twenty pound :
 His belly, not his brains, this impulse give ;
 He'll grow immortal ; for he cannot live :
 He rubs his awful front, and takes his ream,
 With no provision made, but of his theme ;
 Perhaps a title has his fancy smit,
 Or a quaint motto, which he thinks has wit :
 He writes, in inspiration puts his trust,
 'Though wrong his thoughts, the gods will make them
 just ;

Genius directly from the gods descends,
 And who by labour would distrust his friends ?
 Thus having reason'd with consummate skill,
 In immortality he dips his quill :
 And, since blank paper is denied the press,
 He mingles the whole alphabet by guess :
 In various sets, which various words compose,
 Of which, he hopes, mankind the meaning knows.

So sounds spontaneous from the sibyl broke,
 Dark to herself the wonders which she spoke ;
 The priests found out the meaning, if they could ;
 And nations stared at what none understood.

Clodio dress'd, danced, drank, visited, (the whole
 And great concern of an immortal soul !)
 Oft have I said, " Awake ! exist ! and strive
 For birth ! nor think to loiter is to live !"
 As oft I overheard the demon say,
 Who daily met the loiterer in his way,
 " I'll meet thee, youth, at White's : " the youth replies,
 " I'll meet thee there," and falls his sacrifice ;
 His fortune squander'd, leaves his virtue bare
 To every bribe, and blind to every snare :
 Clodio for bread his indolence must quit,

Or turn a soldier, or commence a wit.
 Such heroes have we ! all, but life, they stake ;
 How must Spain tremble, and the German shake !
 Such writers have we ! all, but sense, they print ;
 Even George's praise is dated from the mint.
 In arms contemptible, in arts profane,
 Such swords, such pens, disgrace a monarch's reign.
 Reform your lives before you thus aspire,
 And steal (for you can steal) celestial fire.

O ! the just contrast ! O the beauteous strife !
 'Twixt their cool writings, and pindaric life :
 They write with phlegm, but then they live with fire ;
 They cheat the lender, and their works the buyer.

I reverence misfortune, not deride ;
 I pity poverty, but laugh at pride :
 For who so sail, but must some mirth confess
 At gay Castruchio's miscellaneous dress !
 Though there's but one of the dull works he wrote,
 There's ten editions of his old laced coat.

These, nature's commoners, who want a home,
 Claim the wide world for their majestic dome ;
 They make a private study of the street ;
 And looking full on every man they meet,
 Run souse against his chaps ; who stands amazed
 To find they did not see, but only gazed.
 How must these bards be rapt into the skies !
 You need not read, you feel their ecstasies.

Will they persist ! 'Tis madness ; Lintot, run,
 See them confined——“O that's already done.”
 Most, as by leases, by the works they print,
 Have took, for life, possession of the mint.
 If you mistake, and pity these poor men,
Est Ulubris, they cry, and write again.

Such wits their nuisance manfully expose,
 And then pronounce just judges learning's foes ;
 O frail conclusion ; the reverse is true ;
 If foes to learning, they'd be friends to you :
 Treat them, ye judges ! with an honest scorn,
 And weed the cockle from the generous corn :
 There's true good nature in your disrespect ;
 In justice to the good, the bad neglect :
 For immortality, if hardships plead,
 It is not theirs who write, but ours who read.

But, O ! what wisdom can convince a fool,

But that 'tis dulness to conceive him dull ?
'Tis sad experience takes the censor's part,
Conviction, not from reason, but from smart.

A virgin author, recent from the press,
The sheets yet wet, applauds his great success ;
Surveys them, reads them, takes their charms to bed,
Those in his hand, and glory in his head ;
'Tis joy too great ; a fever of delight !
His heart beats thick, nor close his eyes all night :
But rising the next morn to clasp his fame,
He finds that without sleeping he could dream.

In vain advertisements the town o'erspread ;
They're epitaphs, and say the work is dead.
Who press for fame, but small recruits will raise ;
'Tis volunteers alone can give the bays.

A famous author visits a great man,
Of his immortal work displays the plan,
And says, " Sir, I'm your friend ; all fears dismiss ;
Your glory, and my own, shall live by this ;
Your power is fix'd, your fame through time convey'd,
And Britain Europe's queen—if I am paid."
A statesman has his answer in a trice ;
" Sir, such a genius is beyond all price ;
What man can pay for this ?"—Away he turns ;
His work is folded, and his bosom burns :
His patron he will patronise no more ;
But rushes like a tempest out of door.
Lost is the patriot, and extinct his name !
Out comes the piece, another, and the same ;
For A, his magic pen evokes an O,
And turns the tide of Europe on the foe :
He rams his quill with scandal, and with scoff ;
But 'tis so very foul, it won't go off :
Dreadful his thunders, while unprinted, roar ;
But when once publish'd, they are heard no more.
Thus distant bugbears fright, but, nearer draw,
The block's a block, and turns to mirth your awe.

Can those oblige, whose heads and hearts are such ?
No ; every party's tainted by their touch.
Infected persons fly each public place ;
And none, or enemies alone, embrace :
To the foul fiend their every passion's sold :
They love, and hate, extempore, for gold :
What image of their fury can we form ?

Dulness and rage, a puddle in a storm.
Rest they in peace? If you are pleased to buy,
To swell your sails, like Lapland winds, they fly:
Write they with rage? The tempest quickly flags;
A state Ulysses tames 'em with his bags:
Let him be what he will, Turk, Pagan, Jew:
For Christian ministers of state are few.

Behind the curtain lurks the fountain head,
That pours his politics through pipes of lead,
Which far and near ejaculate, and spout
O'er tea and coffee, poison to the rout:
But when they have bespattered all they may,
The statesman throws his filthy squirts away!

With golden forceps, these, another takes,
And state elixirs of the vipers makes.

The richest statesman wants wherewith to pay
A servile sycophant, if well they weigh
How much it costs the wretch to be so base;
Nor can the greatest powers enough disgrace,
Enough chastise, such prostitute applause,
If well they weigh how much it stains their cause.

But are our writers ever in the wrong?
Does virtue ne'er seduce the venal tongue?
Yes; if well bribed, for virtue's self they fight;
Still in the wrong, though champions for the right:
Whoe'er their crimes for interest only quit,
Sin on in virtue, and good deeds commit.

Nought but inconstancy Britannia meets,
And broken faith in their abandon'd sheets;
From the same hand how various is the page!
What civil war their brother pamphlets wage!
Tracts battle tracts, self-contradictions glare;
Say, is this lunacy?—I wish it were.
If such our writers, startled at the sight,
Felons may bless their stars they cannot write!

How justly Proteus' transmigrations fit
The monstrous changes of a modern wit!
Now, such a gentle stream of eloquence
As seldom rises to the verge of sense;
Now, by mad rage, transform'd into a flame,
Which yet fit engines, well applied, can tame;
Now, on immodest trash, the swine obscene,
Invites the town to sup at Drury Lane;
A dreadful lion, now he roars at power,

Which sends him to his brothers at the Tower ;
 He's now a serpent, and his double tongue
 Salutes, nay licks, the feet of those he stung ;
 What knot can bind him, his evasion such !
 One knot he well deserves, which might do much.

The flood, flame, swine, the lion, and the snake,
 Those fivefold monsters, modern authors make :
 The snake reigns most ; snakes, Pliny says, are bred
 When the brain's perish'd in a human head.
 Ye grov'ling, trodden, whip'd, strip'd, turncoat things
 Made up of venom, volumes, stains, and stings !
 Thrown from the tree of knowledge, like you, cursed
 To scribble in the dust, was snake the first.

What if the figure should in fact prove true !
 It did in Elkanah,¹ why not in you ?
 Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,
 For bread in Smithfield dragons hiss'd at last,
 Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,
 And found his manners suited to his shape :
 Such is the fate of talents misapplied ;
 So lived your prototype ; and so he died.

Th' abandon'd manners of our writing train
 May tempt mankind to think religion vain ;
 But in their fate, their habit, and their mien,
 That gods there are is eminently seen :
 Heaven stands absolved by vengeance on their pen,
 And marks the murderers of fame from men :
 Through meagre jaws they draw their venal breath,
 As ghastly as their brothers in Macbeth :
 Their feet through faithless leather meet the dirt,
 And oftener changed their principles than shirt.
 The transient vestments of these frugal men,
 Hastens to paper for our mirth again :
 Too soon (O merry melancholy fate !)
 They beg in rhyme, and warble through a grate :
 The man lampoon'd forgets it at the sight ;
 The friend through pity gives, the foe through spite ;
 And though full conscious of his injured purse,
 Lintot relents, nor Curll can wish them worse.
 So fare the men, who writers dare commence
 Without their patent, probity, and sense.

From these, their politics our quidnuncs seek,
 And Saturday's the learning of the week :

¹ Elkanah Settle, an author.

These labouring wits, like paviours, mend our ways
 With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, essays ;
 Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so dull ;
 And hem at every thump upon your skull :
 These staunch bred writing hounds begin the cry,
 And honest folly echoes to the lie.
 O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
 Thanking a villain for his probity ;
 Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
 With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer :
 It tickles through my soul to hear the cock's
 Sincere encomium on his friend the fox,
 Sole patron of his liberties and rights !
 While graceless Reynard listens—till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'erloaded state
 Discharges all her poor and profligate ;
 Crimes of all kinds dishonoured weapons wield,
 And prisons pour their filth into the field ;
 Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
 Compose the black militia of the pen.

EPISTLE II.—FROM OXFORD.

ALL write at London ; shall the rage abate
 Here, where it most should shine, the muses' seat ?
 Where, mortal or immortal, as they please,
 The learn'd may choose eternity, or ease ?
 Has not a royal patron¹ wisely strove
 To woo the muse in her Athenian grove ?
 Added new strings to her harmonious shell,
 And given new tongues to those who spoke so well ?
 Let these instruct, with truth's illustrious ray,
 Awake the world, and scare our owls away.

Meanwhile, O friend ! indulge me, if I give
 Some needful precepts how to write, and live !
 Serious should be an author's final views ;
 Who write for pure amusement, ne'er amuse.

An author ! 'tis a venerable name !
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim !
 Unbless'd with sense above their peers refined,
 Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind ?
 Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause ?
 That sole proprietor of just applause.

Ye restless men, who pant for letter'd praise,

¹ His late majesty's benefaction for modern languages. 2 F

With whom would you consult to gain the bays?—
 With those great authors whose famed works you read?
 'Tis well: go, then, consult the laurell'd shade.
 What answer will the laurell'd shade return?
 Hear it, and tremble! he commands you burn
 The noblest works his envied genius writ,
 That boast of nought more excellent than wit.
 If this be true, as 'tis a truth most dread,
 Woe to the page which has not that to plead!
 Fontaine and Chaucer, dying, wish'd unwrote
 The sprightliest efforts of their wanton thought:
 Sidney and Waller, brightest sons of fame,
 Condemn the charm of ages to the flame:
 And in one point is all true wisdom cast,
 To think that early we must think at last.

Immortal wits, even dead, break nature's laws,
 Injurious still to virtue's sacred cause;
 And their guilt growing, as their bodies rot,
 (Reversed ambition!) pant to be forgot.

Thus ends your courted fame: does lucre then,
 The sacred thirst of gold, betray your pen?
 In prose 'tis blamable, in verse 'tis worse,
 Provokes the muse, extorts Apollo's curse:
 His sacred influence never should be sold;
 'Tis arrant simony to sing for gold:
 'Tis immortality should fire your mind;
 Scorn a less paymaster than all mankind.

If bribes you seek, know this, you writing tribe!
 Who writes for virtue has the largest bribe:
 All's on the party of the virtuous man;
 The good will surely serve him, if they can;
 The bad, when interest, or ambition guide,
 And 'tis at once their interest and their pride:
 But should both fail to take him to their care,
 He boasts a greater friend, and both may spare.

Letters to man uncommon light dispense;
 And what is virtue, but superior sense?
 In parts and learning you who place your pride,
 Your faults are crimes, your crimes are double dyed.
 What is a scandal of the first renown,
 But letter'd knaves, and atheists in a gown?

'Tis harder far to please than give offence;
 The least misconduct damns the brightest sense;
 Each shallow pate, that cannot read your name,

Can read your life, and will be proud to blame.
Flagitious manners make impressions deep
On those, that o'er a page of Milton sleep :
Nor in their dulness think to save your shame,
True, these are fools ; but wise men say the same.

Wits are a despicable race of men,
If they confine their talents to the pen ;
When the man shocks us, while the writer shines,
Our scorn in life, our envy in his lines.
Yet, proud of parts, with prudence some dispense,
And play the fool, because they 're men of sense.
What instances bleed recent in each thought,
Of men to ruin by their genius brought !
Against their wills what numbers ruin shun,
Purely through want of wit to be undone !
Nature has shown, by making it so rare,
That wit's a jewel which we need not wear.
Of plain sound sense life's current coin is made ;
With that we drive the most substantial trade.

Prudence protects and guides us ; wit betrays ;
A splendid source of ill ten thousand ways ;
A certain snare to miseries immense ;
A gay prerogative from common sense ;
Unless strong judgment that wild thing can tame,
And break to paths of virtue and of fame.

But grant your judgment equal to the best,
Sense fills your head, and genius fires your breast ;
Yet still forbear : your wit (consider well)
'Tis great to show, but greater to conceal ;
As it is great to seize the golden prize
Of place or power ; but greater to despise.

If still you languish for an author's name,
Think private merit less than public fame,
And fancy not to write is not to live ;
Deserve, and take, the great prerogative.
But ponder what it is ; how dear 'twill cost,
To write one page which you may justly boast.

Sense may be good, yet not deserve the press ;
Who write, an awful character profess ;
The world as pupil of their wisdom claim,
And for their stipend an immortal fame :
Nothing but what is solid or refined,
Should dare ask public audience of mankind.

Severely weigh your learning and your wit :

Keep down your pride by what is nobly writ :
No writer, famed in your own way, pass o'er ;
Much trust example, but reflection more :
More had the ancients writ, they more had taught ;
Which shows some work is left for modern thought.

This weigh'd, perfection know ; and known, adore ;
Toil, burn for that ; but do not aim at more ;
Above, beneath it, the just limits fix ;
And zealously prefer four lines to six.

Write, and re-write, blot out, and write again,
And for its swiftness ne'er applaud your pen.
Leave to the jockeys that Newmarket praise,
Slow runs the Pegasus that wins the bays.
Much time for immortality to pay,
Is just and wise ; for less is thrown away.
Time only can mature the labouring brain ;
Time is the father, and the midwife pain :
The same good sense that makes a man excel,
Still makes him doubt he ne'er has written well.
Downwright impossibilities they seek ;
What man can be immortal in a week ?

Excuse no fault ; though beautiful, 'twill harm ;
One fault shocks more than twenty beauties charm.
Our age demands correctness ; Addison
And you this commendable hurt have done.
Now writers find, as once Achilles found,
The whole is mortal, if a part's unsound.

He that strikes out, and strikes not out the best,
Pours lustre in, and dignifies the rest :
Give e'er so little, if what's right be there,
We praise for what you burn, and what you spare :
The part you burn, smells sweet before the shrine,
And is as incense to the part divine.

Nor frequent write, though you can do it well ;
Men may too oft, though not too much, excel.
A few good works gain fame ; more sink their price ;
Mankind are fickle, and hate paying twice :
They granted you writ well, what can they more,
Unless you let them praise for giving o'er ?

Do boldly what you do, and let your page
Smile, if it smiles, and if it rages, rage.
So faintly Lucius censures and commends,
That Lucius has no foes, except his friends.

Let satire less engage you than applause ;

It shows a generous mind to wink at flaws :
Is genius yours ? be yours a glorious end,
Be your king's, country's, truth's, religion's friend ;
The public glory by your own beget ;
Run nations, run posterity, in debt.
And since the famed alone make others live,
First have that glory you presume to give.

If satire charms, strike faults, but spare the man :
'Tis dull to be as witty as you can.

Satire recoils whenever charged too high ;
Round your own fame the fatal splinters fly.
As the soft plume gives swiftness to the dart,
Good breeding sends the satire to the heart.

Painters and surgeons may the structure scan ;
Genius and morals be with you the man :
Defaults in those alone should give offence !
Who strikes the person, pleads his innocence.
My narrow-minded satire can't extend
To Codrus' form ; I'm not so much his friend :
Himself should publish that (the world agree)
Before his works, or in the pillory.
Let him be black, fair, tall, short, thin, or fat,
Dirty or clean, I find no theme in that.
Is that call'd humour ? It has this pretence,
'Tis neither virtue, breeding, wit, or sense.
Unless you boast the genius of a Swift,
Beware of humour, the dull rogue's last shift.

Can others write like you ? Your task give o'er,
'Tis printing what was publish'd long before.
If nought peculiar through your labours run,
They're duplicates, and twenty are but one.
Think frequently, think close, read nature, turn
Men's manners o'er, and half your volumes burn ;
To nurse with quick reflection be your strife,
Thoughts born from present objects, warm from life :
When most unsought, such inspirations rise,
Slighted by fools, and cherish'd by the wise :
Expect peculiar fame from these alone ;
These make an author, these are all your own.

Life, like their Bibles, coolly men turn o'er ;
Hence unexperienced children of threescore.
True, all men think of course, as all men dream ;
And if they slightly think, 'tis much the same.

Letters admit not of a half renown ;

They give you nothing, or they give a crown.
No work e'er gain'd true fame, or ever can,
But what did honour to the name of man.

Weighty the subject, cogent the discourse,
Clear be the style, the very sound of force ;
Easy the conduct, simple the design,
Striking the moral, and the soul divine :
Let nature art, and judgment wit, exceed ;
O'er learning reason reign ; o'er that, your creed :
Thus virtue's seeds, at once, and laurel's, grow ;
Do thus, and rise a Pope, or a Despreau :
And when your genius exquisitely shines,
Live up to the full lustre of your lines :
Parts but expose those men who virtue quit ;
A fallen angel is a fallen wit ;
And they plead Lucifer's detested cause,
Who for bare talents challenge our applause.
Would you restore just honours to the pen ?
From able writers rise to worthy men.

"Who's this with nonsense, nonsense would restrain ?
Who's this (they cry) so vainly schools the vain ?
Who damns our trash, with so much trash replete ?
As, three ells round, huge Cheyne rails at meat ?"

Shall I with Bavius then my voice exalt,
And challenge all mankind to find one fault ?
With huge examens overwhelm my page,
And darken reason with dogmatic rage ?
As if, one tedious volume writ in rhyme,
In prose a duller could excuse the crime :
Sure, next to writing, the most idle thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing.

At that tribunal stands the writing tribe,
Which nothing can intimidate or bribe :
Time is the judge ; time has nor friend nor foe ;
False fame must wither, and the true will grow.
Arm'd with this truth, all critics I defy ;
For if I fall, by my own pen I die ;
While snarlers strive with proud but fruitless pain,
To wound immortals, or to slay the slain.

Sore press'd, with danger, and in awful dread
Of twenty pamphlets levell'd at my head,
Thus have I forged a buckler in my brain,
Of recent form, to serve me this campaign :
And safely hope to quit the dreadful field

Deluged with ink, and sleep behind my shield ;
 Unless dire Codrus rouses to the fray
 In all his might, and damns me—for a day.

As turns a flock of geese, and, on the green,
 Poke out their foolish necks in awkward spleen,
 (Ridiculous in rage !) to hiss, not bite,
 So war their quills, when sons of dulness write.

THE OLD MAN'S RELAPSE.

VERSES OCCASIONED BY LORD MELCOMBE'S EPISTLE
 TO SIR ROBERT WALPOLE.¹

Sopitos suscitāt ignes.—VIRG.

FROM man's too curious and impatient sight,
 The future, Heaven involves in thickest night.
 Credit grey hairs : though freedom much we boast,
 Some least perform, what they determine most.

¹ AN EPISTLE TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE
 BY MR DODDINGTON, AFTERWARDS LORD MELCOMBE.

—*Quæ censet amicus, ut si*

Cæcus iter monstrare velit.—HOR.

THOUGH strength of genius, by experience taught,
 Gives thee to sound the depths of human thought,
 To trace the various workings of the mind,
 And rule the secret springs, that rule mankind ;
 (Rare gift !) yet, Walpole, wilt thou condescend
 To listen, if thy unexperienced friend
 Can aught of use impart, though void of skill,
 And win attention by sincere good-will ;
 For friendship, sometimes, want of parts supplies,
 The heart may furnish what the head denies.

As when the rapid Rhone, o'er swelling tides,
 To grace old ocean's court, in triumph rides,
 Though rich his source, he drains a thousand springs,
 Nor scorns the tribute each small rivulet brings.

So thou shalt, hence, absorb each feeble ray,
 Each dawn of meaning, in thy brighter day,
 Shalt like, or, where thou canst not like, excuse,
 Since no mean interest shall profane the muse,
 No malice, wrapt in truth's disguise, offend,
 Nor flattery taint the freedom of the friend.

When first a generous mind surveys the great,
 And views the crowds that on their fortune wait ;
 Pleased with the show (though little understood),
 He only seeks the power, to do the good ;

What sudden changes our resolves betray !
 To-morrow is a satire on to-day,
 And shows its weakness. Whom shall men believe,
 When constantly themselves, themselves deceive ?

Thinks, till he tries, 'tis godlike to dispose,
 And gratitude still springs, where bounty sows;
 That every grant sincere affection wins,
 And where our wants have end, our love begins:
 But those who long the paths of state have trod,
 Learn from the clamours of the murmuring crowd,
 Which cramm'd, yet craving still, their gates besiege,
 'Tis easier far to give, than to oblige.

This of thy conduct seems the nicest part,
 The chief perfection of the statesman's art,
 To give to fair assent a fairer face,
 Or soften a refusal into grace:
 But few there are that can be truly kind,
 Or know to fix their favours on the mind;
 Hence, some, whene'er they would oblige, offend,
 And while they make the fortune, lose the friend;
 Still give, unthank'd; still squander, not bestow;
 For great men want not, what to give, but how.

The race of men that follow courts, 'tis true,
 Think all they get, and more than all, their due;
 Still ask, but ne'er consult their own deserts,
 And measure by their interest, not their parts:
 From this mistake so many men we see
 But ill become the thing they wish'd to be;
 Hence discontent, and fresh demands arise,
 More power, more favour in the great man's eyes;
 All feel a want, though none the cause suspects,
 But hate their patron, for their own defects;
 Such none can please, but who reforms their hearts,
 And, when he gives them places, gives them parts.

As these o'erprize their worth, so sure the great
 May sell their favour at too dear a rate;
 When merit pines, while clamour is preferr'd
 And long attachment waits among the herd;
 When no distinction, where distinction's due,
 Marks from the many the superior few;
 When strong cabal constrains them to be just,
 And makes them give at last—because they must;
 What hopes that men of real worth should prize,
 What neither friendship gives, nor merit buys?

The man who justly o'er the whole presides,
 His well-weigh'd choice with wise affection guides;
 Knows when to stop with grace, and when advance,
 Nor gives through importunity or chance;
 But thinks how little gratitude is owed,
 When favours are extorted, not bestow'd.

When, safe on shore ourselves, we see the crowd
 Surround the great, importunate, and loud;
 Through such a tumult, 'tis no easy task

Long had I bid my once-loved muse adieu ;
You warm old age ; my passion burns anew.
How sweet your verse ! how great your force of mind !
What power of words ! what skill in dark mankind !

To drive the man of real worth to ask :
Surrounded thus, and giddy with the show,
'Tis hard for great men rightly to bestow,
From hence so few are skill'd, in either case,
To ask with dignity, or give with grace.

Sometimes the great, seduced by love of parts,
Consult our genius, and neglect our hearts ;
Pleased with the glittering sparks that genius flings,
They lift us, towering on their eagle's wings.
Mark out the flights by which themselves begun,
And teach our dazzled eyes to bear the sun ;
Till we forget the hand that made us great,
And grow to envy, not to emulate :
To emulate, a generous warmth implies,
To reach the virtues, that make great men rise ;
But envy wears a mean malignant face,
And aims not at their virtues—but their place.

Such to oblige, how vain is the pretence !
When every favour is a fresh offence,
By which superior power is still implied,
And, while it helps their fortune, hurts their pride.
Slight is the hate, neglect or hardships breed ;
But those who hate from envy, hate indeed.

" Since so perplex'd the choice, whom shall we trust ? "
Methinks I hear thee cry—The brave and just ;
The man by no mean fears or hopes control'd,
Who serves thee from affection, not for gold.

We love the honest, and esteem the brave,
Despise the coxcomb, but detest the knave ;
No show of parts the truly wise seduce,
To think that knaves can be of real use.

The man, who contradicts the public voice,
And strives to dignify a worthless choice,
Attempts a task that on that choice reflects,
And lends us light to point out new defects.
One worthless man, that gains what he pretends,
Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends :
And since on art can make a counterpass,
Or add the weight of gold to mimic brass,
When princes to bad ore their image join,
They more debase the stamp, than raise the coin.

Be thine the care, true merit to reward
And gain the good—nor will that task be hard ;
Souls form'd alike so quick by nature blend,
An honest man is more than half thy friend.

Him, no mean views, or haste to rise, shall sway,
Thy choice to sully, or thy trust betray :
Ambition, here, shall at due distance stand ;
Nor is wit dangerous in an honest hand :

Polite the conduct ; generous the design ;
 And beauty files, and strength sustains, each line.
 Thus Mars and Venus are, once more, beset ;
 Your wit has caught them in its golden net.

But what strikes home with most exalted grace
 Is, haughty genius taught to know its place ;
 And, where worth shines, its humbled crest to bend,
 With zeal devoted to that godlike end.

Besides, if failings at the bottom lie,
 We view those failings with a lover's eye ;
 Though small his genius, let him do his best,
 Our wishes and belief supply the rest.

Let others barter servile faith for gold,
 His friendship is not to be bought or sold :
 Fierce opposition he, unmoved, shall face,
 Modest in favour, daring in disgrace,
 To share thy adverse fate alone, pretend ;
 In power, a servant ; out of power, a friend.
 Here pour thy favours in an ample flood,
 Indulge thy boundless thirst of doing good,
 Nor think that good to him alone confined ;
 Such to oblige, is to oblige mankind.

If thus thy mighty master's steps thou trace,
 The brave to cherish, and the good to grace ;
 Long shalt thou stand from rage and faction free,
 And teach us long to love the king, through thee :
 Or fall a victim dangerous to the foe,
 And make him tremble when he strikes the blow ;
 While honour, gratitude, affection join
 To deck thy close, and brighten thy decline ;
 (Illustrious doom !) the great, when thus displaced,
 With friendship guarded, and with virtue graced,
 In awful ruin, like Rome's senate, fall,
 The prey and worship of the wondering Gaul.

No doubt, to genius some reward is due,
 (Excluding that, were satirising you ;)
 But yet, believe thy undesigning friend,
 When truth and genius for thy choice contend,
 Though both have weight when in the balance cast,
 Let probity be first, and parts the last.

On these foundations if thou darest be great,
 And check the growth of folly and deceit ;
 When party rage shall droop through length of days,
 And calumny be ripen'd into praise,
 Then future times shall to thy worth allow
 That fame, which envy would call flattery now.
 Thus far my zeal, though for the task unfit,
 Has pointed out the rocks where others split ;
 By that inspired, though stranger to the Nine,
 And negligent of any fame—but thine,
 I take the friendly, but superfluous part ;
 You act from nature what I teach from art.

When we discern so rich a vein of sense,
Through the smooth flow of purest eloquence ;
'Tis like the limpid streams of Tagus roll'd
O'er boundless wealth, o'er shining beds of gold.

But whence so finish'd, so refined a piece ?
The tongue denies it to old Rome and Greece ;
The genius bids the moderns doubt their claim,
And slowly take possession of the fame.
But I nor know, nor care, by whom 'twas writ,
Enough for me that 'tis from human wit,
That soothes my pride : all glory in the pen
Which has done honour to the race of men.

But this have others done ; a like applause
An ancient and a modern Horace draws.¹
But they to glory by degrees arose,
Meridian lustre you at once disclose.
'Tis continence of mind, unknown before.
To write so well, and yet to write no more,
More bright renown can human nature claim,
Than to deserve, and fly immortal fame ?

Next to the godlike praise of writing well,
Is on that praise with just delight to dwell.
O, for some God my drooping soul to raise !
That I might imitate, as well as praise ;
For all commend : e'en foes your fame confess ;
Nor would Augustus' age have prized it less ;
An age, which had not held its pride so long.
But for the want of so complete a song.

A golden period shall from you commence :
Peace shall be sign'd 'twixt wit and manly sense ;
Whether your genius or your rank they view,
The muses find their Halifax in you.
Like him succeed ! nor think my zeal is shown
For you ; 'tis Britain's interest, not your own ;
For lofty stations are but golden snares,
Which tempt the great to fall in love with cares.

I would proceed, but age has chill'd my vein,
'Twas a short fever, and I'm cool again.
Though life I hate, methinks I could renew
Its tasteless, painful course, to sing of you.
When such the subject, who shall curb his flight ?
When such your genius, who shall dare to write ?
In pure respect, I give my rhyming o'er,

¹ Boileau.

And, to commend you most, commend no more.

Adieu, whoe'er thou art ! on death's pale coast
Ere long I'll talk thee o'er with Dryden's ghost ;
The bard will smile. A last, a long farewell !

Henceforth I hide me in my dusky cell ;
There wait the friendly stroke that sets me free,
And think of immortality and thee—

My strains are number'd by the tuneful Nine ;
Each maid presents her thanks, and all present thee
mine.

RESIGNATION.¹

IN TWO PARTS.

My soul shall be satisfied even as it were with marrow and fatness,
when my mouth praiseth thee with joyful lips.—PSALM lxxiii. 6.

ADVERTISEMENT.

This was not intended for the public, there were many and strong reasons against it; and are so still; but some extracts of it, from the few copies which were given away, being got into the printed papers, it was thought necessary to publish something, lest a copy still more imperfect than this should fall into the press: and it is hoped, that this unwelcome occasion of publication may be some excuse for it.

As for the following stanzas, God Almighty's infinite power, and marvellous goodness to man, is dwelt on, as the most just and cogent reason for our cheerful and absolute resignation to his will; nor are any of those topics declined, which have a just tendency to promote that supreme virtue: such as the vanity of this life, the value of the next, the approach of death, &c.

PART I.

THE days how few, how short the years
Of man's too rapid race!
Each leaving, as it swiftly flies,
A shorter in its place.

They who the longest lease enjoy,
Have told us with a sigh,
That to be born seems little more
Than to begin to die.

Numbers there are who feel this truth
With fears alarmed; and yet,
In life's delusions lull'd asleep,
This weighty truth forget:

And am not I to these akin?
Age slumbers o'er the quill;
Its honour blots, whate'er it writes,
And am I writing still?

Conscious of nature in decline,
And languor in my thoughts;
To soften censure, and abate
Its rigour on my faults;

¹ Written to console Mrs Boscawen, on the death of her husband, Admiral Boscawen. It is the last poem written by Young.

Permit me, madam ! ere to you
The promised verse I pay,
To touch on felt infirmity,
Sad sister of decay.

One world deceased, another born,
Like Noah they behold,
O'er whose white hairs, and furrow'd brows,
Too many suns have rolled :

Happy the patriarch ! he rejoiced
His second world to see :
My second world, though gay the scene,
Can boast no charms for me.

To me this brilliant age appears
With desolation spread ;
Near all with whom I lived, and smiled,
Whilst life was life, are dead ;

And with them died my joys ; the grave
Has broken nature's laws ;
And closed, against this feeble frame,
Its partial cruel jaws ;

Cruel to spare ! condemn'd to life !
A cloud impairs my sight ;
My weak hand disobeys my will,
And trembles as I write.

What shall I write ? Thalia, tell ;
Say, long abandon'd muse !
What field of fancy shall I range ?
What subject shall I choose ?

A choice of moment high inspire,
And rescue me from shame,
For doting on thy charms so late,
By grandeur in my theme.

Beyond the themes, which most admire,
Which dazzle, or amaze,
Beyond renown'd exploits of war,
Bright charms, or empire's blaze,

Are themes, which, in a world of woe,
Can best appease our pain ;
And, in an age of gaudy guilt,
Jay folly's flood restrain ;

Amidst the storms of life support
A calm unshaken mind ;
And with unfading laurels crown
The brow of the resign'd.

O resignation ! yet unsung,
Untouch'd by former strains ;
Though claiming every muse's smile,
And every poet's pains,

Beneath life's evening, solemn shade,
I dedicate my page
To thee, thou safest guard of youth !
Thou sole support of age !

All other duties crescents are
Of virtue faintly bright,
The glorious consummation, thou !
Which fills her orb with light :

How rarely filled ! the love divine
In evils to discern,
This the first lesson which we want,
The latest, which we learn ;

A melancholy truth ! for know,
Could our proud hearts resign,
The distance greatly would decrease
'Twixt human and divine.

But though full noble is my theme,
Full urgent is my call
To soften sorrow, and forbid
The bursting tear to fall :

The task I dread ; dare I to leave
Of humble prose the shore,
And put to sea ? a dangerous sea ?
What throngs have sunk before !

How proud the poet's billow swells !
The God ! the God ! his boast :
A boast how vain ! What wrecks abound ?
Dead bards stench every coast.

What then am I ? Shall I presume,
On such a moulten wing,
Above the general wreck to rise,
And in my winter, sing ;

When nightingales, when sweetest bards
Confine their charming song
To summer's animating heats,
Content to warble young?

Yet write I must; a lady¹ sues;
How shameful her request!
My brain in labour for dull rhyme!
Hers teeming with the best?

But you a stranger will excuse,
Nor scorn his feeble strain;
To you a stranger, but, through fate,
No stranger to your pain.

The ghost of grief deceased ascends,
His old wound bleeds anew;
His sorrows are recall'd to life
By those he sees in you;

Too well he knows the twisting strings
Of ardent hearts combined
When rent asunder, how they bleed,
How hard to be resign'd:

Those tears you pour, his eyes have shed;
The pang you feel, he felt;
Thus nature, loud as virtue, bids
His heart at yours to melt.

But what can heart, or head, suggest?
What sad experience say?
Through truths austere, to peace we work
Our rugged, gloomy way:

What are we? whence? for what? and whither?
Who know not, needs must mourn;
But thought, bright daughter of the skies!
Can tears to triumph turn.

Thought is our armour, 'tis the mind's
Impenetrable shield,
When, sent by fate, we meet our foes,
In sore affliction's field;

It plucks the frightful mask from ills,
Forbids pale fear to hide,
Beneath that dark disguise, a friend,
Which turns affection's tide.

¹ Mrs Montague, who solicited Young to write this piece.

Affection frail ! trained up by sense
From reason's channel strays :
And whilst it blindly points at peace,
Our peace to pain betrays.

Thought winds its fond, erroneous stream
From daily dying flowers,
To nourish rich immortal blooms,
In amaranthine bowers ;

Whence throngs, in ecstasy, look down
On what once shock'd their sight ;
And thank the terrors of the past
For ages of delight.

All withers here ; who most possess
Are losers by their gain,
Stung by full proof, that, bad at best,
Life's idle all is vain :

Vain, in its course, life's murmuring stream ;
Did not its course offend,
But murmur cease ; life, then, would seem
Still vainer, from its end.

How wretched ! who, through cruel fate,
Have nothing to lament !
With the poor alms this world affords
Deplorably content !

Had not the Greek his world mistook,
His wish had been most wise ;
To be content with but one world,
Like him, we should despise.

Of earth's revenue would you state
A full account, and fair ?
We hope, and hope, and hope ; then cast
The total up——Despair.

Since vain all here, all future, vast,
Embrace the lot assign'd ;
Heaven wounds to heal ; its frowns are friends ;
Its stroke severe, most kind.

But in lapsed nature rooted deep,
Blind error domineers ;
And on fools' errands, in the dark,
Sends out our hopes and fears ;

Bids us for ever pains deplore,
Our pleasures overprize ;
These oft persuade us to be weak ;
Those urge us to be wise.

From virtue's rugged path to right
By pleasure are we brought,
To flowery fields of wrong, and there
Pain chides us for our fault :

Yet whilst it chides, it speaks of peace,
If folly is withstood ;
And says, time pays an easy price,
For our eternal good.

In earth's dark cot, and in an hour,
And in delusion great,
What an economist is man
To spend his whole estate,

And beggar an eternity !
For which as he was born,
More worlds than one against it weigh'd,
As feathers he should scorn.

Say not, your loss in triumph leads
Religion's feeble strife ;
Joys future amply reimburse
Joys bankrupts of this life.

But not deferr'd your joy so long,
It bears an early date ;
Affliction's ready pay in hand,
Befriends our present state :

What are the tears, which trickle down
Her melancholy face,
Like liquid pearl ? Like pearls of price,
They purchase lasting peace.

Grief softens hearts, and curbs the will,
Impetuous passion tames,
And keeps insatiate, keen desire
From launching in extremes.

Through time's dark womb, our judgment right,
If our dim eye was thrown,
Clear should we see, the will divine
Has but forestall'd our own ;

At variance with our future wish,
Self-sever'd we complain ;
If so, the wounded, not the wound,
Must answer for the pain :

The day shall come, and swift of wing,
Though you may think it slow,
When, in the list of fortune's smiles,
You'll enter frowns of woe.

For mark the path of Providence ;
This course it has pursued—
“Pain is the parent, woe the womb,
Of sound, important good :”

Our hearts are fasten'd to this world
By strong and endless ties :
And every sorrow cuts a string,
And urges us to rise :

'Twill sound severe—Yet rest assured
I'm studious of your peace ;
Though I should dare to give you joy—
Yes, joy of *his* decease :

An hour shall come (you question this),
An hour, when you shall bless,
Beyond the brightest beams of life,
Dark days of your distress.

Hear then without surprise a truth,
A daughter truth to this,
Swift turns of fortune often tie
A bleeding heart to bliss :

Esteem you this a paradox ?
My sacred motto read ;
A glorious truth ! divinely sung
By one, whose heart had bled ;

To resignation swift he flew,
In her a friend he found,
A friend, which bless'd him with a smile
When gasping with his wound.

On earth nought precious is obtain'd
But what is painful too ;
By travail, and to travail born,
Our sabbaths are but few :

To real joy we work our way,
Encountering many a shock,
Ere found what truly charms ; as found
A Venus in the block.

In some disaster, some severe
Appointment for our sins,
That mother blessing (not so call'd),
True happiness, begins.

No martyr e'er defied the flames,
By stings of life unvex'd ;
First rose some quarrel with this world,
Then passion for the next.

You see, then, pangs are parent pangs,
The pangs of happy birth ;
Pangs, by which only can be born
True happiness on earth.

The peopled earth look all around,
Or through time's records run !
And say, what is a man unstruck ?
It is a man undone.

This moment, am I deeply stung—
My bold pretence is tried ;
When vain man boasts, heaven puts to proof
The vauntings of his pride ;

Now need I, madam ! your support.—
How exquisite the smart ;
How critically timed the news¹
Which strikes me to the heart !

The pangs of which I spoke, I feel :
If worth like thine is born,
O long-beloved ! I bless the blow,
And triumph, whilst I mourn.

Nor mourn I long ; by grief subdued
By reason's empire shown ;
Deep anguish comes by heaven's decree,
Continues by our own ;

And when continued past its point,
Indulged in length of time,

¹ Whilst the author was writing this, he received the news of Mr Samuel Richardson's death, who was then printing the former part of the poem

Grief is disgraced, and what was fate,
Corrupts into a crime :

And shall I, criminally mean,
Myself and subject wrong?
No ; my example shall support
The subject of my song.

Madam ! I grant your loss is great ;
Nor little is your gain ?
Let that be weigh'd ; when weigh'd aright,
It richly pays your pain :

When heaven would kindly set us free,
And earth's enchantment end ;
It takes the most effectual means,
And robs us of a friend.

But such a friend ! and sigh no more ?
'Tis prudent ; but severe :
Heaven aid my weakness, and I drop,
All sorrow—with this tear.

Perhaps your settled grief to soothe,
I should not vainly strive,
But with soft balm your pain assuage,
Had he been still alive ;

Whose frequent aid brought kind relief,
In my distress of thought,
Tinged with his beams my cloudy page,
And beautified a fault :

To touch our passions' secret springs
Was his peculiar care ;
And deep his happy genius dived
In bosoms of the fair ;

Nature, which favours to the few,
All art beyond, imparts,
To him presented at his birth,
The key of human hearts.

But not to me by him bequeath'd
His gentle, smooth address ;
His tender hand to touch the wound
In throbbing of distress ;

Howe'er, proceed I must, unblest'd
With Esculapian art :

Know, love sometimes, mistaken love !
Plays disaffection's part :

Nor lands, nor seas, nor suns, nor stars,
Can soul from soul divide ;
They correspond from distant worlds,
Though transports are denied :

Are you not, then, unkindly kind ?
Is not your love severe ?

O ! stop that crystal source of woe ;
Nor wound him with a tear.

As those above from human bliss
Receive increase of joy ;
May not a stroke from human woe,
In part, their peace destroy ?

He lives in those he left ;—to what ?
Your, now, paternal care,
Clear from its cloud your brighten'd eye,
It will discern him there ;

In features, not of form alone,
But those, I trust, of mind ;
Auspicious to the public weal,
And to their fate resign'd.

Think on the tempests he sustain'd ;
Revolve his battles won ;
And let those prophecy your joy
From such a father's son :

Is consolation what you seek ?
Fain, then, his martial fire :
And animate to flame the sparks
Bequeathed him by his sire :

As nothing great is borne in haste,
Wise nature's time allow ;
His father's laurels may descend,
And flourish on his brow.

Nor, madam ! be surprised to hear
That laurels may be due
Not more to heroes of the field,
(Proud boasters !) than to you :

Tender as is the female frame,
Like that brave man you mourn,

You are a soldier, and to fight
Superior battles born ;

Beneath a banner nobler far
Than ever was unfurl'd
In fields of blood ; a banner bright !
High waved o'er all the world.

It, like a streaming meteor, casts
A universal light ;
Sheds day, sheds more, eternal day
On nations whelm'd in night.

Beneath that banner, what exploit
Can mount our glory higher,
Than to sustain the dreadful blow,
When those we love expire !

Go forth a moral amazon ;
Arm'd with undaunted thought ;
The battle won, though costing dear,
You'll think it cheaply bought :

The passive hero, who sits down
Unactive, and can smile
Beneath affliction's galling load,
Out-acts a Caesar's toil :

The billows stain'd by slaughter'd foes
Inferior praise afford ;
Reason's a bloodless conqueror,
More glorious than the sword.

Nor can the thunders of huzzas,
From shouting nations, cause
Such sweet delight, as from your heart
Soft whispers of applause :

The dear deceased so famed in arms,
With what delight he'll view
His triumphs on the main outdone,
Thus conquer'd, twice, by you.

Share his delight ; take heed to shun
Of bosoms most diseased
That odd distemper, an absurd
Reluctance to be pleased :

Some seem in love with sorrow's charms,
And that foul fiend embrace :

This temper let me justly brand,
And stamp it with disgrace :
Sorrow ! of horrid parentage !
Thou second-born of hell !
Against heaven's endless mercies poured
How darest thou to rebel ?

From black and noxious vapours bred,
And nursed by want of thought,
And to the door of frenzy's self
By perseverance brought,

Thy most inglorious, coward tears
From brutal eyes have ran :
Smiles, incommunicable smiles !
Are radiant marks of man ;

They cast a sudden glory round
Th' illumined human face ;
And light in sons of honest joy
Some beams of Moses' face :

Is resignation's lesson hard ?
Examine, we shall find
That duty gives up little more
Than anguish of the mind ;

Resign ; and all the load of life
That moment you remove,
Its heavy tax, ten thousand cares
Devolve on one above ;

Who bids us lay our burthen down
On His almighty hand,
Softens our duty to relief,
To blessing a command ;

For joy what cause ! how every sense
Is courted from above
The year around, with presents rich,
The growth of endless love !

But most o'erlook the blessings pour'd,
Forget the wonders done,
And terminate, wrapp'd up in sense,
Their prospect at the sun ;

From that, their final point of view,
From that their radiant goal,

On travel infinite of thought,
Sets out the nobler soul,
Broke loose from time's tenacious ties,
And earth's involving gloom,
To range at last its vast domain,
And talk with worlds to come :
They let unmark'd, and unemploy'd,
Life's idle moments run ;
And, doing nothing for themselves,
Imagine nothing done ;
Fatal mistake ! their fate goes on,
Their dread account proceeds,
And their not doing is set down
Amongst their darkest deeds ;
Though man sits still, and takes his ease ;
God is at work on man ;
No means, no moment unemploy'd,
To bless him, if he can.

But man consents not, boldly bent
To fashion his own fate ;
Man, a mere bungler in the trade,
Repents his crime too late ;
Hence loud laments : let me thy cause,
Indulgent Father ! plead ;
Of all the wretches we deplore,
Not one by thee was made.

What is thy whole creation fair ?
Of love divine the child ;
Love brought it forth ; and, from its birth,
Has o'er it fondly smiled :

Now, and through periods distant far,
Long ere the world began,
Heaven is, and has in travail been,
Its birth the good of man ;

Man holds in constant service bound
The blustering winds and seas ;
Nor suns disdain to travel hard
Their master, man, to please :

To final good the worst events
Through secret channels run ;

Finish for man their destin'd course,
As 'twas for man begun.

One point (observed, perhaps, by few)
Has often smote, and smites

My mind, as demonstration strong ;
That heaven in man delights :

What's known to man of things unseen,
Of future worlds, or fates ?

So much, nor more, than what to man's
Sublime affairs relates ;

What's revelation then ? a list,
An inventory just :

Of that poor insect's goods, so late
Call'd out of night and dust.

What various motives to rejoice !

To render joy sincere,
Has this no weight ? our joy is felt
Beyond this narrow sphere !

Would we in heaven new heaven create,
And double its delight ?

A smiling world, when heaven looks down,
How pleasing in its sight !

Angels stoop forward from their thrones
To hear its joyful lays ;

As incense sweet enjoy, and join,
Its aromatic praise :

Have we no cause to fear the stroke
Of heaven's avenging rod,

When we presume to counteract
A sympathetic God !

If we resign, our patience makes
His rod an armless wand ;

If not, it darts a serpent's sting,
Like that in Moses' hand ;

Like that, it swallows up whate'er

Earth's vain magicians bring,
Whose baffled arts would boast below
Of joys a rival spring.

Consummate love ! the list how large
Of blessings from thy hand !

To banish sorrow, and be blest,
Is thy supreme command.

Are such commands but ill obey'd?
Of bliss, shall we complain?
The man, who dares to be a wretch,
Deserves still greater pain.

Joy is our duty, glory, health :
The sunshine of the soul ;
Our best encomium on the power
Who sweetly plans the whole ;

Joy is our Eden still possess'd :
Be gone, ignoble grief !
'Tis joy makes gods, and men exalts,
Their nature, our relief ;

Relief, for man to that must stoop,
And his due distance know ;
Transport 's the language of the skies,
Content the style below.

Content is joy, and joy in pain
Is joy and virtue too ;
Thus, whilst good present we possess
More precious we pursue :

Of joy the more we have in hand,
The more have we to come ;
Joy, like our money, interest bears,
Which daily swells the sum.

" But how to smile ; to stem the tide
Of nature in our veins ;
Is it not hard to weep in joy ?
What then to smile in pains ? "

Victorious joy ! which breaks the clouds,
And struggles through a storm ;
Proclaims the mind as great, as good ;
And bids it doubly charm :

If doubly charming in our sex,
A sex, by nature, bold ;
What then in yours ? 'tis diamond there
Triumphant o'er our gold.

And should not *this* complaint repress
And check the rising sigh ?

Yet farther opiate to your pain
I labour to supply.
Since spirits greatly damp'd distort
Ideas of delight,
Look through the medium of a friend,
To set your notions right :
As tears the sight, grief dims the soul ;
Its object dark appears ;
True friendship, like a rising sun,
The soul's horizon clears.
A friend's an optic to the mind
With sorrow clouded o'er ;
And gives it strength of sight to see
Redress unseen before.
Reason is somewhat rough in man ;
Extremely smooth and fair,
When she, to grace her manly strength,
Assumes a female air :
A friend¹ you have, and I the same,
Whose prudent, soft address
Will bring to life those healing thoughts
Which died in your distress ;
That friend, the spirit of my theme
Extracting for your ease,
Will leave to me the dreg, in thoughts
Too common ; such as these :
Let those lament to whom full bowls
Of sparkling joys are given ;
That triple bane inebriates life,
Imbitters death, and hazards heaven :
Woe to the soul at perfect ease !
'Tis brewing perfect pains ;
Lull'd reason sleeps, the pulse is king ;
Despotic body reigns :
Have you² ne'er pitied joy's gay scenes,
And deem'd their glory dark ?
Alas ! poor envy ! she's stone-blind,
And quite mistakes her mark :
Her mark lies hid in sorrow's shades,
But sorrow well subdued ;

¹ Mrs Montague.² Ibid.

And in proud fortune's frown defied
By meek, unborrow'd good.

By resignation ; all in that
A double friend may find
A wing to heaven, and, while on earth,
The pillow of mankind :

On pillows void of down, for rest
Our restless hopes we place ;
When hopes of heaven lie warm at heart,
Our hearts repose in peace :

The peace, which resignation yields,
Who feel alone can guess ;
'Tis disbelieved by murmuring minds,
They must conclude it less :

The loss, or gain, of that alone
Have we to hope or fear ;
That fate controls, and can invert
The seasons of the year :

O ! the dark days, the year around,
Of an impatient mind !
Through clouds, and storms, a summer breaks,
To shine on the resign'd :

While man by that of every grace,
And virtue, is possess'd ;
Foul vice her pandæmonium builds
In the rebellious breast ;

By resignation we defeat
The worst that can annoy ;
And suffer, with far more repose,
Than worldlings can enjoy.

From small experience this I speak ;
O ! grant to those I love
Experience fuller far, ye powers,
Who form our fates above !

My love where due, if not to those
Who, leaving grandeur, came
To shine on age in mean recess,
And light me to my theme !

A theme themselves ! a theme, how rare !
The charms, which they display,

To triumph over captive heads,
Are set in bright array :
With his own arms proud man's o'ercome,
His boasted laurels die :
Learning and genius, wiser grown,
To female bosoms fly.
This revolution, fix'd by fate,
In fable was foretold ;
The dark prediction puzzled wits,
Nor could the learn'd unfold :
But as those ladies'¹ works I read,
They darted such a ray,
The latent sense burst out at once,
And shone in open day :
So burst, full ripe, distended fruits,
When strongly strikes the sun ;
And from the purple grape unpress'd
Spontaneous nectars run.
Pallas, ('tis said) when Jove grew dull,
Forsook his drowsy brain ;
And sprightly leap'd into the throne
Of wisdom's brighter reign ;
Her helmet took ; that is, shot rays
Of formidable wit ;
And lance,—or, genius most acute,
Which lines immortal writ ;
And gorgon shield,—or, power to fright
Man's folly, dreadful shone,
And many a blockhead (easy change !)
Turn'd, instantly, to stone.
Our authors male, as then did Jove,
Now scratch a damaged head,
And call for what once quarter'd there,
But find the goddess fled.
The fruit of knowledge, golden fruit !
That once forbidden tree,
Hedged-in by surly man, is now
To Britain's daughters free :
In Eve (we know) of fruit so fair
The noble thirst began ;

¹ Mrs Montague and Mrs Carter.

And they, like her, have caused a fall,
A fall of fame in man :

And since of genius in our sex,
O Addison ! with thee
The sun is set ; how I rejoice
This sister lamp to see !

It sheds, like Cynthia, silver beams
On man's nocturnal state ;
His lessen'd light, and languid powers,
I show, whilst I relate.

PART II.

But what in either sex, beyond
All parts, our glory crowns ?
“ In ruffling seasons to be calm,
And smile, when fortune frowns.”

Heaven's choice is safer than our own ;
Of ages past inquire,
What the most formidable fate ?
“ To have our own desire.”

If, in your wrath, the worst of foes
You wish extremely ill ;
Expose him to the thunder's stroke,
Or that of his own will.

What numbers, rushing down the steep
Of inclination strong,
Have perish'd in their ardent wish !
Wish ardent, ever wrong !

'Tis resignation's full reverse,
Most wrong, as it implies
Error most fatal in our choice,
Detachment from the skies.

By closing with the skies, we make
Omnipotence our own ;
That done, how formidable ill's
Whole army is o'erthrown !

No longer impotent and frail,
Ourselves above we rise :
We scarce believe ourselves below !
We trespass on the skies !

The Lord, the soul, and source of all,
Whilst man enjoys his ease,
Is executing human will,
In earth, and air, and seas ;

Beyond us, what can angels boast ?
Archangels what require ?
Whate'er below, above is done,
Is done as—we desire.

What glory this for man so mean,
Whose life is but a span !
This is meridian majesty !
This, the sublime of man !

Beyond the boast of pagan song
My sacred subject shines !
And for a foil the lustre takes
Of Rome's exalted lines.

"All, that the sun surveys, subdued,
But Cato's mighty mind."
How grand ! most true ; yet far beneath
The soul of the resign'd :

To more than kingdoms, more than worlds,
To passion that gives law ;
Its matchless empire could have kept
Great Cato's pride in awe ;

That fatal pride, whose cruel point
Transfix'd his noble breast ;
Far nobler ! if his fate sustain'd
Had left to heaven the rest ;

Then he the palm had borne away,
At distance Cæsar thrown ;
Put him off cheaply with the world,
And made the skies his own.

What cannot resignation do ?
It wonders can perform ;
That powerful charm, "Thy will be done,"
Can lay the loudest storm.

Come, resignation ! then, from fields,
Where, mounted on the wing,
A wing of flame, blest martyrs' souls
Ascended to their king :

Who is it calls thee? one whose need
Transcends the common size;
Who stands in front against a foe
To which none equal rise:
In front he stands, the brink he treads
Of an eternal state;
How dreadful his appointed post!
How strongly arm'd by fate:
His threatening foe! what shadows deep
O'erwhelm his gloomy brow!
His dart tremendous!—at fourscore
My sole asylum, thou!
Haste, then, O resignation! haste,
'Tis thine to reconcile
My foe, and me; at thy approach
My foe begins to smile:
O! for that summit of my wish,
Whilst here I draw my breath,
That promise of eternal life,
A glorious smile in death:
What sight, heaven's azure arch beneath,
Has most of heaven to boast?
The man resign'd; at once serene,
And giving up the ghost.
At death's arrival they shall smile,
Who, not in life o'er gay,
Serious and frequent thought send out
To meet him on his way:
My gay coevals! (such there are)
If happiness is dear;
Approaching death's alarming day
Discreetly let us fear:
-The fear of death is truly wise,
Till wisdom can rise higher;
And arm'd with pious fortitude,
Death dreaded once, desire:
Grand climacteric vanities
The vainest will despise;
Shock'd, when beneath the snow of age,
Man immaturely dies:

But am not I myself the man ?
No need abroad to roam
In quest of faults to be chastised ;
What cause to blush at home ?
In life's decline, when men relapse
Into the sports of youth,
The second child out-fools the first,
And tempts the lash of truth ;
Shall a mere truant from the grave
With rival boys engage ?
His trembling voice attempt to sing,
And ape the poet's rage ?

Here, madam ! let me visit one,
My fault who, partly, shares,
And tell myself, by telling him,
What more becomes our years ;
And if your breast with prudent zeal
For resignation glows,
You will not disapprove a just
Resentment at its foes.

In youth, Voltaire ! our foibles plead
For some indulgence due ;
When heads are white, their thoughts and aims
Should change their colour too :

How are you cheated by your wit !
Old age is bound to pay,
By nature's law, a mind discreet,
For joys it takes away ;

A mighty change is wrought by years,
Reversing human lot ;
In age 'tis honour to lie hid,
'Tis praise to be forgot ;

The wise, as flowers, which spread at noon,
And all their charms expose,
When evening damps and shades descend,
Their evolutions close.

What though your muse has nobly soar'd,
Is that our true sublime ?
Ours, hoary friend ! is to prefer
Eternity to time :

Why close a life so justly famed
With such bold trash as this ?¹
This for renown ? yes, such as makes
Obscurity a bliss :

Your trash, with mine, at open war,
Is obstinately bent,²
Like wits below, to sow your tares
Of gloom and discontent :

With so much sunshine at command,
Why light with darkness mix ?
Why dash with pain our pleasure ? why
Your Helicon with Styx ?

Your works in our divided minds
Repugnant passions raise,
Confound us with a double stroke,
We shudder whilst we praise ;

A curious web as finely wrought
As genius can inspire,
From a black bag of poison spun,
With horror we admire.

Mean as it is, if this is read
With a disdainful air,
I can't forgive so great a foe
To my dear friend Voltaire :

Early I knew him, early praised,
And long to praise him late ;
His genius greatly I admire,
Nor would deplore his fate ;

A fate how much to be deplored !
At which our nature starts ;
Forbear to fall on your own sword,
To perish by your parts :

"But great your name"—To feed on air,
Were then immortals born ?
Nothing is great, of which more great,
More glorious is the scorn.

Can fame your carcass from the worm
Which gnaws us in the grave,
Or soul from that which never dies,
Applauding Europe save ?

¹ Candide.² Second Part.

But fame you lose ; good sense alone
Your idol, praise, can claim ;
When wild wit murders happiness,
It puts to death our fame !

Nor boast your genius, talents bright ;
E'en dunces will despise,
If in your western beams is miss'd
A genius for the skies ;

Your taste too fails ; what most excels
True taste must relish most !
And what, to rival palms above,
Can proudest laurels boast ?

Sound heads salvation's helmet seek,
Resplendent are its rays,
Let that suffice ; it needs no plume,
Of sublunary praise.

May this enable couch'd Voltaire
To see that—"All is right,"²
His eye, by flash of wit struck blind,
Restoring to its sight ;

If so, all's well : who much have err'd,
That much have been forgiven ;
I speak with joy, with joy he'll hear
"Voltaires are, now, in heaven."

Nay, such philanthropy divine,
So boundless in degree,
Its marvellous of love extends
(Stoops most profound !) to me :

Let others cruel stars arraign,
Or dwell on their distress ;
But let my page, for mercies pour'd,
A grateful heart express :

Walking, the present God was seen,
Of old, in Eden fair ;
The God as present, by plain steps
Of providential care,

I behold passing through my life ;
His awful voice I hear ;
And, conscious of my nakedness,
Would hide myself for fear :

¹ Eph. vi. 17.

² Which his romance ridicules.

But where the trees, or where the clouds,
Can cover from his sight ?
Naked the centre to that eye,
To which the sun is night.

As yonder glittering lamps on high
Through night illumined roll ;
May thoughts of him, by whom they shine,
Chase darkness from my soul ;

My soul, which reads his hand as clear
In my minute affairs,
As in his ample manuscript
Of sun, and moon, and stars ;

And knows him not more bent aright
To wield that vast machine,
Than to correct one erring thought
In my small world within ;

A world, that shall survive the fall
Of all his wonders here ; ;
Survive, when suns ten thousand drop,
And leave a darken'd sphere.

Yon matter gross, how bright it shines !
For time how great his care !
Sure spirit and eternity
Far richer glories share ;

Let those our hearts impress, on those
Our contemplation dwell ;
On those my thoughts how justly thrown,
By what I now shall tell :

When backward with attentive mind
Life's labyrinth I trace,
I find him far myself beyond
Propitious to my peace :

Through all the crooked paths I trod,
My folly he pursued ;
My heart astray to quick return
Importunately woo'd ;

Due resignation home to press
On my capricious will,
How many rescues did I meet,
Beneath the mask of ill !

How many foes in ambush laid
Beneath my soul's desire !
The deepest penitents are made
By what we most admire.

Have I not sometimes (real good
So little mortals know !)
Mounting the summit of my wish,
Profoundly plunged in woe !

I rarely plann'd, but cause I found
My plan's defeat to bless :
Oft I lamented an event ;
It turn'd to my success.

By sharpen'd appetite to give
To good intense delight,
Through dark and deep perplexities
He led me to the right.

And is not this the gloomy path,
Which you are treading now ?
The path most gloomy leads to light,
When our proud passions bow :

When labouring under fancied ill,
My spirits to sustain,
He kindly cured with sovereign draughts
Of unimagined pain.

Pain'd sense from fancied tyranny
Alone can set us free ;
A thousand miseries we feel,
Till sunk in misery.

Cloy'd with a glut of all we wish,
Our wish we relish less ;
Success, a sort of suicide,
Is ruin'd by success :

Sometimes he led me near to death,
And, pointing to the grave,
Bid terror whisper kind advice ;
And taught the tomb to save :

To raise my thoughts beyond where worlds
As spangles o'er us shine,
One day he gave, and bid the next
My soul's delight resign.

We to ourselves, but through the means
Of mirrors, are unknown ;
In this my fate can you descry
No features of your own ?

And if you can, let that excuse
These self-recording lines ;
A record, modesty forbids,
Or to small bound confines :

In grief why deep ingulf'd ? You see
You suffer nothing rare ;
Uncommon grief for common fate !
That wisdom cannot bear.

When streams flow backward to their source,
And humbled flames descend,
And mountains wing'd shall fly aloft,
Then human sorrows end ;

But human prudence too must cease,
When sorrows domineer,
When fortitude has lost its fire,
And freezes into fear :

The pang most poignant of my life
Now heightens my delight ;
I see a fair creation rise
From chaos, and old night :

From what seem'd horror, and despair,
The richest harvest rose ;
And gave me in the nod divine
An absolute repose.

Of all the plunders of mankind,
More gross, or frequent, none,
Than in their grief and joy misplaced,
Eternally are shown.

But whither points all this parade ?
It says, that near you lies
A book, perhaps, yet unperused,
Which you should greatly prize :

Of self-perusal, science rare !
Few know the mighty gain ;
Learn'd prelates, self-unread, may read
Their Bibles o'er in vain :

Self-knowledge, which from heaven itself
(So sages tell us) came,
What is it, but a daughter fair
Of my maternal theme?

Unletter'd and untravel'd men
An oracle might find,
Would they consult their own contents,
The Delphos of the mind.

Enter your bosom ; there you'll meet
A revelation new,
A revelation personal ;
Which none can read but you.

There will you clearly read reveal'd
In your enlighten'd thought,
By mercies manifold, through life,
To fresh remembrance brought,

A mighty Being ! and in him
A complicated friend,
A father, brother, spouse ; no dread
Of death, divorce, or end :

Who such a matchless friend embrace,
And lodge him in their heart,
Full well, from agonies exempt,
With other friends may part :

As when o'erloaded branches bear
Large clusters big with wine,
We scarce regret one falling leaf
From the luxuriant vine.

My short advice to you may sound
Obscure or somewhat odd,
Though 'tis the best that man can give,—
“E'en be content with God.”

Through love he gave you the deceased,
Through greater took him hence ;
This reason fully could evince,
Though murmur'd at by sense.

This friend, far past the kindest kind,
Is past the greatest great ;
His greatness let me touch in points
Not foreign to your state ;

His eye, this instant, reads your heart ;
A truth less obvious hear ;
This instant its most secret thoughts
Are sounding in his ear :

Dispute you this ? O ! stand in awe,
And cease your sorrow ; know,
That tears now trickling down, he saw
Ten thousand years ago ;

And twice ten thousand hence, if you
Your temper reconcile
To reason's bound, will he behold
Your prudence with a smile ;

A smile, which through eternity
Diffuses so bright rays,
The dimmest deifies e'en guilt,
If guilt, at last, obeys :

Your guilt (for guilt it is to mourn
When such a sovereign reigns),
Your guilt diminish ; peace pursue ;
How glorious peace in pains !

Here, then, your sorrows cease ; if not,
Think how unhappy they,
Who guilt increase by streaming tears,
Which guilt should wash away ;

Of tears that gush profuse restrain ;
Whence burst those dismal sighs ?
They from the throbbing breast of one
(Strange truth !) most happy rise ;

Not angels (hear it, and exult !)
Enjoy a larger share
Than is indulged to you, and yours.
Of God's impartial care ;

Anxious for each, as if on each
His care for all was thrown ;
For all his care as absolute,
As all had been but one.

And is he then so near ! so kind !—
How little then, and great,
That riddle, man ! O ! let me gaze
At wonders in his fate ;

His fate, who yesterday did crawl
A worm from darkness deep,
And shall, with brother worms, beneath
A turf, to-morrow sleep ;

How mean !—And yet, if well obey'd
His mighty Master's call,
The whole creation for mean man
Is deem'd a boon too small :

Too small the whole creation deem'd
For emmets in the dust !
Account amazing ! yet most true ;
My song is bold, yet just :

Man born for infinite, in whom
Nor period can destroy
The power, in exquisite extremes,
To suffer, or enjoy ;

Give him earth's empire (if no more)
He's beggar'd, and undone !
Imprison'd in unbounded space !
Benighted by the sun !

For what the sun's meridian blaze
To the most feeble ray
Which glimmers from the distant dawn
Of uncreated day ?

'Tis not the poet's rapture feign'd
Swells here the vain to please ;
The mind most sober kindles most
At truths sublime as these ;

They warm e'en me.—I dare not say,
Divine ambition strove
Not to bless only, but confound,
Nay, fright us with its love ;

And yet so frightful what, or kind,
As that the rending rock,
The darken'd sun, and rising dead,
So formidable spoke ?

And are we darker than that sun !
Than rocks more hard, and blind !
We are ;—If not to such a God
In agonies resign'd.

Yes, e'en in agonies forbear
To doubt almighty love ;
Whate'er endears eternity,
Is mercy from above ;

What most imbitters time, that most
Eternity endears,
And thus, by plunging in distress,
Exalts us to the spheres ;

Joy's fountain head ! where bliss o'er bliss,
O'er wonders wonders rise,
And an Omnipotence prepares
Its banquet for the wise :

Ambrosial banquet ! rich in wines
Nectareous to the soul !
What transports sparkle from the stream,
As angels fill the bowl !

Fountain profuse of every bliss !
Good-will immense prevails ;
Man's line can't fathom its profound ;
An angel's plummet fails.

Thy love and might, by what they know,
Who judge, nor dream of more ;
They ask a drop, how deep the sea !
One sand, how wide the shore !

Of thy exuberant good-will,
Offended Deity !
The thousandth part who comprehends,
A deity is he.

How yonder ample azure field
With radiant worlds is sown !
How tubes astonish us with those
More deep than ether thrown !

And those beyond of brighter worlds
Why not a million more ?—
In lieu of answer, let us all
Fall prostrate, and adore.

Since thou art infinite in power,
Nor thy indulgence less ;
Since man, quite impotent and blind,
Oft drops into distress ;

Say, what is resignation ? 'Tis
Man's weakness understood ;
And wisdom grasping, with a hand
Far stronger, every good.

Let rash repiners stand appall'd,
In thee who dare not trust ;
Whose abject souls, like demons dark,
Are murmuring in the dust ;

For man to murmur, or repine
At what by thee is done,
No less absurd, than to complain
Of darkness in the sun.

Who would not, with a heart at ease,
Bright eye, unclouded brow,
Wisdom and goodness at the helm,
The roughest ocean plough ?

What though I 'm swallow'd in the deep ?
Though mountains o'er me roar ?
Jehovah reigns ! as Jonah safe,
I 'm landed, and adore :

Thy will is welcome, let it wear
Its most tremendous form ;
Roar, waves ; rage, winds ! I know that thou
Canst save me by a storm.

From Thee immortal spirits born,
To thee, their fountain, flow.
If wise ; as curl'd around to theirs
Meandering streams below :

Not less compell'd by reason's call,
To thee our souls aspire,
Than to thy skies, by nature's law,
High mounts material fire ;

To thee aspiring they exult,
I feel my spirits rise,
I feel myself thy son, and pant
For patrimonial skies ;

Since ardent thirst of future good,
And generous sense of past,
To thee man's prudence strongly ties,
And binds affection fast ;

Since great thy love, and great our want,
And men the wisest blind,
And bliss our aim ; pronounce us all
Distracted, or resign'd ;

Resign'd through duty, interest, shame ;
Deep shame ! dare I complain,
When (wondrous truth !) in heaven itself
Joy owed its birth to pain ?

And pain for me ! for me was drain'd
Gall's overflowing bowl ;
And shall one drop to murmur bold
Provoke my guilty soul ?

If pardon'd this, what cause, what crime
Can indignation raise !

The sun was lighted up to shine,
And man was born to praise ;

And when to praise the man shall cease.
Or sun to strike the view ;

A cloud dishonours both ; but man's
The blacker of the two :

For oh ! ingratitude how black !

With most profound amaze
At love, which man beloved o'erlooks,
Astonish'd angels gaze.

Praise cheers, and warms, like generous wine ;
Praise, more divine than prayer ;
Prayer points our ready path to heaven ;
Praise is already there.

Let plausible resignation rise,
And banish all complaint ;
All virtues thronging into one,
It finishes the saint ;

Makes the man bless'd, as man can be ;
Life's labours renders light ;
Darts beams through fate's encumbent gloom,
And lights our sun by night ;

'Tis nature's brightest ornament,
The richest gift of grace,
Rival of angels, and supreme
Proprietor of peace ;

Nay, peace beyond, no small degree
Of rapture 'twill impart ;
Know, madam ! when your heart's in heaven,
" All heaven is in your heart."

But who to heaven their hearts can raise ?
Denied divine support,
All virtue dies ; support divine
The wise with ardour court :

When prayer partakes the seraph's fire,
'Tis mounted on his wing,
Bursts through heaven's crystal gates, and gains
Sure audience of its king :

The labouring soul from sore distress
That bless'd expedient frees ;
I see you far advanc'd in peace ;
I see you on your knees :

How on that posture has the beam
Divine for ever shone !
An humble heart, God's other seat ?¹
The rival of his throne :

And stoops Omnipotence so low !
And condescends to dwell,
Eternity's inhabitant,
Well pleased, in such a cell ?

Such honour how shall we repay ?
How treat our guest divine ?
The sacrifice supreme be slain !
Let self-will die : resign.

Thus far, at large, on our disease ;
Nor let the cause be shown,
Whence rises, and will ever rise,
The dismal human groan :

What our sole fountain of distress ?
Strong passion for this scene ;
That trifles make important, things
Of mighty moment mean :

When earth's dark maxims poison shed
On our polluted souls,
Our hearts and interests fly as far
Asunder, as the poles.

¹ Isaiah lviii. 15.

Like princes in a cottage nursed,
Unknown their royal race,
With abject aims, and sordid joys.
Our grandeur we disgrace ;

O ! for an Archimedes new,
Of moral powers possess'd,
The world to move, and quite expel
That traitor from the breast.

No small advantage may be reap'd
From thought, whence we descend ;
From weighing well, and prizing weigh'd
Our origin, and end :

From far above the glorious sun
To this dim scene we came :
And may, if wise, for ever bask
In great Jehovah's beam :

Let that bright beam on reason roused
In awful lustre rise,
Earth's giant ills are dwarf'd at once,
And all disquiet dies.

Earth's glories too their splendour lose,
Those phantoms charm no more ;
Empire's a feather for a fool,
And Indian mines are poor :

Then levell'd quite, whilst yet alive,
The monarch and his slave ;
Not wait enlighten'd minds to learn
That lesson from the grave :

A George the Third would then be low
As Louis in renown,
Could he not boast of glory more
Than sparkles from a crown.

When human glory rises high
As human glory can ;
When, though the king is truly great,
Still greater is the man ;

The man is dead, where virtue fails ;
And though the monarch proud
In grandeur shines, his gorgeous robe
Is but a gaudy shroud.

Wisdom ! where art thou ? None on earth,
Though grasping wealth, fame, power,
But what, O death ! through thy approach,
Is wiser every hour ;

Approach how swift, how unconfined !
Worms feast on viands rare,
Those little epicures have kings
To grace their bill of fare :

From kings what resignation due
To that almighty will,
Which thrones bestow, and, when they fail,
Can throne them higher still !

Who truly great ? The good and brave,
The masters of a mind
The will divine to do resolved,
To suffer it resign'd.

Madam ! if that may give it weight,
The trifle you receive
Is dated from a solemn scene,
The border of the grave ;

Where strongly strikes the trembling soul
Eternity's dread power,
As bursting on it through the thin
Partition of an hour ;

Hear this, Voltaire ! but this, from me,
Runs hazard of your frown ;
However, spare it ; ere you die
Such thoughts will be your own.

In mercy to yourself forbear
My notions to chastise,
Lest unawares the gay Voltaire
Should blame Voltaire the wise :

Fame's trumpet rattling in your ear,
Now, makes us disagree ;
When a far louder trumpet sounds,
Voltaire will close with me :

How shocking is that modesty,
Which keeps some honest men
From urging what their hearts suggest,
When braved by folly's pen.

Assaulting truths, of which in all
Is sown the sacred seed !
Our constitution's orthodox,
And closes with our creed :
What then are they, whose proud conceits
Superior wisdom boast ?
Wretches, who fight their own belief,
And labour to be lost !
Though vice by no superior joys
Her heroes keeps in pay ;
Through pure disinterested love
Of ruin they obey !
Strict their devotion to the wrong,
Though tempted by no prize ;
Hard their commandments, and their creed
A magazine of lies
From fancy's forge : gay fancy smiles
At reason plain, and cool ;
Fancy, whose curious trade it is
To make the finest fool.
Voltaire ! long life's the greatest curse
That mortals can receive,
When they imagine the chief end
Of living is to live ;
Quite thoughtless of their day of death,
That birthday of their sorrow !
Knowing, it may be distant far,
Nor crush them till—to-morrow.
These are cold, northern thoughts, conceived
Beneath an humble cot ;
Not mine, your genius, or your state,
No castle is my lot :¹
But soon, quite level shall we lie ;
And, what pride most bemoans,
Our parts, in rank so distant now,
As level as our bones ;
Hear you that sound ? Alarming sound !
Prepare to meet your fate !
One, who writes *Finis* to our works,
Is knocking at the gate ;

¹ Letter to Lord Lyttelton.

Far other works will soon be weigh'd ;
Far other judges sit ;
Far other crowns be lost or won,
Than fire ambitious wit :

Their wit far brightest will be proved,
Who sunk it in good sense ;
And veneration most profound
Of dread omnipotence.

'Tis that alone unlocks the gate
Of blest eternity ;
O ! mayest thou never, never lose
That more than golden key !¹

Whate'er may seem too rough excuse,
Your good I have at heart :
Since from my soul I wish you well ;
As yet we must not part :

Shall you, and I, in love with life,
Life's future schemes contrive,
The world in wonder not unjust,
That we are still alive ?

What have we left ? How mean in man
A shadow's shade to crave !
When life, so vain ! is vainer still,
'Tis time to take your leave :

Happier, than happiest life, is death,
Who falling in the field
Of conflict with his rebel will,
Writes *Vici* on his shield ;

So falling man, immortal heir
Of an eternal prize ;
Undaunted at the gloomy grave,
Descends into the skies.

O ! how disorder'd our machine,
When contradictions mix !
When nature strikes no less than twelve,
And folly points at six !

To mend the movements of your heart,
How great is my delight
Gently to wind your morals up,
And set your hand aright !

¹ Alluding to Prussia.

That hand, which spread your wisdom wide
To poison distant lands :
Repent, recant ; the tainted age
Your antidote demands ;

To Satan dreadfully resign'd,
Whole herds rush down the steep
Of folly, by lewd wits possess'd,
And perish in the deep.

Men's praise your vanity pursues ;
'Tis well, pursue it still ;
But let it be of men deceased,
And you'll resign the will ;

And how superior they to those
At whose applause you aim ;
How very far superior they
In number, and in name !

POSTSCRIPT.

Thus have I written, when to write
No mortal should presume ;
Or only write, what none can blame,
Hic jacet—for his tomb :

The public frowns, and censures loud
My puerile employ ;
Though just the censure, if you smile,
The scandal I enjoy ;

But sing no more—no more I sing
Or reassume the lyre,
Unless vouchsafed an humble part
Where Raphael leads the choir :

What myriads swell the concert loud !
Their golden harps resound
High, as the footstool of the throne,
And deep, as hell profound :

Hell (horrid contrast !) chord and song
Of raptured angels drowns
In self-will's peal of blasphemies,
And hideous burst of groans ;

But drowns them not to me ; I hear
Harmonious thunders roll
(In language low of men to speak)
From echoing pole to pole !

Whilst this grand chorus shakes the skies—
“ Above, beneath the sun,
Through boundless age, by men, by gods,
Jehovah's will be done ! ”

'Tis done in heaven ; whence headlong hurl'd
Self-will with Satan fell ;
And must from earth be banish'd too,
Or earth's another hell ;

Madam ! self-will inflicts your pains :
Self-will's the deadly foe
Which deepens all the dismal shades,
And points the shafts of woe :

Your debt to nature fully paid,
Now virtue claims her due :
But virtue's cause I need not plead,
'Tis safe ; I write to you :

You know, that virtue's basis lies
In ever judging right ;
And wiping error's clouds away,
Which dim the mental sight :

Why mourn the dead ? you wrong the grave,
From storm that safe resort ;
We are still tossing out at sea,
Our admiral in port.

Was death denied, this world, a scene
How dismal and forlorn !
To death we owe, that 'tis to man
A blessing to be born ;

When every other blessing fails,
Or sapp'd by slow decay,
Or, storm'd by sudden blasts of fate,
Is swiftly whirl'd away ;

How happy ! that no storm, or time,
Of death can rob the just ?
None pluck from their unaching heads
Soft pillows in the dust !

Well pleased to bear heaven's darkest frown,
Your utmost power employ ;
'Tis noble chemistry to turn
Necessity to joy.

Whate'er the colour of my fate,
My fate shall be my choice :
Determined am I, whilst I breathe,
To praise and to rejoice ;

What ample cause ! triumphant hope !
O rich eternity !

I start not at a world in flames,
Charm'd with one glimpse of thee :

And thou ! its great inhabitant !
How glorious dost thou shine !
And dart through sorrow, danger, death,
A beam of joy divine !

The void of joy (with some concern
The truth severe I tell)
Is an impenitent in guilt,
A fool or infidel !

Weigh this, ye pupils of Voltaire !
From joyless murmur free ;
Or, let us know, which character
Shall crown you of the three.

Resign, resign : this lesson none
Too deeply can instil ;
A crown has been resign'd by more,
Than have resign'd the will ;

Though will resign'd the meanest makes
Superior in renown,
And richer in celestial eyes,
Than he who wears a crown ;

Hence, in the bosom cold of age,
It kindled a strange aim
To shine in song ; and bid me boast
The grandeur of my theme :¹

But oh ! how far presumption falls
Its lofty theme below !
Our thoughts in life's December freeze,
And numbers cease to flow.

First! greatest! best! grant what I wrote
For others, ne'er may rise
To brand the writer! thou alone
Canst make our wisdom wise;

And how unwise! how deep in guilt!
How infamous the fault!
"A teacher throned in pomp of words,
Indeed, beneath the taught!"

Means most infallible to make
The world an infidel;
And, with instructions most divine,
To pave a path to hell;

O! for a clean and ardent heart,
O! for a soul on fire,
Thy praise, begun on earth, to sound
Where angels string the lyre;

How cold is man! to him how hard
(Hard, what most easy seems)
"To set a just esteem on that,
Which yet he—most esteems!"

What shall we say, when boundless bliss
Is offer'd to mankind,
And to that offer when a race
Of rationals is blind?

Of human nature ne'er too high
Are our ideas wrought;
Of human merit ne'er too low
Depress'd the daring thought.

THE END.





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